

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Memoirs, illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Evelyn, Esq. F.R.S. Author of the 'Synta,' &c. &c. Comprising his Diary, from the Year 1641 to 1705-6, and a Selection of his familiar Letters. To which is subjoined, the private Correspondence between King Charles I. and his Secretary of State, Sir Edward Nicholas, whilst his Majesty was in Scotland, 1641, and at other times during the Civil War; also between Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, and Sir Richard Browne, Ambassador to the Court of France, in the time of Charles I. and the Usurpation. The whole now first published, from the original MSS. in two vols. Edited by William Bray, Esq. Fellow and Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries of London. London. 1818.*

THE excellent person whose auto-biography is now for the first time made public was eminently happy in this respect, that he was born in that country, place, and condition of life which best suited his moral and intellectual nature. Never had any one more cause to be thankful for all the accidents of his birth. For, omitting what the Grecian philosopher reckoned among his felicities, that he was born a man and not a woman, it was the good fortune of Evelyn to be an European, not the native of any degraded region of the earth; an Englishman, not the subject of a despotic government or a feeble state; of an ancient, honourable, and opulent house; established in a part of England where he could partake the delights of a country life which no man ever loved more dearly, and the advantages of science and society that the metropolis affords, which no man could estimate more justly or more entirely enjoy. Add to these blessings that he was trained up in the genial feelings of a generous and constitutional loyalty, and in the healthful principles of the church establishment, not jaundiced by the bitter spirit of political or puritanical discontent. He was happy also in the time in which he flourished. The age of Charles II. was as nicely adapted to Evelyn's temper and peculiar talents, as the noonday of chivalry to Edward the Black Prince, and his chronicler Froissart. Had he lived in these days he might have held a respectable rank among chemists or mineralogists; but there would not have been room for him to distinguish himself above his contemporaries, so

as to stand forward in after-times among the most conspicuous of his generation. Nor is there perhaps now the same delight in the pursuit of physical science as there was, when its wide regions lay, like a vast continent newly discovered, to invite and to reward research.

His diary, or *Kalendarium*, as he himself intitled it, begins in the year 1641, but he has prefixed to it some notices of his family and earlier life. Richard Evelyn, his father, of Wotton, in the county of Surrey, possessed an estate estimated at about 4000*l.* a year,* 'well wooded and full of timber.' He was a man of singularly even mind, in whom his son could never call to mind the least passion, or inadvertence; in his habits of life ascetic and sparing, and one that was never known to have been 'surprized by excess.' It is possible, though Evelyn himself intimates no such suspicion, that his ascetic habits were carried to excess, and injured his health, for his hair, which was 'inclining to light,' and therefore the less likely early to have become gray, grew hoary by the time he was thirty years of age, and he died at middle age of dropsy, 'an indisposition (says his son) the most unsuspected, being a person so exemplarily temperate,' but which, perhaps, his manner of life may have induced. John, the second of three sons, was born at Wotton, October 31, 1620. At four years old he was taught to read by the parish schoolmaster, whose school was over the church porch, and at six his picture was 'drawn in oil by one Chanterell, no ill painter.' If this portrait, as is not unlikely, be preserved in the family, it should have been engraved for the present work; it would have been very interesting to compare the countenance of such a person in childhood, in the flower of years, when his head was engraved by Nanteuil, and in ripe old age, when he sat to Sir Godfrey Kneller. When he was eight years old, at which time he resided with his maternal grandmother, he began to learn Latin at Lewes, and was afterwards sent to the free-school at Southover, near that town. His father, who would willingly have weaned him from the fondness of his grandmother, intended to place him at Eton, but the boy had been so terrified by the report of the severe discipline there, that he was sent back to Lewes. Poor Tusser's account of Eton, which he undoubtedly had in his mind, was quite sufficient to justify him.

* 'To give an instance of what store of woods and timber of prodigious size, there were growing in our little county of Surrey, (the nearest of any to London,) and plentifully furnished both for profit and pleasure,—(with sufficient grief and reluctance I speak it) my own grandfather had standing at Wotton, and about that estate, timber that now were worth 100,000*l.* since of what was left my father (who was a great preserver of wood) there has been 30,000*l.* worth of timber fallen by the axe, and the fury of the late hurricane and storm; now no more Wotton, stript and naked, and ashamed almost to own its name.'—*Sylva*, book iii. ch. 7.

From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me

At once I had;
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was;
See Udall, see, the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad!

No such inhumanity, we may be assured, would be perpetrated at Eton while Sir Henry Wotton was provost, and Evelyn, who says that he afterwards a thousand times regretted his perverseness, lost much in not being placed under this admirable man, by whom his disposition and talents would have been justly appreciated and cherished.

Evelyn lost his mother when he was fifteen. He describes her as 'of proper personage; of a brown complexion, her eyes and hair of a lovely black, of constitution inclined to a religious melancholy, or pious sadness; of a rare memory and most exemplary life; for economy and prudence esteemed one of the most conspicuous in her country.' Her death was occasioned by excessive grief for the loss of a daughter, and perhaps for the previous unhappiness of that daughter, who was married to one of the worst of men. In the following year he was entered at the Middle Temple, though he continued at school, and in 1637 was placed as a fellow commoner at Baliol College, Oxford. At school he had been very remiss in his studies till the last year, 'so that I went to the university,' he says, 'rather out of shame of abiding longer at school, than from any fitness, as by sad experience I found, which put me to relearn all that I had neglected, or but perfunctorily gained.' Here he was placed under no less notorious a person than Bradshaw, '*nomen invisum*,' says Evelyn, 'yet the son of an excellent father, beneficed in Surrey. I ever thought my tutor had parts enough, but as his ambition made him much suspected of the college, so his grudge to Dr. Lawrence, the governor of it, whom he afterwards supplanted, took up so much of his time, that he seldom or never had the opportunity to discharge his duty to his scholars.' The pupil however found a fellow collegian named James Thicknesse, who was disposed to study with him, from 'whose learned and friendly conversation he received great advantage,' and with whom in consequence he formed a lasting intimacy. The university was then exceedingly regular under the discipline which Laud had established as chancellor. Had Laud been born a generation earlier, or a generation later, how high and undisputed a reputation would he have raised by his munificent love of letters, and his conscientious discharge of the duties of his office! but, unlike

Evelyn, he had fallen upon the most unhappy age in which his mortal lot could possibly have been cast.

While at Oxford Evelyn was 'admitted into the dancing and vaulting school,' and began also to 'look on the rudiments of music,' in which, he says, he afterwards arrived to some formal knowledge, though to small perfection of hand, because he was so frequently diverted by inclinations to newer trifles.' During the last year of his residence his younger brother came to be his chamber-fellow. They soon removed to the Middle Temple, and before they had been there three months their father died, 'retaining,' says Evelyn, 'his senses and piety to the last, which he most tenderly expressed in blessing us, whom he now left to the world and the worst of times, whilst he was taken from the evil to come. Thus we were bereft of both our parents in a period when we most of all stood in need of their counsel and assistance, especially myself, of a raw, vain, uncertain, and very unwary inclination; but so it pleased God to make trial of my conduct in a conjuncture of the greatest and most prodigious hazard that ever the youth of England saw. If I did not, amidst all this, peach my liberty, nor my virtue, with the rest who made shipwreck of both, it was more the infinite goodness and mercy of God than the least discretion of mine own, who now thought of nothing but the pursuit of vanity, and the confused imaginations of young men.' The signs of the times were then too evident to be mistaken; the palace at Lambeth had been assaulted by a rabble; and libels and invectives scattered about the streets 'to the reproach of government and the fermentation of our since distractions.' Evelyn had been present at Strafford's trial, where 'the lords and commons, together with the king, queen, prince, and flower of the noblesse, were spectators and auditors of the greatest malice and the greatest innocency that ever met before so illustrious an assembly,' and he had seen 'the fatal stroke which severed from its shoulders the wisest head in England—to such exorbitancy were things arrived:' he now therefore determined to absent himself from a state of things which 'gave umbrage' (fearful suspicion) 'to wiser than himself that the calamities of England were but yet in their infancy.'

His intention was to 'overtake the league then before Gennep,' on the Waal,—a place which having been greatly strengthened by the Cardinal Infante D. Fernando, in 1635, was at this time besieged* by the French and Dutch. He landed at Flushing, proceeded to Dort, and taking waggon from thence to Rotterdam was

* There is a full account of the siege in the great work of Aitzema, a man who, with extraordinary patience, compiled materials for the History of the United Provinces during the greater part of the seventeenth century. One of his brothers was mortally wounded at this siege.

'hurried there in less than an hour, though it be ten miles distant, so furiously did these foremen drive.' The Dutch are not so celebrated for the celerity of their motions in these days. On the way to the Hague he observed 'divers leprous poor creatures dwelling in solitary huts on the brink of the water, and permitted to ask the charity of passengers, which is conveyed to them in a floating box that they cast out.' Perhaps this is the latest notice of lepers in Europe being thus thrust apart from the rest of mankind, and Holland is likely to be the country in which the disease would continue longest. At the Hague he visited the Queen of Bohemia, a woman who, more than any other princess of her age, seems to have won and deserved the admiration of all who knew her. Her presence chamber was then hung with black, and she was keeping a fast-day for her husband's death with as little to console her in any earthly prospect of the future as in looking back upon the past.

Evelyn did not reach Gennep till four or five days after it had capitulated; he was, however, complimented by being received a volunteer in Captain Apsley's corps, and took his turn in 'watching on a horn work, and trailing a pike,' till the fortifications were repaired. He found himself on 'hot service for a young drinker,' and after a week's stay he took his leave, being pretty well satisfied with the confusion of battles and sieges, 'if such,' he says, 'that of the United Provinces may be called, where their quarters and encampments are so admirably regular, and orders so exactly observed, as few cities exceed it for all convenience.' He remained about three months in the Netherlands and then returned to England. Among the remarkable things which he had noticed in his journal during this journey, is the case of a woman who had been married five and twenty times, and was then prohibited from marrying again, 'yet it could not be proved that she had ever made any of her husbands away, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble.' He was particularly pleased with Antwerp, and with nothing more than 'those delicious shades and walls of stately trees which render the fortified works of the town one of the sweetest places in Europe.' Long will it be before any traveller can again speak of the delicious shades and stately trees of Antwerp! Carnot, in preparing to defend the place, laid what were then its beautiful environs as bare as a desert. The remark which he makes upon the view from the tower of the cathedral is curious. 'The sun,' he says, 'shone exceeding hot, and darted its rays without any intermission, affording so bright a reflection to us who were above, and had a full prospect of both land and water about it, that I was much confirmed in my opinion of the moon's being of some such substance as the earthly globe consists of; perceiving all the adjacent country, at so small a horizontal distance, to represent

such a light as I could hardly look against, save when the river and other large waters within our view appeared of a more dark and uniform colour, resembling those spots in the moon supposed to be seas there, according to our new philosophy, and viewed by optical glasses.'

On his return to England he studied a little, but 'danced and fooled more.' But this was no age for vanities. The civil war broke out, and Evelyn went with his horse and arms to join the king at Brentford, but he was not permitted to remain there, (this is the phrase he uses,) because the retreat of the royal army, which immediately took place, would have left him and his brothers exposed to ruin without any advantage to his Majesty. He retired to his brother's house at Wotton, and began to improve the gardens; when the Covenant was pressed he absented himself, but finding it 'impossible to evade the doing very unhandsome things,' he obtained the king's licence to travel, and set out for a longer journey, accompanied by his old fellow collegian Thicknesse. Twice at the very outset had this journey well nigh proved fatal: mistaking the tide as they came before Calais, in weather which was 'snowy and untoward enough,' they struck on the sands with no little danger; and crossing an overflown stream on the way to Boulogne, in darkness, and in a storm of rain, hail, and snow, his horse slipped and had almost been the occasion of his perishing.

The churches upon the continent hold the first place among those rareshows by which the curiosity of a young English traveller is invited. Evelyn was much amused with the treasures at St. Denis, which contained at that time some of the most remarkable relics, true and false, any where in existence: among the latter were a likeness of the Queen of Sheba, Solomon's drinking cup, Judas's brass'lanthorn, and Virgil's stone mirror; among the former Charlemagne's set of chess men, 'full of Arabic characters.' There were also 'the effigies of the late French kings in wax, like ours in Westminster, covered with their robes, with a world of other rarities.' Paris appeared to him, for the materials the houses are built with, and its many noble and magnificent piles, one of the most gallant cities in the world: he describes it 'large in circuit, of a round form, very populous, but situated in a bottom environed with gentle declivities, rendering some places very dirty, and making it smell as if sulphur were mingled with the mud.' This odour, for which certainly the nature of the ground was not in fault, provoked the spleen of Peter Heylyn, who had visited France some years before Evelyn, at a time of life when 'both his wits and fancies (if ever he was master of any) were in their predominancy.' 'This I am confident of,' he says, 'that the nastiest lane in London is frankincense and juniper to the sweetest street in this city. The ancient by-word

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was (and there is good reason for it) *Il destaint comme la fange de Paris*: had I the power of making proverbs I would only change *il destaint* into *il puit*, and make the by-word ten times more orthodox. The fortifications of this town are but trifles,—the only venom of the streets is a strength unto it more powerful than the ditches or the bulwark of St. Martins. It was therefore not unjudiciously said of an English gentleman, that he thought Paris was the strongest town in Christendom, for he took strong in that sense as we do in England when we say such a man hath a strong breath. These things considered it could not but be an infinite happiness granted by nature to our Henry V. that he never stopt his nose at any stink, as our chronicles report of him; otherwise, in my conscience, he had never been able to keep his court there. But that which most amazed me is, that in such a perpetuated constancy of stinks, there should yet be found so large and admirable a variety—a variety so special and distinct, that any chemical nose, (I dare lay my life on it,) after two or three perambulations, would hunt out blindfold each several street by the smell, as perfectly as another by his eye.' Paris is now less obnoxious to this reproach than many other places; and the three stinking cities of Europe are Lisbon, Edinburgh, and Geneva.

The garden of the Tuileries Evelyn describes as rarely contrived for privacy, shade, or company. It had then some 'curiosities' so much in French taste that it is wonderful they should not have been preserved, a labyrinth of cyprus, and an artificial echo redoubling the words distinctly, and never, he says, without some fair nymph singing to it. 'Standing at one of the focusses which is under a tree or little cabinet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from the clouds; at another as if it was under ground.' During the reign of the sovereign people, the commune ploughed up the turf in these gardens to plant potatoes there, and they planted potatoes also in the parterres! The taste of Evelyn's age, which continues to be the taste of the French, and having rooted itself in their habits and literature is likely, notwithstanding all their versatility, to continue indelible, was exemplified wherever he went. The Archbishop of Paris in his garden at St. Cloud had a Mount Parnassus, not indeed so costly a plaything as the elaborate toy of Titon du Tillet, but a grotto 'or shell-house' on the top of the hill, with a fair cupola, the walls painted with the muses, many statues placed about it, some of which were antique and good, and within 'divers water-works and contrivances to wet the spectators.' At Cardinal Richelieu's villa, the arch of Constantine was painted on a wall in oil, as large as the real one at Rome, so well done that even a man skilled in painting may mistake it for stone and sculpture. The sky and hills which seem to be between the

arches are so natural that swallows and other birds, thinking to fly through, have dashed themselves against the wall.' With all his feelings for nature Evelyn had not advanced beyond his contemporaries in taste, and he was heartily pleased with the 'agreeable deceit,' as he calls it, 'of a painted river which eked out the apparent limits of a Parisian garden. The Luxembourg gardens he speaks of as a paradise, and says that he had taken extraordinary delight in its sweet retirements. The Duke of Orleans at that time inhabited the palace, and kept tortoises in great numbers. The Duke would not permit the wolves to be destroyed upon his domains, in consequence of which they became so numerous in the forest of Orleans as often to come and take children out of the very streets of Blois! In our own days Stolberg noticed a similar effect of this preposterous passion for the chase,—cats were prohibited in the island of Ischia lest they should destroy the game, and when these useful animals had been extirpated the rats became so numerous that infants were not safe from them in the cradle.

Proceeding from France into Italy Evelyn notices with proper English feeling the disgusting sight of the gally-slaves at Marseilles, who, it seems, were made a show for the gratification of strangers!

'We went to visite the Gallys being about 25; the Capitaine of the Gally Royal gave us most courteous entertainment in his cabine, the slaves in the interim playing both loud and soft musiq very rarely. Then he shew'd us how he commanded their motions with a nod and his whistle, making them row out. The spectacle was to me new and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, having their heads shaven close and having onely high red bonnets, a payre of coarse canvass drawers, their whole backs and leggs naked, doubly chayn'd about their middle and leggs, in couples, and made fast to their seates, and all commanded in a trise by an imperious and cruell seaman. One Turke he much favor'd, who waited on him in his cabin but with no other dress than the rest, and a chayne lock'd about his leg but not coupled. This gally was richly carv'd and gilded, and most of the rest were very beautifull. After bestowing something on the slaves, the captain sent a band of them to give us musiq at dinner where we lodged. I was amaz'd to contemplate how these miserable catyfs lie in their gally crowded together, yet there was hardly one but had some occupation by which, as leisure and calmes permitted, they gat some little monye, insomuch as some of them have, after many years of cruel servitude, been able to purchase their liberty. Their rising forward and falling back at their oare is a miserable spectacle, and the noyse of their chaines with the roaring of the beaten waters has something of strange and fearfull to one unaccustom'd to it. They are rul'd and chastiz'd by strokes on their backs and soles of theire feete on the least disorder, and without the least humanity; yet are they chereful and full of knavery.'—pp. 70, 71.

Here he and his companions 'bought umbrellas against the heats,'

beats,' a precaution so novel for an Englishman at that time as to be noticed among the *memorabilia* of their journey. It is little more than half a century since they have been in general use 'against the rain' in this country, and persons are yet living who remember the indignant ridicule which their first appearance excited in the populace. They embarked at Canes for Genoa, narrowly escaped shipwreck in doubling the point of Savona, and enjoyed a foretaste of Italy in the land-breeze which carried with it 'the perfumes of orange, citron, and jasmine flowers for divers leagues seaward,' a circumstance which affected Evelyn with so much delight that he recurs to it more than once. 'If ever,' says Lassels, 'I saw a town with its holiday clothes always on, it was Genoa.' Evelyn saw it in its beauty, before its bombardment by the French, and never, he says, was any artificial scene more beautiful to the eye, nor any place for its size, so full of well-designed and stately palaces. But 'the sudden and devilish passion' of a sailor here gave him a fearful sample of the Italian temper; the fellow was plying them for a fare, when another boatman interposed and took them in,—enraged at this, the tears gushed out of his eyes, he bit his finger almost off by the joint, and held it up to the other as an assurance to him of some bloody revenge if ever he came near that part of the harbour again. The man perhaps felt himself wronged as well as supplanted; but Evelyn observes that though it was 'made a gally-matter' to carry a pointed knife, Genoa was nevertheless more stained with horrid acts of revenge and murder than any one place in Europe, or haply in the world. It was, perhaps, this temper of the Genoese which made Louis XI. when he was asked what he would do with Genoa if it were at his disposal, reply, that he would give it to the Devil. Labat, who is always lively and always malicious, says, that the inhabitants call their city *Gena* instead of Genoa, *telle est leur économie: ils rognent tout jusqu'aux paroles*—and he ascribes the invention of wafers to Genoese œconomy. '*On pesa les lettres, le poids en règle le prix. Les Genoïs ont trouvé le secret d'écrire beaucoup, et de payer peu pour le port. Ils se servent d'un papier aussi fin que notre papier à la serpente, écrivent menu, serré et laconiquement; ne font ni complimens, ni enveloppes; et comme les cachets quelques qu'ils soient ne laissent pas de peser, ils se servent d'une certaine pâte rouge et dure, on l'humecte avec un peu de salive, et on en touche légèrement l'endroit du papier, ou l'on applique sur le champ le cachet, et la lettre se trouve fermée, comme si on y avoit mis un peu de colle. J'ai apporté de cette pâte, rien n'est meilleure, et ne pese moins.*' From this curious passage it would appear that wafers were not known in France when he published his *Voyages d'Espagne et d'Italie*

Italie in 1731. But they were certainly no new discovery when he saw them at Genoa in 1706. We have in our possession letters with the wafers still adhering which went from Lisbon to Rome twenty years before that time, and Stolberg observes that there are wafers and wafer-seals in the museum at Portici.

Evelyn noticed in the Genoese a very different character from that parsimony for which Labat swears at them; he speaks of the magnificent expenditure of the merchants, who, as there was little or no land in which they could invest their property, expended it in marble palaces and costly furniture. He admired their floors of red plaster, which became so hard and received so high a polish, that it might have been mistaken for porphyry, and he wondered that it was not used in England for cabinets and rooms of state. It is indeed surprising that notwithstanding the appalling frequency of fires we should continue to floor our houses with wood, as if to render them as combustible as possible. The aviary in the gardens of Prince Doria's palace pleased him as realizing Bacon's desire, who said he liked not such places, 'unless they were of that largeness that they might be turfed, and have living plants and bushes set in them that the birds might have more scope and natural nestling, and no foulness appear on the floor.' Trees of more than two feet in diameter were growing in this prodigious cage, 'besides cypress, myrtles, lentiles, and other rare shrubs, which serve to nestle and perch all sorts of birds, who have air and place enough under their airy canopy, supported with huge iron work stupendous for its fabric and its charge.' Lassels says, that 'to make the poor birds believe they are rather in a wood than in a prison, the very cage hath put even the wood itself in prison.' It is about an hundred paces long, 'and fetcheth in a world of laurel and other trees.' This was indeed a splendid aviary, and yet but a splendid folly, effecting that by constraint which might have been accomplished so much more easily by better means. Any garden may be made an aviary without caging it in, by affording to the birds food and protection; for it is surprising how soon the shyest birds may be taught to come to the hand that feeds them. We have seen wild-ducks come in flocks to a lady's call, and the water-hen hurry to the same voice with as much alacrity as the barn-doot fowl.

In his progress through Italy Evelyn's attention, according to the fashion of his age, was chiefly attracted by palaces and pictures, gardens and museums. Picturesque beauty was then so little regarded that Misson advises a traveller not to go on purpose to the Borromean islands unless he had a great deal of leisure: for he says, 'there is nothing very rare or extraordinary in them. A man

the
ats,

who never saw but very ordinary things of that nature would doubtless admire these islands if he were suddenly transported thither, but they would never produce the same effect upon one that has seen a little of the world.' Thus he spoke of them, thinking of the islands alone, without the slightest reference to the glorious scenery by which they are surrounded; nor were they in his estimation more interesting for standing in the Lago Maggiore than they would have been in Whittlesea mere! But Evelyn, notwithstanding his taste for grottoes, parterres, and vistas, had a true feeling for better things; and when he got out of the trammels of art was fully capable of enjoying the world of nature. The following description will be read with pleasure, though it should remind the reader of a sublimer picture in Burnet's *Telluris Theoria Sacra*.

' Next morning we rod by *Monte Pientio*, or, as vulgarly called, *Monte Mantumiato*, which is of an excessive height ever and anon peeping above any clouds with its snowy head, till we had climbed to the inn at *Radicofany* built by *Ferd^d the greate Duke* for the necessary refreshment of travellers in so inhospitable a place. As we ascended we entered a very thick, solid, and dark body of clouds, w^{ch} look'd like rocks at a little distance, which lasted neare a mile in going up; they were dry misty vapours, hanging undissolved for a vast thickness, and obscuring both the sun and earth so that we seemed to be in the sea rather than in the cloudes, till, having pierced through it we came into a most serene heaven, as if we had been above all human conversation, the mountaine appearing more like a greate island than joyn'd to any other hills, for we could perceive nothing but a sea of thick clouds rowling under our feete like huge waves, ever now and then suffering thee top of some other mountaine to peepe through, which we could discover many miles off; and betweene some breaches of the clouds we could see landskips and villages of the subjacent country. This was one of the most pleasant, newe, and altogether surprizing objects that I had ever behold.

' On the sum'it of this horrid rock (for so it is) is built a very strong Fort, garrison'd, and somewhat beneath it is a small towne; the provisions are drawne up with ropes and engines, the precipice being otherwise inaccessible. At one end of the towne lie heapes of rocks so strangely broaken off from the ragged mountaine as would affright one with their horror and menacing postures. Just opposite to the inn gushed out a plentifull and most useful fountaine which falls into a great trough of stone, bearing the *Duke of Tuscany's* armes. Here we din'd, and I with my black lead pen tooke the prospect.—vol. i. p. 88.

At Rome he was what he calls very *pragmatical*, by which he means very busy in going over the regular course of sight-seeing. He engraved his name 'amongst other travellers' in the globe of St. Peter's cupola, and had the honour, by the special desire of a Dominican friar, of standing godfather to a Turk and a Jew,—a remarkable instance of liberality in the friar, unless he doubted the sincerity

sincerity of his neophytes, and thought a heretic sponsor good enough for them. Naples he resolved to make 'the *non ultra* of his travels; sufficiently sated, he says, 'with rolling up and down, and resolving within myself to be no longer an *individuum vagum*, if ever I got home again, since from the report of divers experienced and curious persons I had been assured there was little more to be seen in the rest of the civil world after Italy, France, Flanders, and the Low Country.' The persons who pronounced this opinion must have had little curiosity with their experience, or little experience with their curiosity. The satiety which Evelyn confesses is one which every traveller must sometimes have experienced, in an hour of exhaustion, when he feels the want of that comfort and that perfect rest, one of which can only be enjoyed in his own country, and the other in his own house. But the appetite soon returns for that living knowledge which travelling imparts, and so was it with Evelyn. Finding at Venice an English ship bound for the Holy Land, he determined to visit Syria, Egypt, and Turkey, engaged for his passage, and laid in his sea-stock; but to his great mortification the vessel was pressed for the service of the state to carry provisions to Candia, then newly attacked by the Turks.

Journals and books of travels are among those works which acquire by time more value than they lose: they are the subsidiaries of history, and preserve the memory of many things which history disdains to notice, as trifling while they are trivial, but which become objects of curiosity when they are obsolete and ancient. Among the preposterous fashions of the Venetian women Evelyn remarks that they wore very long crisped hair of several streaks and colours, which they made so by a wash, dishevelled it on the brims of a broad hat that had no crown, but in its place a hole through which they put their heads, and they were seen at the windows drying their party-coloured tresses in the sun. This seems to have been peculiar to Venice. Lassels, speaking of the Italians in general, says the women wash their heads 'weekly in a wash made for the nonce, and dry them again in the sun to make their hair yellow, a colour much in vogue there among the ladies.' It was the age of coloured beards in England. The princesses and beauties of chivalrous romances have usually golden or flaxen hair, and for this reason, that when those romances were written all highborn persons were of unmixed Teutonic blood. The predilection which the southern poets of the seventeenth century show for the same colours must be explained by this fashion of staining the hair.

Here Evelyn suffered for the indiscreet use of the hot-bath after the oriental fashion: going out immediately into the city after he
had

had been rubbed down and all his pores were open, it cost him one of the greatest colds he ever had in his life. He speaks of the striking silence of Venice, a city in which there was no rattling of coaches nor trampling of horses, and where nothing disturbed the singing of the nightingales which were kept in every shop: shutting your eyes, he says, you would imagine yourself in the country. A man had lately come to his death there by a most uncommon accident; he was doing something to the famous clock in the square of St. Mark, 'celebrated next to that of Strasburg for its many movements;' and while thus employed he stooped his head just in such a place and in such a point of time, that the quarter-boy struck it with his hammer, and knocked him over the battlements. Here and at Naples criminals were executed by a machine like the guillotine. At Padua he was elected *Syndicus Artistarum*, the greatest honour which could be conferred on a stranger in that University, from which, however, he excused himself because it was 'chargeable,' and would also have interfered with his intended progress. There he learnt to play on the theorbo; bought for winter provision three thousand weight of grapes and pressed his own wine, 'which proved excellent;' and in consequence, as he supposed, of drinking it according to the custom cooled with snow and ice, was seized with an *angina* and sore throat, which had nearly proved fatal; but 'old Salvatico (that famous physician) made him be cupped and scarified in the back in four places, which began to give him breath and consequent life, for he was in the utmost danger.' There too he attended the famous Anatomy Lecture which was 'celebrated with extraordinary apparatus, lasting almost a whole month.' During this 'famous course' three bodies were dissected; those of a man, a woman, and a child. 'The one,' he says, 'was performed by Cavalier Vestlingius and Dr. Jo. Athelsteinus Leonanas, of whom I purchased those rare tables of veins and nerves, and caused him to prepare a third of the lungs, liver, and *nervi sexti par* with the gastric veins, which I sent into England, the first of that kind which had been sent there, and, for aught I know, in the world. When the Anatomy Lectures, which were in the mornings, were ended, I went to see cures done in the hospitals; and certainly, as there are the greatest helps and the most skilful physicians, so there are the most miserable and deplorable objects to exercise upon; nor is there any, I should think, so powerful an argument against the vice reigning in this licentious country, as to be spectator of the misery these poor creatures undergo.'

Having now been two years in Italy he prepared for his return, in company with Mr. Abdy, 'a modest and learned man'—Waller the poet, then 'newly gotten out of England, after the parliament

had

had extremely worried him, for attempting to put in execution the commission of array'—and one Captain Wray, 'son of Sir Christopher,' whose father had been in arms against his Majesty, and therefore, says Evelyn, by no means welcome to us. He calls him, however, elsewhere, a good drinking gentleman. They crossed the Simplon by a track which, according to the report of the natives, went above the line of perpetual snow, but which, like the present road, brought them down upon Brigue. Evelyn was indisposed when they arrived at the end of a day's journey at a place called Neveretta, by the head of the lake of Geneva. 'Being extremely weary,' he says, 'and complaining of my head, and finding little accommodation in the house, I caused one of our hostesses daughters to be removed out of her bed, and went immediately into it whilst it was yet warm, being so heavy with pain and drowsiness, that I would not stay to have the sheets changed; but I shortly after paid dearly for my impatience, falling sick of the small-pox as soon as I came to Geneva,—for by the smell of frankincense, and the tale the good woman told me of her daughter having had an ague, I afterwards concluded she had been newly recovered of the small pox.' He seems, however, to have erred in supposing that this was his punishment for consenting to sleep in unclean sheets; for it appears that he was at the time sickening with the disease, and the day after he reached Geneva, he was constrained to keep his chamber, with such pains in the head as if his very eyes would have dropped out, and a stinging over the whole body; he had the disorder favourably, notwithstanding bad treatment before it was understood, and worse after it had declared itself.

Evelyn repeats the so often repeated assertion, that the Rhone passes through the lake of Geneva with such velocity as not to mingle with its waters. Of all the fables which credulity delights to believe and propagate, this should appear the most impossible to obtain credit, for the Rhone, when it enters the lake, is both of the colour and consistency of pease-soup, and it issues out of it perfectly clear, and of so deep a blue that no traveller can ever have beheld it without astonishment. Evelyn had seen it in both places, and yet repeats the common story, which had it been fact instead of fable, would have been less remarkable than the actual and as yet unexplained phenomenon of its colour at Geneva. Adultery was then punished with death in that city. Among other military exercises he saw 'huge *balistæ* or cross-bows shot in, being such as they formerly used in wars before great guns were known: they were placed in frames, and had great screws to bend them, doing execution at an incredible distance.' Having reached Paris, rejoiced that he was gotten so near home, and meaning to rest there before he went farther, he past the only time in his 'whole life that

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was spent most idly,' but soon recovered his better resolutions and learnt the German and Spanish tongues, now and then, he says, refreshing my dancing and such exercises as I had long omitted, and which are not in much reputation amongst the sober Italians.' He frequented a course of chemistry, and M. Mercure began to teach him on the late, 'though to small perfection;' and having become intimate in the family of Sir Richard Browne, the British resident at the court of France, and sat his affection on a daughter of the family, he married her in the fourteenth year of her age, he being seven and twenty.—She lived with him, happy in his love and friendship, fifty-eight years and nine months, and was then left a widow; and when in her will she desired to be buried by his side, she speaks thus of her excellent husband: 'his care of my education was such as might become a father, a lover, a friend and husband for instruction, tenderness, affection and fidelity to the last moment of his life, which obligation I mention with a gratitude to his memory ever dear to me; and I must not omit to own the sense I have of my parents care and goodness in placing me in such worthy hands.'

About three months after his marriage he was called into England to settle his affairs, leaving his wife with her parents. This was in the autumn of 1647, and on his arrival he saw the king at Hampton Court, and gave him an account of several things which he had in charge. Charles was then in the hands of his enemies. Evelyn remained in England till the conclusion of that tragedy, and after unkingship, as he calls it, had been proclaimed, he obtained a passport from Bradshaw for France. Having occasion to visit England again in 1650, he made the same passport serve for his return, as he could no longer procure one without taking the oath to Cromwell's government, which he had determined never to do.—Rather indeed than submit to it, he once counterfeited a pass, and luckily he found at Dover that 'money to the searchers and officers was as authentic as the hand and seal of Bradshaw himself.' Evelyn never mentioned the name of Bradshaw without coupling with it some opprobrious epithet; he abhorred his political conduct, and evidently did not like his personal character. But Bradshaw perhaps had some feeling of good-will towards him, as one to whose family he was obliged, and whose worth he knew; and apprehending no danger from him would not willingly molest him for his loyalty. Without some such protection he would hardly have escaped without molestation, connected as he was so directly with the royal party. He seems to have waited in France for the result of the last great effort of the Royalists; for a few weeks after the battle of Worcester he resolved to leave that country finally and return to England. For this resolution there were both private
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and political motives. The estate of his father-in-law at Deptford was suffering much for want of some person to secure it from the usurpers, so that to preserve this property, and take some care of his other concerns, he was advised to reside on it, and compound with the government. Charles authorized him to do so, and charged him also with the perilous commission of corresponding with him and his ministers, a commission peculiarly dangerous, because his close connection with Sir Richard Browne exposed him so naturally to suspicion. Fortunately for him and for the nation, while Cromwell lived there was so little hope of overthrowing him, that no bold designs were undertaken; and after his death none were required to accelerate the destruction of a government which was manifestly falling to pieces of itself.

After he had been a few months in England and put his affairs in order, he sent for his wife. Colonel Morley, then one of the council of state, who had been his school-fellow, gave him a pass for her, wrote to the magistrates and searchers at Rye to shew her all civility at her landing, and did him many other civilities which he notices as a great matter in those days. The vessel in which she embarked passed through the Dutch fleet, and was mistaken for a fishing vessel,—thus she escaped capture. Evelyn himself was less fortunate, when having left his wife with her mother, Lady Browne, at Tunbridge, because the small-pox was rife in and about London, he went on to prepare for their reception. Near Bromley, at a place called the 'Procession Oak,' two fellows struck him from his horse, took away his sword, and dragged him into a thicket a quarter of a mile from the highway, where they robbed him, tied his feet, bound his hands behind him, and then set him upright against an oak and left him, swearing that if he made any outcry, they would return and cut his throat, an operation which one of them would have performed upon the spot, had it not been for his companion. After two hours painful exertion, he succeeded in turning his hands palm to palm, and was then enabled to loose himself. They robbed him of some valuable jewels, which he recovered, and one of the fellows was shortly taken. As Evelyn did not wish to hang him, he would not appear against him, especially when it was understood that his father was an honest old farmer in Kent. He was charged with other crimes and condemned, but was reprieved to a more miserable end; for refusing afterwards to plead upon some fresh charges, he underwent the *peine forte et dure*. Lady Browne died in the ensuing month, and Evelyn obtained permission to have the burial service performed at her funeral, after it had been seven years disused at Deptford church. Perhaps this was one of those acts of kindness for which he was beholden to

Morley,

Morley, for these were the high days of fanaticism when no church was permitted to be open on Christmas day.

Sir Richard Browne being so decidedly what in the gentle language of the Puritans was called a malignant, his interest in the estate at Deptford, great part of which was held in lease from the crown, had been sequestered, and sold. Evelyn now purchased it, as Charles had authorized him to do, with a promise that if ever it should please God to bring about his restoration, he would secure the property to him in fee-farm. It cost him £3500, and a few days after the purchase was completed, the following entry appears in his journal: 'This day I paid all my debts to a farthing. O blessed day!' And now he commenced that undisturbed and even course of life which might almost be considered as realizing the fairest ideal of human felicity, so happy was it for himself and his family, so useful to his generation, and so honourable in the eyes of just posterity.

The estate at Sayes Court, when it became his property, was wholly unadorned, consisting of one entire field of an hundred acres in pasture, with a rude orchard and a holly hedge. He began immediately to set out an oval garden.—'This was the beginning of all the succeeding gardens, walks, groves, enclosures, and plantations there;' and he planted an orchard, 'new moon, wind west.' The house was out of repair; he made large additions to it, 'to my great costs,' he says, 'and better I had done to have pulled all down at first, but it was done at several times.' Dr. Hammond used to speak of a certain man who, when he was upon his death-bed, enjoined his son to spend his time in composing verses, and cultivating a garden, because he thought that no temptation could creep into either of these employments. The good man seems not to have considered that it is very easy to compose such verses as shall be very mischievous; or perhaps he depended upon the virtuous principles of the son whom he thus advised; but he was right in recommending gardening as a wholesome and delightful occupation for spare time. It may be too much to say of it, as has been said, that it is the purest of human pleasures; but it was in a garden that man was placed when he came pure from the hand of his Creator, and it is in gardens that they who are blest with means and opportunity may create an image of Eden for themselves, as far as earth is now capable of the resemblance. An Eden of Evelyn's invention, indeed, would have differed widely from Milton's; his scheme of a Royal Garden comprehended knots, trayle-work, parterres, compartements, borders, banks and embossments, labyrinths, dedals, cabinets, cradles, close-walks, galleries, pavilions, porticos, lanterns and other relieves of topiary and hortulan architecture; fountains, jettos, cascades, piscines, rocks, grotts, cryptæ, mounts, precipices

and ventiducts; gazon-theatres, artificial echos, automate and hydraulic music. No wonder he should think that 'it would still require the revolution of many ages, with deep and long experience, for any man to emerge a perfect and accomplished artist gardener!' It is probably to himself that he alludes in saying a person of his acquaintance spent almost forty years, 'in gathering and amassing materials for an hortulan design to so enormous an heap as to fill some thousand pages, and yet be comprehended within two or three acres of ground; nay, within the square of less than one, (skilfully planned and cultivated,) sufficient to entertain his time and thoughts all his life long, with a most innocent, agreeable and useful employment.'

Ornamental gardening had never flourished in England. While the castles of the great were strong-holds, there was no room for it; and much of what had been done during fourscore years of prosperity, was either destroyed during the civil wars, or in consequence of them had fallen to decay. The gardens of Theobalds seem to have been the finest in this country at that time, before this princely seat was pulled to pieces by the Levellers. Evelyn remembered to have seen cypresses there cultivated with the greatest care, and probably the first which were reared in Great Britain. Exotic animals as well as trees were introduced there, a camel stable, sixty-three feet in length, is mentioned in the description of the buildings;—in that age attempts were made to naturalize the camel in Europe,—there were no less than eighty at Aranjuez, but even in that climate the experiment failed. There still exists, though in decay, the moss walk which formerly made part of the gardens of Theobalds,—a singular and beautiful scene, where Elizabeth held counsel with Burleigh,—where James revolved his plans for preserving the peace of Europe, and Charles played with his children, or lent too easy an ear to the counsels of his queen. About thirty years ago, and before the storm had made a breach through the old elms by which it was overshadowed, we remember this singular walk, in its beauty;—the only remains of all which rendered Theobalds the favourite palace of two succeeding sovereigns. It is surprizing that the elms escaped when the palace was destroyed by parliament in spite even of the commissioners' report, that it was 'an excellent building, in very good repair, by no means fit to be demolished.' But these commissioners were unfortunately bound to add that its materials were worth 8275*l*. 11*s*.; and therefore demolished it was, that the money might be divided among the army. All the royal palaces were marked for the same fate, and many of the woods were cut down; the few trees at Greenwich were felled, those in St. James's Park narrowly escaped, and in Hyde Park, Evelyn notices in his diary, that every coach was made

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to pay a shilling, and every horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the state.—So much did the people gain by its transfer from the crown into the hands of an individual!

Poor as our art of gardening was before the troubles began; it was necessarily neglected during their continuance, and when Evelyn began his horticultural pursuits there were no models for imitation in his own country, and other countries afforded him none but what were bad in themselves, or inappropriate to the English climate. He speaks with great delight of a large walk in some gardens of the Grand Duke of Florence, 'at the sides whereof several slender streams of water gush out of pipes concealed underneath, that interchangeably fall into each other's channels, making a lofty and perfect arch, so that a man on horseback may ride under it and not receive one drop of wet.' This he thought one of the most surprising magnificences he had ever seen. Sir Henry Wotton has also noticed this 'continual bower and hemisphere of water as an invention for refreshment, surely far excelling all the Alexandrian delicacies, and pneumatics of Hiero.' Nothing could be more delightful under an Italian sun,—there it is a splendid luxury, suitable to a glorious climate,—but for the English garden it might be convenient as a dry walk when it rained, far more frequently than any gratification could be derived from its coolness and its shade. In thirsty countries, therefore, the fountain is the most appropriate of all embellishments, and its sound, whether gurgling from a spout, or falling in showers from a jet, the most grateful of all symphonies. Rapin allots one book of the four of which his poem consists, to fountains and water-works.

'Imprimis medio fons constituendus in horto,
Qui salientis aquæ, tubulo prorumpat ab arcto,
Plurimus, et vacuus jactu se libret in auras,
Quasque accepit aquas, cælo, ventisque remittat.'

Even the wretched taste with which fountains are commonly designed is forgiven for the sake of the refreshment which they impart. But dolphins with icicles pendant from their open mouths, Tritons with frozen conchs, and naked nixiads in the midst of an icy basin, are too obviously incongruous, and have nothing to compensate for their absurdity. Our climate is as little suitable for statues and sculptured vases, the beauty of their surface is soon corroded and defaced with weather stains: but how poor is the French style of gardening if it be deprived of its water-works and its marbles!

In that age however the French genius was lord of the ascendant. *De rerum nostrarum elegantia*, says the French Jesuit Rapin, *longe potiori jure prædicare possumus quàm poeta Venusinus,*

Venimus ad summum fortunæ;

in iis præsertim quæ spectant hortorum elegantiam, rurisque amanitatem. And he writes a chapter to prove not only that France was of all countries the fittest for gardening, but that the French fashion of gardening was of all others the most perfect. Sir William Temple had heard of the Chinese taste, and thought favourably of it, 'but,' he says, 'I should hardly advise any of these attempts in the figure of gardens among us; they are adventures of too hard achievement for any common heads; and though there may be more honour if they succeed well, yet there is more dishonour if they fail, and 'tis twenty to one they will; whereas in regular figures 'tis hard to make any great and remarkable faults.' Accordingly he decided that among us the beauty of planting consisted in 'certain proportions, symmetries, or uniformities, our walks and our trees ranged so as to answer one another, and at exact distances.' It seems that the first use to which the principle of the kaleidoscope was applied was that of assisting invention, by producing new combinations of symmetrical forms for parterres and gravel walks. But however fantastic may be the arrangement of the parterres, and into whatever shapes the hedges and unhappy evergreens may be clipt, the flower-garden has still its fragrance and its gaiety, and affords a pleasure of its own which is certainly not diminished by a consciousness of the presence of art.

But if Evelyn was misled in ornamental gardening by the taste of his age, there was nothing to mislead him in that useful branch of the art which supplies the table with its purest luxuries, and which in his time received considerable improvement. Some curious facts in the history of horticulture are found in his *Acetaria*. It was scarcely an hundred years, he tells us, since cabbages were introduced from Holland into this country, one of the Sir Anthony Ashleys, of Wiburg St. Giles, in Dorsetshire, being the first person who planted them in England,—the family then has deserved well of its country, notwithstanding it produced so great a ——— as Shaftsbury. It had not been very long since artichokes were cultivated in Italy, after which they were for some time so rare in England as to be sold for crowns a-piece. We have not learnt from the French to eat this noble thistle, as Evelyn calls it, as a sallad; nor from the Italians to stew it till its tough leaves become edible. The cucumber within his memory had been accounted 'little better than poison;' the melon was hardly known till Sir George Gardiner, coming from Spain, brought it into estimation; when its ordinary price was five or six shillings. Much has been added to the catalogue of esculents since Evelyn's time, but some things on the other hand have fallen into disuse. The bud of the sunflower before it expands was then drest like an artichoke and eaten as a dainty; the root of the minor pimpinella, or small Burnet saxifrage, dried

dried and pulverized, was preferred by some persons to any kind of pepper, and the pounded seeds of the *nasturtium* were thought preferable to mustard. Evelyn praises the milky or dappled thistle; either as a salad, or boiled, or baked in pies like the artichoke; it was then sold in our herb-markets, but probably for a supposed virtue in consequence of its name *Cardus Maria*, or our Lady's milky thistle, which made it be esteemed a proper diet for nurses. The bur also he calls delicate and wholesome, when young. The young leaves of the ash were a favourite pickle,—but of all his dainties that which a reader of the present age would be least willing to partake would be 'the small young acorns which we find in the stock-dove's craws,' and which are 'a delicious fare, as well as those incomparable sallads of young herbs taken out of the maws of partridges at a certain season of the year, which gives them a preparation far exceeding all the art of cookery.' They were certainly valiant eaters in those days, and one who admired such sallads might have sat down with Hearne to a Northern Indian's feast. He had a wicked taste in wines also: 'who almost would believe,' he says, 'that the austere Rhenish, abounding on the fertile banks of the Rhine, should produce so soft and charming a liquor as does the same vine, planted among the rocks and pumices of the remote and mountainous Canaries?' and in another place he observes that the grape of the Rhine has produced in the Canaries a far more delicious juice than in its own country. We have no reason to believe that the Rhenish wines have improved or the Canarian ones degenerated during the last century, and the inhabitants of the Rhingau might then as now boast with truth in the words of their favourite song, over the glass,

'In ganz Europa, ihr herren zecher
Ist solch ein wein nicht mehr.'

But if Evelyn's taste in wine was bad, the use he made of it was worse; witness the receipt in his *Sylva* for making a cheap ink,—'galls four ounces, copperas two ounces, gum-arabic one ounce: beat the galls grosly and put them into a quart of claret.' The reader will remember Major-General Lord Blayney's advice always to boil hams in hock.

'O fortunatos nimium bona si sua norint
Horticolae!'

Evelyn exclaims in the joy of his enthusiasm for horticulture; and quoting from Milton the lines which describe 'the first empress of the world regaling her celestial guest,' he observes exultingly, 'thus the hortulan provision of the golden age fitted all places, times, and persons; and when man is restored to that state again, it will be as it was in the beginning.' Yet, he adds, 'let none imagine that whilst we justify our subject through all the topics of

panegyric, we would in favour of the sallet, dressed with all its pomp and advantage, turn mankind to grass again, which were ungratefully to neglect the bounty of heaven, as well as his health and comfort.' It is, he says, a transporting consideration to think that 'the infinitely wise and glorious Author of nature has given to plants such astonishing properties; such fiery *heat* in some to warm and cherish, such *coolness* in others to temper and refresh, such pinguid *juice* in others to nourish and feed the body, such quickening *acids* to compel the appetite, and grateful *vehicles* to court the obedience of the palate, such *rigour* to renew and support our natural strength, such ravishing flavour and perfumes to recreate and delight us; in short such *spiritous* and *active* force to animate and revive every faculty and part, to all the kinds of human, and I had almost said, heavenly capacity too. What shall we add more? Our gardens present us with them all; and whilst the shambles are covered with gore and stench, our sallets escape the insults of the summer fly, and purify and warm the blood against winter.' If Evelyn's mind had not been well regulated, and his feelings always under the controul of a cool and steady judgement, his predilections would have led him to a vegetable diet, and he would have been the Mæcenas of his contemporary Thomas Tryon. The great modern example of this diet is the well-known Sir Pythagoras Phillips, knight, ex-sheriff, and mayor *in posse*, editor of the Monthly Magazine, author of a Confutation of the Newtonian Theory, and of a Walk to Kew. The physical effects have been largely exemplified in this worthy personage. The moral effects upon the temper, however, have not been so favourable; for though the humane knight is the founder of a society for abolishing the punishment of death, he has declared in his magazine, that brewers who put unlawful ingredients in their beer, ought to be boiled in their own coppers. In justice, however, to the vegetable diet, which might otherwise be brought into discredit by this unfortunate case, it ought not to be concealed, that though Sir Pythagoras abstains, like a Brahmin, from meat, we have been credibly informed that he eats gravy with his potatoes.

Fanaticism was triumphant in this poor country when Evelyn took possession of his delightful retreat: insanity and roguery are natural allies, and in the game which was then played in political life, knaves were the best cards in the pack. Fortunately for the family at Sayes Court they were not troubled by a fanatical minister. 'The present incumbent,' says Evelyn, 'was somewhat of the Independent, yet he ordinarily preached sound doctrine, and was a peaceable man, which was an extraordinary felicity in this age.' Now and then too an orthodox man got into the pulpit. Upon occasions on which the minister durst not officiate according

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to the form and usage of the Church of England, such as christenings and churchings, Mr. Evelyn had the ceremony performed in his own house by one of the silenced clergy; and when in the progress of fanatical intolerance all forms were prohibited, and most of the preachers were usurpers, 'I seldom,' he says, 'went to church on solemn feasts, but rather went to London, where some of the orthodox sequestered divines did privately use the Common Prayer, administer Sacraments, &c., or else I procured one to officiate in my own house.' It is remarkable that the Directory, of which so many thousands must have been printed, should be at this time so uncommon a book that few persons, perhaps even among those who spend their life with books, have ever seen it. 'On Sunday afternoon he frequently stayed at home to catechize and instruct his family, those exercises universally ceasing in the parish churches, so as people had no principles, and grew very ignorant of even the common points of Christianity, all devotion being now placed in hearing sermons and discourses of speculative and notional things.' The following extracts show strikingly the spirit of those unhappy times.

'4 Dec. Going this day to our Church I was surpriz'd to see a tradesman, a mechanic, step up; I was resolv'd yet to stay and see what he would make of it. His text was from 2 Sam. "And Benaiah went downe also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in y^e time of snowe;" the purport was, that no danger was to be thought difficult when God call'd for the shedding of blood, inferring that now y^e Saints were call'd to destroy temporal governments, with such stuff; so dangerous a crisis were things come to.'

'7. This day came forth the Protectors Edict or Proclamation, prohibiting all ministers of the Church of *England* from preaching or teaching any scholes, in which he imitated the Apostate *Julian*; with y^e decimation of all y^e royal parties revenues thro *England*.'

'Now were the Jews admitted.

'25. There was no more notice taken of Christmas day in churches.

'I went to *London* where Dr. *Wild* preach'd the funeral sermon of Preaching, this being the last day, after which *Cromwell's* proclamation was to take place, that none of the Church of *England* should dare either to preach or administer Sacraments, teach schoole, &c. on paine of imprisonment or exile. This was y^e mournfullest day that in my life I had seene, or y^e Church of *England* herselfe since y^e Reformation; to the greate rejoicing of Papists and Presbyterians. So pathetic was his discourse that it drew many tears from the auditory. Myself, wife, and some of our family receiv'd y^e Communion; God make me thankful who hath hitherto, provided for us the food of our soules as well as bodies! The Lord Jesus pity our distress'd Church, and bring back the captivity of *Sion*!

'I went to *London* to receive the B. Sacrament, the first time the Church of Engl^d was reduced to a chamber and conventicle, so sharpe

was the persecution. The Parish Churches were fill'd with Sectaries of all sorts, blasphemous and ignorant mechanics usurping the pulpets every where. Dr. *Wild* preach'd in a private house in *Fleet Street*, where we had a greate meetin of zealous Christians, who were generally much more devout and religious than in our greatest prosperity.'

'2 Nov. There was now nothing practical preached or that pressed reformation of life, but high and speculative points and straines that few understood, which left people very ignorant and of no steady principles, the source of all our sects and divisions, for there was very much envy and uncharity in the world! God of his mercy amend it! Now indeed that I went at all to church whilst these usurpers possess'd the pulpets, was that I might not be suspected for a Papist, and that tho' the Minister was Presbyterianly affected, he yet was as I understood duly ordain'd and preach'd sound doctrine after their way, and besides was an humble, harmlesse and peaceable man.'

'6 Aug. Our Vicar declaim'd against y^e folly of a sort of enthusiasts and desperate zealots, call'd y^e *Fifth Monarchy Men*, pretending to set up the kingdom of Christ with the sword. To this passe was this age arriv'd when we had no King in Israel.'

'25 Dec. I went to *London* with my wife, to celebrate Christmas Day, Mr. *Gunning* preaching in *Exeter Chapell*. Sermon ended, as he was giving us y^e holy sacrament the chapell was surrounded with soul-diers, and all the communicants and assembly were surpriz'd and kept prisoners by them, some in the house, others carried away. It fell to my share to be confin'd to a roome in the house, where yet I was permitted to dine with the master of it, y^e *Countesse of Dorset, Lady Hutton*, and some others of quality who invited me. In the afternoon came Col. *Whaly, Goffe* and others from *Whitehall* to examine us one by one; some they committed to y^e Marshall, some to prison. When I came before them they tooke my name and abode, examin'd me why, contrarie to an ordinance made that none should any longer observe y^e superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteem'd by them), I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but y^e masse in *English*, and particularly pray for *Charles Stewart*, for which we had no Scripture; I told them we did not pray for *Cha. Stewart*, but for all Christian Kings, Princes, and Governors. They replied, in so doing we praied for the *K. of Spaine* too, who was their enemie and a papist, with other frivolous and insnaring questions and much threatening, and finding no colour to detain me, they dismiss'd me with much pitty of my ignorance. These were men of high flight and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the sacrament the miscreants held their muskets against us as if they would have shot us at the altar, but yet suffering us to finish the office, perhaps not having instructions what to do in case they found us in that action.'

How Evelyn felt during what he calls 'the sad catalysis and declension of piety,' to which the nation was reduced, is beautifully expressed in a letter to *Jeremy Taylor*, whom he used at that time

as his ghostly father, saying, 'I beseech Almighty God to make me ever mindful of and thankful for his heavenly assistances!'

'For my part, I have learned from your excellent assistances, to humble myself, and to adore the inscrutable pathes of the most high: God and his Truth are still the same though the foundations of the world be shaken. Julianus Redivivus can shut the Schooles indeede & the Temples; but he cannot hinder our private intercourses and devotions, where the Breast is the Chappell and our Heart is the Altar. Obedience founded in the understanding will be the onely cure and re-traite. God will accept what remaines, & supply what is necessary. He is not obliged to externals, the purest ages passed under the cruellest persecutions: it is sometymes necessary, & this and the fulfilling of prophecy, are all instruments of greate advantage (even whilst they presse, and are incumbent) to those who can make a sanctified use of them. But as the thoughts of many hearts will be discovered, and multitudes scandaliz'd; so are there diuers well disposed persons who will not know how to guide themselves, unlesse some such good men as you discover the secret, and instruct them how they may secure their greatest interest, & steere their course in this darke and uncomfortable weather. Some such discourse would be highly seasonable now that the daily sacrifice is ceasing, and that all the exercise of your Functions is made criminal, that the light of Israel is quenched. Where shall we now receive the Viaticum with safety? How shall we be baptiz'd? For to this passe it is come Sr. The comfort is, the captivity had no Temple, no Altar, no King. But did they not observe the Passover, nor circumcise? had they no Priests & Prophets amongst them? Many are weake in the Faith, and know not how to answer nor whither to fly: and if upon the Apotheosis of that excellent person under a malicious representation of his Martyrdome, engrauen in Copper, & sent me by a friend from *Bruzelles*, the Jesuite could so bitterly sarcasme upon the embleme—

Projicis inventum caput, Anglia Ecclesia! Cæsum

Si caput est, salvum corpus an esse potest?

How thinke you will they now insult, ravage, and breake in upon the Flock; for the Shepheards are smitten, and the Sheepe must of necessity be scattered, unlesse the greate Shepheard of Soules oppose, or some of his delegates reduce and direct us. Deare Sir, we are now preparing to take our last farewell (as they threaten) of God's service in this City, or any where else in publique. I must confesse it is a sad consideration; but it is what God sees best, & to what we must submit. The comfort is *Deus providebit*.—pp. 150, 151.

It appears from these papers that while Jeremy Taylor was in prison and in embarrassed circumstances, Evelyn exerted himself zealously in his behalf, and made him an annual allowance as 'a tributary' to his worth. What opinion the spiritual teacher formed of his friend may be seen in the following extract from a letter written to him after his first visit to Sayes Court.

'Sir, I did beleive my selfe so very much bound to you for your so kind,

kind, so freindly reception of mee in your Tusculanum, that I had some little wonder upon mee when I saw you making excuses that it was no better. S^r I came to see you and your lady, and am highly pleased that I did so, & found all your circumstances to be an heape & union of blessings. But I have not either so great a fancy & opinion of the prettinesse of your aboad, or so low an opinion of your prudence & piety, as to thinke you can be any wayes transported with them. I know the pleasure of them is gone off from their height before one moneths possession; & that strangers & seldome seers feeble the beaurty of them more than you who dwell with them. I am pleased indeed at the order & the cleanness of all your outward things; and look upon you not onely as a person by way of thankfulness to God for his mercies & goodnesse to you, specially obliged to a greater measure of piety, but also as one who being freed in great degrees from secular cares & impediments can without excuse & allay, wholly intend what you so passionately desire, the service of God. But now I am considering yours, & enumerating my owne pleasures, I cannot but adde that though I could not choose but be delighted by seeing all about you, yet my delices were really in seeing you severe & unconcerned in these things, and now in finding your affections wholly a stranger to them, & to communicate with them no portions of your passion but such as is necessary to him that uses them or receives their ministeries.—pp. 164, 165.

Jeremy Taylor did not judge lightly when he pronounced Evelyn's circumstances to be an union of blessings. The language in which Cowley addressed him did not overstep the strict bounds of truth.

'Happy art thou whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet because thou'rt blest
With prudence how to choose the best.
In books and gardens thou hast placed aright
Thy noble innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refined and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.'

One who knew Mrs. Evelyn well describes her as 'the best daughter and wife, the most tender mother, a desirable neighbour and friend, in all parts of her life.' Her portrait is prefixed to the second volume of these Memoirs, from a pencil-drawing by Nanteuil, taken shortly after her marriage, at the age of fifteen; the countenance is rather handsome than beautiful; but it has an expression of intellect and good nature which is always more attractive than mere beauty, and which retains its charm when beauty has passed away. Early maturity was not in her case followed by early

early decay: she lived with her husband in a state of happiness* no otherwise disturbed than by those afflictions which, coming immediately from the hand of the All-wise and All-merciful disposer of all things, loosen our affections from earth when they are perhaps in danger of striking root there too deeply. From her youth and docility, Evelyn, while in the flower of manhood himself, was enabled to mould her mind to the image of his own; and she became, as Mr. D'Israeli says, (who† was struck by the beauty of Evelyn's character and the singular felicity of his life before these *Memoirs* brought them more fully before the public,) 'excellent in the arts her husband loved: she designed the frontispiece to his *Lucretius*, and was the cultivator of their celebrated garden which served as "an example" of his great work on *Forest Trees*.' It is certain that she painted well, or Evelyn, who was himself a patron and judge of art, would not have presented to Charles II. a *Madonna* which she copied in miniature from P. Oliver's painting after Raphael. He says it was wrought with extraordinary pains and judgment: 'the king was infinitely pleased with it, and caused it to be placed in his cabinet among his best paintings.' Yet with these accomplishments and with her advantages of person, fortune and situation in life, she was not above 'the care of cakes, and stilling, and sweetmeats, and such useful things.' 'Women,' she says in one of her letters, 'were not born to read authors and censure the learned, to compare lives and judge of virtues, to give rules of morality, and sacrifice to the muses. We are willing to acknowledge all time borrowed from family duties is misspent. The care of children's education, observing a husband's commands, assisting the sick, relieving the poor, and being serviceable to our friends, are of sufficient weight to employ the most improved capacities among us.' And again she says, 'Though I have lived under the roof of the learned and in the neighbourhood of science; it has had no other effect on such a temper as mine but that of admiration, and that too but when it is reduced to practice. I confess I am infinitely delighted to meet with in books the achievements of the heroes, with the calmness of philosophers, and with the eloquence of orators: but what charms me irresistibly is to see perfect resignation in the minds of men let whatever happen adverse to them in their fortune: that is being knowing and truly wise; it confirms my belief of antiquity, and engages my persuasion of future perfection, without which it were vain to live.'

* There is one other instance in our literary history of a marriage wherein there was the same disparity of years, and the same nonage on the part of the bride,—it was in the case of Brooke the author of the *Fool of Quality*, and that marriage also was a happy one.

† See his chapter on the Domestic Life of Genius, in the *Literary Character* illustrated.

Mrs. Evelyn had learnt early to form this just estimate of true greatness. The first persons whom she had been taught to respect and honour were her countrymen who bled in the field and on the scaffold in the defence of their king, or who endured exile and poverty rather than forsake his cause, even when it appeared most hopeless. It was well for her that she had been trained in such a school. For, though happily exempted from the miseries which revolution brings in its train, all her fortitude was needed for her domestic trials. The first and heaviest affliction was the loss of a child—one of those rare and beautiful creatures who seem almost always to be marked for early death, as if they were fitter for heaven than earth, and therefore are removed before the world can sully them. The father thus records his death.

1658. 27 Jan. After six fits of an ague died my son *Richard*, 5 years and 3 days old onely, but at that tender age a prodigy for witt and understanding; for beauty of body a very angel; for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes. To give onely a little taste of some of them, and thereby glory to God: at 2 years and halfe old he could perfectly reade any of y^e *English*, *Latin*, *French*, or *Gottic* letters, pronouncing the 3 first languages exactly. He had before the 5th yeare, or in that yeare, not onely skill to reade most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of y^e irregular; learn'd out *Puerilis*, got by heart almost y^e entire vocabularie of *Latine* and *French* primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne *English* into *Latin*, and *vice versâ*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substances, ellipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in *Comenius's Janua*; began himselfe to write legibly, and had a strong passion for *Greeke*. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he remember'd of the parts of playes, which he would also act; and when seeing a *Plautus* in one's hand, he ask'd what booke it was, and being told it was comedy, and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morales, for he had read *Æsop*; he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of *Euclid* that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion, and his sense of God: he had learn'd all his Catechisme early, and understood y^e historical part of y^e Bible and New Testament to a wonder, how *Christ* came to redeeme mankind, and how, comprehending these necessarys himselfe, his godfathers were discharg'd of their promise. These and the like illuminations far exceeding his age and experience, considering the prettinesse of his addresse and behaviour, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him. When one told him how many dayes a Quaker had fasted, he replied that was no wonder, for *Christ* had said man should not live by bread alone, but by y^e Word of God. He would of himselfe select y^e most pathetic psalms, and chapters out of *Job*, to reade to his mayde during his

his sickness, telling her when she pitied him that all God's children must suffer affliction. He declaim'd against y^e vanities of y^e world before he had scene any. Often he would desire those who came to see him to pray by him, and a yeare before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition! how soone be reconcil'd! how indifferent, yet continually cherefull! He would give grave advice to his brother *John*, beare with his impertinencies, and say he was but a child. If he heard of or saw any new thing he was unquiet till he was told how it was made; he brought to us all such difficulties as he found in books to be expounded. He had learn'd by heart divers sentences in *Latin* and *Greece*, which on occasion he would produce even to wonder. He was all life, all prettinesse, far from morose, sullen, or childish in any thing he said or did. The last time he had ben at church (w^{ch} was at *Greenwich*), I ask'd him, according to costome, what he remembered of y^e sermon; two good things, father, said he, *bonum gratiæ* and *bonum gloriæ*, with a just account of what y^e preacher said. The day before he died he cal'd to me, and in a more serious manner than usual told me that for all I loved him so dearly I should give my house, land, and all my fine things, to his brother *Jack*, he should have none of them; and next morning, when he found himself ill, and that I persuaded him to keepe his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God with his hands un-joyn'd: and a little after, whilst in greate agonie, whether he should not offend God by using his holy name so often calling for ease. What shall I say of his frequent pathetical ejaculations utter'd of himselfe; Sweete *Jesus* save me, deliver me, pardon my sinns, let thine angels receive me! So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! But thus God having dress'd up a Saint fit for himselfe, would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of y^e future fruites of this incomparable hopefull blossom. Such a child I never saw! for such a child I blesse God in whose bosome he is! May I and mine become as this little child which now follows the child *Jesus* that Lamb of God in a white robe whithersoever He goes; Even so, Lord *Jesus*, *fiat voluntas tua!* Thou gavest him to us, Thou hast taken him from us, blessed be y^e name of y^e Lord! that I had any thing acceptable to Thee was from thy grace alone, since from me he had nothing but sin, but that Thou hast pardon'd! blessed be my God for ever, amen!—vol. j. pp. 299—301.

The letter in which Mr. Evelyn communicated this event to his father-in-law is not less affecting.

* To Sir Richard Browne.

S^r

By the reverse of this Medall, you will perceive how much reason I had to be afraid of my Felicity, and how greatly it did import me to do all that I could to prevent what I have apprehended, what I deserved, and what now I feele. God has taken from us that deare Childe, y^e Grandson, your Godson, and with him all the joy and satisfaction that could be derived from the greatest hopes. A losse, so much the more to be deplored, as our contentments were extraordinary and

and the indications of his future perfections as faire & legible as, yet, I ever saw, or read off in one so very young: You have, Sir, heard so much of this, that I may say it with the lesse crime & suspicion. And indeede his whole life was from the beginning so greate a miracle, that it were hard to excede in the description of it, and which I should here yet attempt, by sum'ing up all the prodigies of it, and what a child at 5 yeares old (for he was little more) is capable off, had I not given you so many minute and particular accounts of it, by several expresses, when I then mentioned those things with the greatest joy, which now I write with as much sorrow and amasement. But so it is, that it has pleased God to dispose of him, and that Blossome (Fruit, rather I may say) is fallen; a six days Quotidian having deprived us of him; an accident that has made so greate a breach in all my contentments, as I do never hope to see repaired: because we are not in this life to be fed with wonders: and that I know you will hardly be able to support the affliction & the losse, who beare so greate a part in every thing that concerns me. But thus we must be reduced when God sees good, and I submitt; since I had, therefore, this blessing for a punishment, & that I might feele the effects of my great unworthynesse. But I have begged of God that I might pay the fine heare, and if to such belonged the kingdome of heaven, I have one depositum there. *Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit*: blessed be his name: since without that consideration it were impossible to support it: for the stroke is so severe, that I find nothing in all Philosophy capable to allay the impression of it, beyond that of cutting the channell and dividing with our friends, who really sigh on our behalfe, and mingle with our greater sorrows in accents of piety and compassion, which is all that can yet any ways alleviate the sadnesse of Deare Sir, Y^r &c.

Says-Court, 14 Feb: 1657-8.—vol. ii. p. 175.

The next entry in his journal, and at no longer an interval than nineteen days, records the death of another and younger son, 'the afflicting hand of God being upon us.' It was fortunate for Evelyn that public affairs were at this time in a critical state, and must in some measure have abstracted him from the sense of his afflictions. Cromwell was then paying the penalty of his usurpation. The faunatical flatterers by whom he was surrounded perhaps prevented him from feeling any remorse for the evil which he had done, but they could not take from him the stinging consciousness that he had done none of the good which it had once been his intention and desire to do,—that, contrary to his principles and wishes, a severer ecclesiastical tyranny had been established than Laud had ever attempted to enforce, and that the republicans who, while they conferred upon him more than kingly power, would not suffer him to take the title of king, would by their follies, extravagancies, and inevitable dissensions, bring about the restoration of the royal family, before he should have mouldered in the grave to which grief and constant anxiety, and the sense of perpetual insecurity were

were hurrying him. 'A dangerous treacherous time,' says Evelyn. 'I went to visit my Lady Peterborough, whose son, Lord Mordant, prisoner in the Tower, was now on his trial, and acquitted but by one voice: but that holy martyr Dr. Hewet was condemned to die, without law, jury, or justice, by a mock Council of State as they call it!' Great intercession was made for Hewet's life; Cromwell's favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, was earnest in intreating him that his blood might not be shed; but Cromwell was inexorable. Her anxiety while it was yet possible to prevent the execution, her grief for Hewet's widow, who was left in a state of pregnancy, and her horror at this last crime of a father of whose crimes, dearly as she loved him, she was deeply sensible, brought on fever and madness, and she expired, crying out against him in her last ravings for Hewet's blood. It is believed that this circumstance hurried Cromwell to the grave, as it certainly embittered his last miserable days. He survived her little more than three weeks, and died within three months after Hewet's execution. Evelyn saw his superb funeral: his waxen effigy, lying in royal robes upon a velvet bed of state, with a crown, sceptre and globe, like a king, was placed upon a hearse, and a pall of velvet and fine linen borne over it by his own lords. 'The pendants and guidons were carried by the officers of the army; the imperial banners, achievements, &c. by the heralds in their coats; a rich caparisoned horse, embroidered all over with gold; a knight of honour armed cap-a-pie; and after all, his guards, soldiers, and innumerable mourners.' In the *Mercurius Politicus* of the day it is said, 'at the west gate of the abbey church, the hearse with the effigies thereon was taken off the carriage, and with the canopy borne over it, in this magnificent manner they carried it up to the east end of the abbey, and placed it in that noble structure which was raised thus on purpose to receive it, where it is to remain for some time, exposed to public view. This is the last ceremony of honour; and less could not be performed to the memory of him, to whom posterity will pay (when envy is laid asleep by time) more honour than we are able to express.' In less than two years this very effigy with a rope round its neck was hung from the bars of a window at Whitehall!

There were indeed indications enough of change in the state, and in the feelings of the people. Evelyn observes that the funeral was the joyfullest he ever saw, 'for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.' Soon afterwards he writes, '25 April. A wonderful and sudden change in the face of the public; the new Protector Richard slighted; several pretenders and parties strive for the government; all anarchy and confusion; Lord have mercy upon us!' '29 May. The nation was

now

now in extreme confusion and unsettled, between the armies and the sectaries, the poor Church of England breathing as it were her last; so sad a face of things had overspread us.' '11 Oct. The army now turned out the parliament. We had now no government in the nation; all in confusion; no magistrates either owned or pretended but the soldiers, and they not agreed. God Almighty have mercy on and settle us! 21. A private fast was kept by the Church of England Protestants in town, to beg of God the removal of his judgements with devout prayers for his mercy to our calamitous church.' The observance of this fast is afterwards frequently recorded. Hitherto Mr. Evelyn had taken no apparent concern in political events; perhaps he was the more desirous of attracting attention towards his improvements, that the secret correspondence which he carried on with his father-in-law might be the less suspected, and in this he seems to have succeeded, for his garden and plantations were so much talked of that Laurence, the president of Oliver's council, and some other of his court lords, went to see them. The books which he published served also in the same manner to avert suspicion: they were a translation of the first book* of Lucretius, St. Chrysostom's *Golden Book for the Education of Children*, (which he dedicated to both his brothers, 'to comfort them on the loss of their children, touching at the same time on his own severest loss,) and the *French Gardener and English Vineyard*, 'the first and best of that kind,' he says, 'that introduced the use of the olitory garden to any purpose.' But now, when all men began to look to a restoration of the royal family as the only means for putting an end to their miserable state of anarchy, Evelyn came forward, and in November 1659 published an apology for the royal party, and for the king, 'in that time of danger, when it was capital to speak or write in favour of him. It was twice printed, so universally it took.' He soon engaged in a far more serious transaction. Colonel Morley was the governor of the Tower. They had been school-fellows, and divided as they were by political opinions, knew and esteemed each other. Evelyn, as we have seen, had received personal civilities from him when his wife came from France, and had sold an estate to him since that time;—he now proposed to him to deliver up the Tower to Charles; Monk was in Scotland, and the game was in Morley's hands;—he was a better man than Monk, but wanted that courage which has

* Prefixed to the copy in the library at Wotton, is this note in his own hand-writing: 'Never was book so abominably misused by the printer; never copy so negligently surveyed by one who undertook to look over the proof sheets with all exactness and care, namely, Dr. Triplet, well known for his ability, and who pretended to oblige me in my absence, and so readily offered himself. This good I received by it, that publishing it vainly its ill success at the printer's discouraged me with troubling the world with the rest.'

been said to have been Monk's only virtue; he hesitated till it was too late, and then he who might have deserved and claimed a dukedom for his reward, was reduced to sue for pardon through Evelyn's means. 'Oh,' says Evelyn, 'the sottish omission of this gentleman! What did I not undergo of danger in this negociation to have brought him over to his Majesty's interest when it was entirely in his hands!'

'29 May, 1660. This day his Maj^y *Charles the Second* came to London after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being 17 years. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strew'd with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapistry, fountaines running with wine; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, myriads of people flocking, even so far as from *Rochester*, so as they were seven houres in passing the Citty, even from 2 in y^e afternoone till 9 at night.

'I stood in the *Strand* and beheld it, and bless'd God. All this was don without one drop of bloud shed, and by that very army which rebell'd against him; but it was y^e Lord's doing, for such a Restauration was never mention'd in any history ancient or modern, since the returne of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyfull a day and so bright ever seene in this Nation, this hapning when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.'—vol. i. p. 109, 110.

The Restoration, in which Evelyn thus piously rejoiced as a political blessing, affected him also in the happiness of his private life. It brought home his father-in-law Sir Richard Browne, 'after a nineteen years exile, during all which time he kept up in his chapel the liturgy and offices of the Church of England, to his no small honour; and in a time when it was so low, and as many thought utterly lost, that in various controversies both with papists and sectaries, our divines used to argue for the visibility of the church, from his chapel and congregation.' Charles, during his exile, gave particular and repeated orders to have the church service regularly performed in his ambassador's house: whether he had during any part of his life a true sense of religion, may justly be questioned; but he was perfectly well aware how closely his own interests were connected with those of the Church of England, and therefore he obtained from his mother a promise that she would not practise upon the Duke of Gloucester to make him a papist, which was the secret wish of her heart. Henrietta was a thorough bigot, and her counsels would have been as fatal to her children as they were to her husband. Notwithstanding this promise, she used every endeavour

for what she supposed was the only means of securing the boy's salvation! Upon this occasion, Charles wrote to his brother:

'If, he says, 'you do hearken to her or any body els in that matter you must never think to see *England* or mee againe, & w^{soeuer} mischiefe shall fall on mee or my affaires from this time I must lay all upon you as being y^e onely cause of it. Therefore consider well what it is to bee not only y^e cause of ruining a Brother that loves you so well, but also of yo^r King & Country. Do not lett them p^suade you either by force or faire p^mises; for the first they neither dare, nor will use, and for the second, as soone as they have perverted you they will haue their End, and then they will care no more for you. I am also informed y^t there is a purpose to putt you into y^e Jesuits Colledge, w^{ch} I command you upon y^e same grounds neuer to consent unto. And when soeuer any body shall goe to dispute wth you in Religion doo not answere them at all. For though you haue the reasoⁿ on yo^re side, yett they being prepared will haue y^e aduantage of any body y^t is not upon y^e same Security that they are. If you do not consider what I say unto you, Remember y^e last words of yo^re dead Father, w^{ch} were to bee constant to yo^r Religion & neuer to bee shaken in it. W^{ch} if you doe not obserue this shall bee y^e last time you will heare from

(Deare Brother)

yo^r most affectione brother

CHARLES R.—vol. ii. part ii. p. 142.

Happy had it been for Charles if he had demeaned himself as well in his prosperous as in his adverse fortune! The facts which appear in these volumes are highly honourable to him and the companions of his exile, while Cromwell, as the Queen of Bohemia said, was like the Beast in the Revelations that all kings and nations worshipped. His horses, and some of them too were favourites, were sold at Brussels, because he could not pay for their keep, and during the two years that he resided at Cologne he never kept a coach. So straitened were the exiles for money, that even the postage of letters between Sir Richard Browne and Hyde was no easy burthen, and there was a mutiny in the ambassador's kitchen, because the maid 'might not be trusted with the government, and the buying the meat, in which she was thought too lavish.' Hyde writes that he had not been master of a crown for many months; that he was cold for want of clothes and fire, and for all the meat which he had eaten for three months he was in debt to a poor woman who was no longer able to trust. Our necessities, he says, would be more insupportable, if we did not see the king reduced to greater distress than you can believe or imagine. And when Sir Richard Browne had promised him a supply, he says, 'for your new noble offer I am not in a condition so plentiful to refuse it, for I must tell you that I have not had a Lewes of my own these three months; therefore when you send the bill, let me know whether you

lend

lend me so much out of your own little stock, or whether it be the king's money, for in that case his Majesty shall be the disposer, since my office hath never yet, nor shall intitle me to take his money without his direction.

Evelyn was received at court with that affability by which Charles was so happily gifted, that it was more difficult for him to lose the affections of his subjects, than it has been for other princes to gain them. The king called him his old acquaintance, and nominated him one of the council of the Royal Society, of which he had been just elected a fellow. He would have given him the Order of the Bath, but Evelyn declined it, and he promised to make his wife lady of the jewels to the future queen, 'a very honourable charge,' it is observed in the Diary, 'but which he never performed.' It was not long before he was chosen one of the commissioners for reforming the buildings, ways, streets and incumbrances, and regulating the hackney coaches in the city of London. And in 1664, when war was declared against the Dutch, he was appointed one of the commissioners for taking care of the sick and wounded, and the prisoners. There were four commissioners with a salary of £1200 a year among them, besides extraordinaries for their care and attention when upon duty; they had power to constitute officers, physicians, surgeons and provost-m Marshals, and to dispose of half of the hospitals through England. Mr. Evelyn's district comprized the counties of Kent and Sussex. The duty which fell upon him proved to be as perilous as it was painful. The Dutch, then at the height of their power, carried on the war with that spirit which became a great and brave people, who were unjustly attacked, and the prisoners and wounded men were brought in faster than the commissioners could provide for them;—miserable objects, says Evelyn, God knows! money and means of every kind were wanting, 'when a moderate expense would have saved thousands.' 'My wife,' he says in a letter to Lord Cornbery, 'is within a fortnight of bringing me my seventh son, and it is time, my lord, he were born, for they keep us so short of monies at court, that his majesty's commissioners had need of one to do wonders, and heal the sick and wounded by miracle, till we can maintain our chirurgeons.' In the midst of this distress the plague broke out, and soon raged with such violence that four and five thousand persons died weekly in London, where Evelyn had just obtained the Savoy for the sick and wounded. As the contagion was spreading around Deptford, he sent away his wife and family to Wotton, and staid himself to look after his charge, 'trusting in the Providence and goodness of God.' It was some time before this *courageous* woman, as he calls her, would be persuaded to take the alarm; 'my conscience,' he says, 'or something which I would

have taken for my duty, obliges me to this sad station, till his Majesty take pity on me, and send me a considerable refreshment for the comfort of these poor creatures, the sick and wounded seamen under mine inspection through all the ports of my district.' His letters strongly express his feelings at this dreadful time, and shew also how much more he felt for others than for himself. 'One fortnight,' he says, 'has made me feel the utmost of miseries that can befall a person in my station and with my affections. To have 25,000 prisoners and 1500 sick and wounded men to take care of, without one penny of money, and above £2000 indebted.' And in another letter, 'it were to betray his Majesty's gracious intentions, and even his honour, to extenuate here. Sir Wm. D'Oily and myself have near 10,000 upon our care, while there seems to be no care of us, who having lost all our servants, officers and most necessary assistants, have nothing more left us to expose but our persons, which are every moment at the mercy of a raging pestilence (by our daily conversation) and an unreasonable multitude, if such they may be called, who having adventured their lives for the public, perish for their reward, and die like dogs in the street unregarded.' 'Our prisoners beg at us as a mercy to knock them on the head, for we have no bread to relieve the dying creatures.—I beseech your honour, let us not be reputed barbarians, or if at last we must be so, let me not be the executor of so much inhumanity when the price of one good subject's life is rightly considered of more value than the wealth of the Indies.'—The mortality had now increased, and nearly 10,000 died weekly; yet his duty frequently obliged him to go through the whole city, 'a dismal passage,' he says, 'and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, the streets thin of people, the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, as not knowing whose turn might be next.'

When the pestilence was abated and he went to wait upon the king, Charles in a most gracious manner gave him his hand to kiss, with many thanks for his care and faithfulness in a time of such great danger, when every body fled their employments; 'he told me,' says Evelyn, 'he was much obliged to me, and said he was several times concerned for me and the peril I underwent, and did receive my service most acceptably, though in truth I did but my duty.' He now exerted himself to have an Infirmary founded for the sick and wounded, having seen the great inconvenience of distributing them in private houses, 'where many more chirurgeons and attendants were necessary, and the people tempted to debauchery.'

The fire of London, which occurred at this time, has never been so finely described as in Mr. Evelyn's journal.—The account of so tremendous an event, written at the time and upon the spot, will be read with great interest.

' 1666. 2 Sept. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near *Fish Streete in London*.

' 3. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the *Bank side in Southwark*, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole City in dreadful flames near y^e water side; all the houses from the *Bridge*, all *Thames Street*, and upwards towards *Cheapeside* downe to the *Three Cranes* were now consum'd.

' The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when conspiring with a fierce Eastern wind in a very drie season; I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole South part of y^e City burning from *Cheapeside* to y^e *Thames*, and all along *Cornhill* (for it kindl'd back against y^e wind as well as forward) *Tower Streete*, *Fenchurch Streete*, *Gracious Streete*, and so along to *Bainard's Castle*, and was now taking hold of *St. Paul's Church*, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches, Publiq Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from y^e other, for y^e heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the *Thames* cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on y^e other, y^e carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, y^e shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of Towers, Houses and Churches was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let y^e flames burn on, w^{ch} they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of *Sodom*, or the last day. *London* was, but is no more!

' 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the *Inner Temple*, all *Fleet Streete*, the *Old Bailey*, *Ludgate Hill*, *Warwick*

wick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of *Pauls* flew like granados, y^e mealtine lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The Eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but y^e Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was y^e help of man.

'5. It crossed towards *Whitehall*; Oh the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased his Ma^{ty} to command me among y^e rest to looke after the quenching of *Fetter Lane* end, to preserve if possible that part of *Holborn*, whilst the rest of y^e gentlemen tooke their severall posts (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrossed) and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd near y^e whole Citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practic'd, and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of *St. Bartholomew* neere *Smithfield*, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the *Savoy* lesse. It now pleas'd God by abating the wind, and by the industrie of y^e people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than y^e *Temple* Westward, nor than y^e entrance of *Smithfield* North. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards *Cripplegate* and the *Tower* as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the *Temple*, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlongs space.

'The coale and wood wharves and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischeife, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Ma^{ty} and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the Citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

'The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about *St. George's Fields*, and *Moorefields*, as far as *Highgate*, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accomodations in stately and well furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery and poverty.

'In this calamitous condition I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like *Lot*, in my little *Zoar*, safe and sound.'

'7. I went

' 7. I went this morning on foote fm *Whitehall* as far as *London Bridge*, thro' the late *Fleete Street*, *Ludgate Hill*, by *St. Pauls*, *Cheape-side*, *Exchange*, *Bishopgate*, *Aldersgate*, and out to *Moorefields*, thence thro' *Cornhill*, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his Ma^y got to the *Tower* by water, to demolish y^e houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the *White Tower* where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten downe and destroy'd all y^e bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in y^e river, and render'd y^e demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

' At my return I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly Church *St. Pauls* now a sad ruine, and that beautifull portico (for structure comparable to any in *Europe*, as not long before repair'd by the King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, shewing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all y^e ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massie *Portland* stone flew off, even to y^e very rooffe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealtd; the ruines of the vaulted rooffe falling broke into *St. Faith's*, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to y^e stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable that the lead over y^e altar at y^e East end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one Bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in y^e Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. mealtd; the exquisitely wrought *Mercers Chapell*, the sumptuous *Exchange*, y^e august fabriq of *Christ Church*, all y^e rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about y^e ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some greate Citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, &c. *Sir Tho. Gressham's* statute, tho' fallen from its nitch in the *Royal Exchange*, remain'd intire, when all those of y^e Kings since y^e Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in *Cornhill*, and *Q. Elizabeth's* effigies, with some armes on *Ludgate*, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the Cittie streetes, hinges, barrs and gates of prisons were many of them mealtd and reduced to cinders by y^e vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept

the widest, the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably surheated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by y^e ruines of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards *Islington* and *Highgate*, where one might have scene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploing their losse, and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In y^e midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the *French* and *Dutch*, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the City. There was in truth some days before greate suspicion of those 2 nations joining; and now, that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations whom they casualy met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole Court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into y^e fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into y^e suburbs about the City, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Mat^y Proclamation also invited them.—vol. i. pp. 371—377.

This calamity was bravely borne. Evelyn says, he never observed a more universal resignation, nor less repining among sufferers; and he mentions, which is indeed a curious fact, that the merchants complied with their foreign correspondence as punctually as if no disaster had happened, and not one failure was heard of. Within two days after the conflagration, he presented to the king a plan for a new city. Dr. Wren (afterwards Sir Christopher) was already beforehand with him. Their plans coincided in many points. Evelyn had been introduced to Wren when the latter was a student at Oxford, and calls him 'that miracle of a youth,—that prodigious young scholar.' The levity of the people after this tremendous event was as remarkable as their exertions at the time. In the suburbs, and the little part of the city which had escaped, there was the same noise, the same bustle, and the same vanity; and almost before the ruins had ceased to smoke, Charles made an attempt, strangely timed, but not less worthy of success,

to change the fashion of our dress, and introduce a costume formed upon the Persian mode. Evelyn had lately written an essay* upon the subject, recommending that we should adopt a national dress and adhere to it. 'Let it be considered,' he said, 'that those who seldom change the mode of their country have as seldom altered their affections to the prince.' A copy of this he presented to the king, and some of the alterations which he had recommended were adopted in this new costume. The whole court adopted this 'vest and surcoat or tunic as 'twas called,' and Evelyn also appeared in it. It was a comely and manly habit, he says, too good to hold, it being impossible for us in good earnest to leave the *Monsieurs'* vanities long. Charles resolved never to alter it, and to leave the French mode 'which had hitherto obtained to our great expence and reproach.' But his inconstancy was so well known that 'divers courtiers and gentlemen gave him gold by way of wages, that he would not persist in his resolution.'

The ensuing year was remarkable for the bold attack which the Dutch made upon our fleet at Chatham; had they pursued their fortune they might have advanced to London 'with ease, and have fired all the vessels in the river.' Evelyn sent away his best goods and plate from Sayes Court to a safer place. 'The alarm, he says, was so great that 'it put both country and city into a panic fear, and consternation, such as I hope I shall never see more; every body was flying, none knew why or whither.' And when he describes 'how triumphantly their whole fleet lay within the very mouth of the Thames, all from the North Fore-land, Margate, even to the buoy of the Nore!' he exclaims, 'a dishonour never to be wiped off! Those who advised his Majesty to prepare no fleet this spring deserved—I know what—but—' The Thames being thus blockaded, London was exceedingly distressed for want of fuel, and Evelyn was sent to search about the environs whether any peat or turf could be found fit for use. The report was that there might be found a great deal. Experiments were also made of the '*houllies*,' which he had mentioned in one of his publications as being made at Maestricht with a mixture of charcoal dust and loam, and fires of this composition were made by order of council at Gresham College, which was then used as an Exchange, 'for every body to see.' But Evelyn was mistaken respecting the *houille*, which is a species of pit-coal, so highly impregnated with bitumen and with sulphur, that it cannot be used for domestic

* In the preface to this pamphlet, Evelyn uses a contemptuous appellation for the French, which never having been obsolete in Spain, was used in that country with great effect during the late tremendous war. 'I will not reproach the French for their fruitful invention, or any thing that is commendable, but tis well known who those *Gavaches* are who would impose upon all the world beside.'

purposes unless it be tempered with clay; no charcoal is used in the composition.

Evelyn, who felt the injustice of our quarrel with the Dutch, and was deeply sensible of the dishonour which we endured in the contest, beheld also with bitter sorrow the vices of the court and the growing profligacy of the age. Gambling he abhorred as a wicked folly, and grieved that such 'a wretched custom should be countenanced in a court which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the kingdom.' The butcherly sports of the Bear Garden he regarded with human and Christian indignation, and when a fine spirited horse was exposed as a public exhibition to be baited to death, under the false pretence that it had killed a man, he regretted that the wretches who contrived this abominable means of getting money could not be punished as they deserved. He went very seldom to the theatre: the old plays, such as 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad; and it afflicted him 'to see how the stage was degenerated and polluted by the licentious times:' the theatres, he says, were 'abused to an atheistical liberty, and foul and indecent women now (and never till now) permitted to appear and act, who inflaming several young noblemen and gallants, became their misses, and to some their wives: witness the Earl of Oxford, Sir R. Howard, P. Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families, and ruin of both body and soul.' The conduct of Charles is frequently alluded to in this Diary with grief. But in the midst of these contagious immoralities, Evelyn's life was a beautiful example of all public and private virtues. While he enjoyed the intimacy and esteem of those who were highest in power, the only advantage which he solicited for himself and his family, was the fair settlement of his father-in-law's accounts with the king; and those persons who derived benefit from his councils when they were in authority, found him in their adversity a constant and affectionate friend. Thus he was the frequent visitor of Clarendon, when that admirable man was abandoned by the swarm of summer followers. Clifford too in his disgrace felt the sincerity of Evelyn's friendship, and wrung him by the hand, when (as it afterwards appeared) he had resolved upon suicide, with an earnestness that showed there was something in the world from which he could not part without a painful effort, and a feeling that unmanned him. So also when Arlington's fortunes were on the wane, Evelyn dwells in his journal with delight upon the better parts of his character. Sandwich imparted his griefs to Evelyn when he embarked with a determination of seeking death in battle, and thereby compelling those to do justice to his character

character who had aspersed it; and it was into Evelyn's ear that Ossory breathed the last overflowings of a wounded spirit and a broken heart.

Charles II. treated him always with affability and kindness, knowing and respecting his worth and his unsullied virtue. Evelyn was much affected by his death. Writing on the day when James was proclaimed, he says, 'I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'night I was witness of, the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c. a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table; a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!' He deplored his loss, he said, with all his soul, for many respects as well as duty. A fear of the political consequences undoubtedly was one; for Evelyn well knew that the welfare of this kingdom depends vitally upon the preservation of that church, the subversion of which was necessarily considered as a duty by a Catholic king. He looked upon the defeat of Monmouth's enterprize as a signal deliverance, believing that if it had not been early checked it would have proceeded to the ruin of the church and government. Such an inundation of fanatics, he says, and men of impious principles must needs have caused universal disorder, cruelty, injustice, rapine, sacrilege, and confusion, an unavoidable civil war, and misery without end. But when the times became more trying, Evelyn decidedly opposed those measures which, had they been successful, would have certainly destroyed the civil and religious liberties of Great Britain. When Lord Clarendon was sent to Ireland, he was nominated one of the Commissioners for executing the office of Privy Seal during his lieutenancy there. He 'was not displeased' when the creation of Mrs. Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, passed the Privy Seal at a time when he was absent, and when the appointment of the Secretary to the Ambassador at Rome was sealed, he observes that through Providence he was not present. But when a docket was to be sealed, importing a lease of twenty-one years to the king's printer for printing Missals and other books which, by act of parliament, were expressly forbidden to be printed or sold, Evelyn seeing that the law was clear in this case refused to put the seal to it; and on a similar occasion he persisted in his refusal when Archbishop Sancroft, whom he consulted, gave him no other encouragement than that of advising him to follow his own conscience; and the Lord Treasurer told him that if, in conscience, he could dispense

dispense with it, there was no other hazard. And when James, beginning to perceive his danger, released the bishops, Evelyn, who had good information of the plans of the court, gave Sancroft good intelligence and bold advice; he pointed out the crafty designs of the Jesuits by which the unfortunate king was directed; observed that in all the declarations which had been published in pretended favour of the Church of England as by law established, room was carefully left for a subdulous construction of the words—as if the Church of Rome were the only lawful one; advised him, therefore, that in all extraordinary offices the words Reformed and Protestant should be added to that of the Church of England by law established, ‘and whosoever, said he, threatens to invade or come against us to the prejudice of that church, in God’s name, be they Dutch or Irish, let us heartily pray and fight against them.’

Yet Mr. Evelyn rather submitted to the consequences of the Revolution than acquiesced in them: the necessity of resisting the plans of James he fully acknowledged, but he seems to have thought that the rights of the son should have been respected, even if it were justifiable that the father should be set aside. He had a personal regard for James, and had augured much happiness to the nation, as to its political government, ‘from his infinite industry, sedulity, gravity and great understanding and experience of affairs,’ nothing as he thought being wanting to accomplish our prosperity, but that he should be of the national religion. Evelyn’s character would have been less amiable if he could at once have cast off all attachment to a family which he had served in evil and in prosperous fortunes. He noticed the unbecoming levity with which Queen Mary took possession of her apartments at Whitehall; and at first he did not render justice to the abilities of William, whom he thought of a ‘slothful sickly temper,’ a man as inferior in all outward graces to the two last kings, as he was superior to them in sterling wisdom and solid worth. Evelyn feared the republican spirit which was at work, manifestly, as he thought, ‘undermining all future succession of the crown and prosperity of the Church of England;’ and he saw that the general imposition of an oath, which might properly be required from all who came into office into the new government, would occasion great injustice and evil. That oath was ‘thought to have been driven on by the Presbyterians.’ God in mercy send us help, says Evelyn, and direct his counsels to his glory, and the good of his church! The non-jurors were for many years the butt of contempt and obloquy, but notwithstanding their political error history will do justice to the consistent integrity of their conduct. After the Revolution, as before it, they bravely persisted in what they believed to be their duty, regardless of the consequences to themselves.

Evelyn

Evelyn was now sixty-nine years old; the recurrence of his birthday is always entered in his Journal with a prayer. He had lately been visited by severe afflictions;—his daughter Mary, at the age of nineteen, had been cut off by the small-pox, a beautiful creature in mind as well in form and features, highly accomplished, of a fine understanding, studious and yet unaffectedly humble, pious, cheerful, affectionate, in disposition like an angel. She was a little miracle, says her father, while she lived, and so she died,—the joy of my life, and ornament of her sex and of my poor family. Few persons, we believe, will peruse without tears the pages in which he records her death, and his own resignation under this great affliction. Within two months he lost another daughter, soon after her marriage, by the same frightful disease, which in those days was only less destructive* than the plague. And it was his painful lot to follow to the grave his only remaining son in the forty-fourth year of his age, a man of much ability and reputation, worthy to have supported the honour of his name. Notwithstanding these repeated sorrows and the weight of nearly fourscore years, Evelyn still enjoyed uninterrupted health and unimpaired faculties; he enjoyed also the friendship of the wise and the good, and the general esteem beyond any other individual of his age. Torn as that age was by civil and religious factions Mr. Evelyn had no enemy; as a lover and liberal benefactor of science and learning he held that place in public opinion which in our days has so long and so deservedly been held by Sir Joseph Banks; a more enviable distinction can hardly be imagined. Among the honourable events of his latter life it should not be omitted that as the first treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, he laid one of the foundation stones. When he was at Amsterdam, in his youth, he admired nothing so much in that interesting city as the hospital for the lame and decrepid soldiers, 'it being, for state, order and accommodation, one of the worthiest things that the world can show of that nature.' He had now the satisfaction of founding in his own country the most splendid of all such establishments.

In the year 1694 he left Sayes Court, after having resided there more than forty years, to pass the remainder of his days at Wotton, where he was born, in his brother's house; his brother having also lost his sons, had settled the family-estate upon him. The fate of Sayes Court, which he had beautified according to his own taste with so much cost and care, is worthy of notice; first it was let to no less remarkable a personage than Admiral Benbow, then only a captain, and Evelyn had, he says, the mortification of seeing every day much of his former labours and expense there impairing for want

* 1695. 13 Jan. The deaths by small-pox increased to 500 more than in the preceding week.¹

of a more polite tenant. The next inhabitant was a much greater personage and a worse tenant, it was the Czar Peter; while in his occupation the house is described, by a servant of Mr. Evelyn, as full of people, and right filthy. It was hired for him and furnished by the King; but the damage which he and his retinue did to the house itself and the gardens, during a residence of only three weeks, was estimated by the King's surveyor and his gardener at £150. The gardens indeed were ruined. It is said that one of Peter's favourite recreations was to demolish the hedges by riding through them in a wheelbarrow. When he had resided about five years at Wotton his brother died, in the eighty-third year of his age, of perfect memory and understanding. Mr. Evelyn had a grandson, the only male of his family now remaining, a fine hopeful youth, and he was seized with the small-pox at Oxford; the alarm which this intelligence occasioned may well be conceived, fatal as the disease had proved to their blood, but happily the youth recovered, and Evelyn's few remaining years were not embittered by any fresh affliction.

'1702. 31 Oct. Arriv'd now to the 82d year of my age, having read over all that pass'd since this day twelvemonth in these notes, I render solemn thanks to the Lord, imploring the pardon of my past sins, and the assistance of His grace; making new resolutions, and imploring that He will continue His assistance, and prepare me for my blessed Saviour's coming, that I may obtain a comfortable departure, after so long a term as has ben hitherto indulg'd me. I find by many infirmities this yeare (especially nephritic pains) that I much decline; and yet of His infinite mercy retain my intellects and senses in greate measure above most of my age. I have this yeare repair'd much of the mansion-house and severall tenants' houses, and paid some of my debts and engagements. My wife, children and family in health, for all w^{ch} I most sincerely beseech Almighty God to accept of these my acknowledgm^{ts}, and that if it be His holy will to continue me yet longer, it may be to the praise of His infinite grace, and salvation of my soul. Amen.'—vol. ii. pp. 77, 78.

On his next birth-day he acknowledges the great mercies of God in preserving him, and in some measure making his infirmities tolerable. Soon after, when service was performed in his own house on a Sunday, because the cold and wet weather had prevented him from attending church in the morning, the minister preached upon the uncertainty of life 'with pertinent inferences to prepare us for death and a future state. I gave him thanks, says Mr. Evelyn, and told him I took it kindly as my funeral sermon.' He lived, however, to see two birth-days more, and then, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, fell asleep in the Lord.

The portrait of Evelyn prefixed to these volumes is from a picture painted for Mr. Pepys by Kneller, and represents him holding

ing his 'Sylva' in his right hand. It was by this book that the author was chiefly known till the publication of this Diary; his other writings had past away, but the Sylva remained a beautiful and enduring memorial of his amusements, his occupations and his studies, his private happiness and his public virtues. It was the first book printed by order of the Royal Society, and was composed upon occasion of certain queries sent to that Society by the Commissioners of the Navy. The government had been seriously alarmed by the want of timber, which it was certain must soon be felt; owing in part to the wasteful consumption of glass-houses and furnaces, at that time greatly multiplied, and burning wood instead of coal, and, in part, to the 'prodigious havoc made by such as lately professing themselves against root and branch, either to be reimbursed their *holy* purchases, or for some other sordid respect, were tempted not only to fell and cut down, but utterly to extirpate, demolish, and raze as it were all those many goodly woods and forests, which our more prudent ancestors left standing for the service of their country.' To no person so well as Evelyn could the office have been assigned of remedying this evil and averting the fatal consequence which must inevitably have ensued to our naval power, and thereby to the strength, the welfare, the independence, and the life of England. He effected this great object by awakening the land-holders to a sense of their own and their country's interests. He produced a volume upon the subject; Charles II., who loved the navy, and like his brother would have made a better admiral than a king, twice thanked him personally for the work; he had the yet more gratifying reward of living to know that many millions of timber-trees had been propagated and planted at the instigation and by the sole direction of that book,—one of the few books in the world which completely effected what it was designed to do. 'While Britain,' says Mr. D'Israeli, 'retains her awful situation among the nations of Europe, the Sylva of Evelyn will endure with her triumphant oaks. It was an author in his studious retreat, who, casting a prophetic eye on the age we live in, secured the late victories of our naval sovereignty. Inquire at the Admiralty how the fleets of Nelson have been constructed, and they can tell you that it was with the oaks which the genius of Evelyn planted.' If Charles II. had instituted, as he once intended, and as he ought to have done, an order of the 'Royal Oak,' Evelyn, though he repeatedly declined the honour of knighthood, would probably have accepted it for the sake of his double claim.

The Sylva has no beauties of style to recommend it, and none of those felicities of expression by which the writer stamps upon your memory his meaning in all its force. Without such charms 'A Discourse of Forest Trees and the Propagation of Timber in his

his Majesty's Dominions' might appear to promise dry entertainment; but he who opens the volume is led on insensibly from page to page, and catches something of the delight which made the author enter with his whole heart and all his faculties into the subject. Mr. Shandy might have instanced the author in his chapter of names, —Avelan, he tells us, it was written in old deeds, and Avelan (*Avelana*) was then the name of the hasel. Dendrology was to him an object of unwearied curiosity and interest; he was continually adding to his store of facts and observations in this his favourite pursuit; and thinking with Erasmus, that *ut homines, ita libros, indies seipsis meliores fieri oportet*, he laboured till the end of his long life in perfecting his great work. He speaks of his 'too great affection and application to it,' when he was in the eighty-fourth year of his age. But by this constant care he made it perfect, according to the knowledge of that age. It is a great repository of all that was then known concerning the forest trees of Great Britain, their growth and culture, and their uses and qualities real or imaginary; and he has enlivened it with all the pertinent facts and anecdotes which occurred to him in his reading.

In the work there are necessarily some errors of both kinds, scientific as well as popular; there are likewise many curious things, and some useful ones which have ceased to be generally known. The planter may still remember with profit the woodman's proverb respecting the hardest trees, 'Set them at All-hallowtide and command them to prosper: set them at Candlemas and intreat them to grow.' In opposition to Bacon, who recommends ship timber grown in moist ground, as the toughest and least subject to *rift*, Evelyn adheres to the more probable opinion of Pliny, (an opinion as old as the age of Homer), that though the low lands produce the stateliest trees, the strongest timber is grown in drier and more exposed situations. He observes that pollard oaks bear their leaves green through the winter more frequently than such as have not been mutilated,—a fact analogous to the increased bulk and muscular strength of those persons who have lost both their legs. Cups were formerly made from the roots of the oak; the roots of all trees for their beautiful veining being peculiarly fitted for the cabinet-maker and the turner's use. Cup and bowl are words which carry with them their own history. —The bowl was a tree-cup, the oldest of the family in countries where there were neither gourds nor cocoa nuts; the cup was a more savage invention, (cup, *kopf*, *caput*, κεφαλή,) with which our Scandinavian ancestors anticipated one of the enjoyments of Valhalla, drinking mead and ale out of the skulls of their enemies, while they listened to the music of a shin bone (*tibia*), the original pipe.—Evelyn was willing to believe any thing which did honour to

to the oak. Its twigs, he says, twisted together, dipt in wort, well dried, and then kept in barley straw, by being steeped in wort at any future time will cause it to ferment and procure yeast:—but the properties of the oak have nothing to do with this, and the bundle, whatever it is, (a furze bush is commonly used in those countries where the practice is known) must be dipt in the fermenting and yesty liquor:—it is a mode of preserving yeast dry. The leaves of oaks, he says, ‘abundantly congested on snow preserves it as well as a deep pit or the most artificial refrigeratory.’ In its acorns, its leaves, its mosses, its agaric, its may-dew, he finds sovereign virtues for many diseases, ‘to say nothing of the *viscus*’s, *polypods* and other excrescences of which innumerable remedies are composed, noble antidotes, syrups, &c.’—‘Nay, ’tis reported, that the very shade of this tree is so wholesome, that the sleeping, or lying under it becomes a present remedy to paralytics.’

Though the oak, as being the king of the English forest, is his favourite tree, he finds utility as well as beauty in trees of every kind. The loppings and leaves of the elm, he says, dried in the sun, prove a great relief to cattle when fodder is dear, and will be preferred to oats by the cattle: the Herefordshire people in his time gathered them in sacks for this purpose, and for their swine. Beech leaves ‘gathered about the fall, and somewhat before they are much frost-bitten, afford the best and easiest mattresses in the world to lay under our quilts instead of straw.’ This he learnt in Dauphiny and Switzerland, where he had slept on them to his great refreshment; but in another place he tells us that the French call these leafy beds ‘for the crackling noise they make when one turns upon them, *liets de parliament*.’ The keys of the ash when young and tender make a delicate pickle; its bark is the best for tanning nets; its wood for drying herrings, and for burning in a lady’s chamber, being one of those which yield no smoke. The chesnut was very generally used in old houses, London was chiefly built with it; if there be any European tree finer than the oak it is this. Cæsar is said to have introduced it from Sardis into Italy, and in so doing made for his country an acquisition more durable than all his conquests. But it is more certain that they came from Asia Minor than that Cæsar brought them: boiled chesnuts would not have been the food of Virgil’s shepherds, if the tree had so recently been imported. The horse chesnut is also from the Levant.—Evelyn gives the origin of its name, ‘so called for the cure of horses broken-winded, and other catle of coughs.’ From the walnut tree he recommends a wine made from its sap, its green husk dried, or ‘the first peeping red buds and leaves reduced to powder,’ as a condiment instead of pepper; and the fungous substances which separate the lobes of the kernel to be pulverized

and taken in wine as a remedy for dysentery : our army in Ireland, he says, were healed by this remedy, when no other would avail. It is strange that a tree which is at once so beautiful and so valuable, both for its fruit and its wood, should not be much more common than it is in England. Evelyn says it is thought useful in corn fields by keeping the grounds warm, and that its roots do not impede the plough. That trees are not so prejudicial to the field in which or around which they grow, as is supposed in England, is proved by the practices of those countries where the people are much better and more economical agriculturists. It appears that in his age maple sugar had been constantly sent for many years from Canada to Rouen to be refined ; this must have been before the Dutch from Pernambuco taught the French how to manage the cane in their sugar-islands. The sap of the sycamore makes a wine like the birch, and may also be used in brewing with such advantage that one bushel of malt makes as good ale with sycamore sap, as four bushels with water.

In praising the lime as better than all other trees for the carver's use, he observes that it was used in all the work of 'our Lysippus, Mr. Gibbons,' and adds 'having had the honour, for so I account it, to be the first who recommended this great artist to his Majesty, Charles II., I mention it on this occasion, with much satisfaction. His meeting with this admirable artist is thus noticed in the Diary.

'This day I first acquainted his Ma^y with that incomparable young man, *Gibbon*, whom I had lately met with in an obscure place by meer accident as I was walking neere a poore solitary thatched house, in a field in our parish, nere *Says Court*. I found him shut in, but looking in at the window I perceiv'd him carving that large cartoon or crucifix of *Tintoret*, a copy of which I had mysele brought from *Venice*, where the original painting remains. I asked if I might enter; he open'd the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as for y^e curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactnesse, I never had before seene in all my travells. I questioned him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place; he told me it was that he might apply himselfe to his profession without interruption, and wondred not a little how I had found him out. I asked if he was unwilling to be made knowne to some greate man, for that I believed it might turn to his profit; he answer'd he was yet but a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell off that peice; on demanding the price, he said £100. In good earnest the very frame was worth the money, there being nothing in nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the worke was very strong; in the piece were more than 100 figures of men, &c. I found he was likewise musical, and very civil, sober, and discrete in his discourse. There was onely an old woman in the house. So desiring leave to visite him sometimes I went away.

'Of this young artist, and the manner of finding him out, I acquainted the

the King, and begg'd that he would give me leave to bring him and his worke to *Whitchall*, for that I would adventure my reputation with his Ma^{ty} that he had never seene any thing approach it, and that he would be exceedingly pleased, and employ him. The King said he would himselfe go see him. This was the first notice he had of Mr. *Gibbon*.
—vol. i. p. 410.

Gibbons should have made a pulpit for St. Pauls, his genius would then have had full scope for displaying itself, and we should have had something which might have vied with the magnificent works of this kind in the Low Countries. He was a very illiterate man, as appears by one of his notes inserted in these volumes, in the worst possible spelling.

The poplar 'burns untowardly, and rather moulders away than maintains any solid heat.' Should it not then be preferred for the floors of dwelling houses, so long as we persist in the preposterous custom of constructing houses which may serve for funeral piles? The Lombardy poplar we have heard commended for farm houses, and especially for cheese-rooms, because neither mice nor mites will attack it. The aspin, says Mr. Evelyn, differs from other poplars in this—'that he takes it ill to have his head cut off.' Ale brewed with the ripe berries of the mountain ash is praised as 'an incomparable drink familiar in Wales.' 'Of the shortest part of the old wood, found commonly in doating* birches, is made the grounds of our effeminate farined gallants sweet powder; and of the quite consumed and rotten, (such as we find reduced to a kind of reddish earth, in superannuated hollow trees,) is gotten the best mould for the raising of divers seedlings of the rarest plants and flowers.' He recommends a more curious use for the down of the willow, saying, he is of opinion, 'if it were dried with care that it might be fit for cushions and pillows of chastity,—for such of old was the reputation of the shade of those trees.' Their shade was thought so wholesome, that physicians, in his time, prescribed it to feverish persons, 'permitting the boughs to be placed even about their beds, as a safe and comfortable refrigeration.' The ivy, he says, may with small industry be made a beautiful standard,—a beautiful one indeed! Some of the American creepers which have become so, remain erect after the tree which they have clipt and killed has mouldered within their convolutions! Bacon, he thinks, introduced the plane; Archbishop Grindal the tamaric: Evelyn himself obtained seeds of the cedars from Lebanon, and 'had the honour to be the first who brought the alaternus into use and reputation in this kingdom, for the most beautiful of hedges and verdure in the

* This word, as Evelyn uses it here and in other places, seems to be synonymous with *dottard*, *doddered*, decayed, or going to decay. It is still applied to those persons whose intellects fall them in extreme old age.

world, (the swiftness of the growth considered,) and propagated it from Cornwall even to Cumberland.' But he names the yew for hedges, as preferable for beauty and a stiff defence to any other plant; and says, 'without vanity,' he was the first which brought it into fashion, as well for defence as for a succedaneum to cypress, whether in hedges or pyramids, conic-spires, bowls or what other shapes, adorning the parks or larger avenues with their lofty tops, thirty foot high, and braving all the efforts of the most rigid winter, which cypress cannot weather.

That fashion has passed away. It is to be wished that Evelyn had been equally successful in filling the country with fruit trees, according to his wise and benevolent desire. 'I do only wish,' he says, 'upon the prospect and meditation of the universal benefit, that every person whatsoever, with ten pounds per annum, within her Majesty's dominions, were by some indispensable statute obliged to plant his hedge-rows with the best and most useful kinds of them.' Old Gerrard had expressed a wish to the same effect before him, and he quotes the old man's honest and not ineloquent exhortation—'forward in the name of God, graft, set, plant and nourish up trees in every corner of your ground; the labour is small, the cost is nothing, the commodity is great; yourselves shall have plenty, the poor shall have somewhat in time of want to relieve their necessity, and God shall reward your good minds and diligence.' Surely the time will come when the walnut, the pear and the cherry will take place of those trees, which are of less utility and beauty while they stand, and not of greater value when they are cut down. If that spirit of wanton mischief or more malignant havoc be apprehended, which is now but too prevalent among the populace in many parts of England, it should be remembered that this spirit was once as prevalent in France, and that there is now no country in the world where so little of it is displayed. When the sides of the highways were first planted, under Sully's administration, Evelyn tells us, 'the rude and mischievous peasants did so hack, steal and destroy what they had begun, that they were forced to desist from the thorough prosecution of the design; so as there is nothing more exposed, wild and less pleasant than the common roads of France, for want of shade, and the decent limits which these sweet and divertissant plantations would have afforded.' The peasant is now as sensible of the comfort which these road-side trees afford him by their shade in summer, and the security which they give him when the ground is covered with snow, as the foreigner is of their stateliness and beauty. Evelyn, whose love for trees and groves was only less than that which he felt for his fellow-creatures, more than once expresses his bitter indignation at the havoc made among them, owing to the barbarous manner in which Louis XIV. wasted the

the countries in which he made war,—mischiefs, he says, not to be repaired in many ages; the truculent and savage marks (among others) of a most Christian King; *nomine, non re!* 'Dira and curses,' he exclaims, 'on those inhuman and ambitious tyrants, who, not contented with their own dominions, invade their peaceful neighbours, and send their legions, without distinction, to destroy and level to the ground such venerable and goodly plantations, and noble avenues, irreparable marks of their barbarity.' No man, in modern times, had made war with so barbarous a spirit as Louis XIV.,—till Buonaparte,—the perfect Emperor of the British *liberales*, and the most remorseless and destructive tyrant that ever trampled upon the rights and feelings of humanity.

The greater part of the woods, which were raised in consequence of Evelyn's writings, have been cut down: the oaks have borne the British flag to seas and countries which were undiscovered when they were planted, and generation after generation has been confined in the elms. The trees of his age, which may yet be standing, are verging fast toward their decay and dissolution: but his name is fresh in the land, and his reputation, like the trees of an Indian Paradise, exists and will continue to exist in full strength and beauty, uninjured by the course of time.

Thrones fall and dynasties are changed:
Empires decay and sink
Beneath their own unwieldy weight;
Dominion passeth like a cloud away.
The imperishable mind
Survives all meaner things.

No change of fashion, no alteration of taste, no revolutions of science have impaired or can impair his celebrity. Satire, from which nothing is sacred, scarcely attempted to touch him while living; and the acrimony of political and religious hatred, though it spares not even the dead, has never assailed his memory. How then has he attained this enviable inheritance of fame? Not by surpassing genius; not by pre-eminent powers of mind; not by any great action, nor by any splendid accident of fortune, but by his virtue and his wisdom; by the proper use of his talents, and of the means which God had entrusted into his hands; by his principles and his practice. The Abbé Boileau, in that far-fetched strain of flattery for which the French are remarkable, proposed once to the Academy that the word *bonheur* should be proscribed from all panegyrics upon Louis XIV., *parce que son bonheur étoit son propre ouvrage, son application au travail, son génie qui prévoyoit tout, qui pourroit à tout, &c.*: it was disparaging a prince, he said, whose success was owing to himself, to speak of his good fortune. More truly might this be said of Evelyn. The circumstances in

which he was placed were all fortunate; but how many men in every generation are placed in circumstances equally propitious and with equal talents, who yet for want of the same prudence and the same principles have gone through the world without being either useful to others or happy in themselves, with no other respectability than mere wealth, and talents unemployed or misemployed could command; and sometimes perverting both, so as to be the pests, the fire-brands, and the disgrace of their country! And this has happened even to men who have set out in life with generous feelings and good intentions; for evil principles end in corrupting both, and like diseased and putrid humours carry with them the curse of assimilating to their own nature the subject into which they are introduced.

The youth who looks forward to an inheritance which he is under no temptation to increase, will do well to bear the example of Evelyn in his mind, as containing nothing but what is imitable and nothing but what is good. All persons, indeed, may find in his character something for imitation; but for an English gentleman he is the perfect model. Neither to solicit public offices, nor to shun them, but when they are conferred to execute their duties diligently, conscientiously and fearlessly; to have no amusements but such as being laudable as well as innocent, are healthful alike for the mind and for the body, and in which, while the passing hour is beguiled, a store of delightful recollection is laid up; to be the liberal encourager of literature and the arts; to seek for true and permanent enjoyment by the practice of the household virtues—the only course by which it can be found; to enlarge the sphere of existence backward by means of learning through all time, and forward by means of faith through all eternity,—behold the fair ideal of human happiness! And this was realized in the life of Evelyn.

ART. II.—*Notes on a Journey in America, from the Coast of Virginia to the Territory of Illinois.* By Morris Birkbeck, Author of 'Notes on a Tour in France.' London. 1818.

THIS little volume, printed with an ordinary type on coarse paper, and ushered into the world under the unassuming title of 'Notes,' is no more to be held as a proof of its author's modesty, than the plain drab coat and broad-brimmed hat, which he once wore, were of his humility—for Mr. Morris Birkbeck was at one time numbered, as we understand, among 'the people called Quakers.' From his manual, however, it would appear that he is now happily relieved from all manner of 'prejudices' on the score of religion and civil polity, except indeed a vehement one against all religions, and all governments, the one yielding, in his view, no better fruit

fruit than fanaticism and hypocrisy, the other nothing but rents, taxes, restraints, and oppression.

It is of little importance to the reader to know what were the circumstances which brought about so hopeful a change in our traveller's sentiments, except in so far as they may tend to explain the source of his discontent, and of those hostile feelings which every where manifest themselves against the land of his forefathers. The change, however, was not without a cause. Patriots and expatriates are alike the children of circumstances, and generally, we believe, of adverse circumstances. With regard to Friend Morris we understand that, during the late war, he held the lease of a farm at a rent of about five hundred pounds, which was worth three times that sum; that on its expiring, he had it renewed at a rent more nearly approaching its value, when, the sudden change from war to peace having reduced the demand for produce, and consequently the value of land, to rid himself of his engagements and his country at the same time, he threw up his farm *un beau matin*, and, laughing in his sleeve at the humorous trick which he had played his unsuspecting landlord, set out on a land speculation into the back settlements of North America.

Mr. Morris Birkbeck was not without a *compagnon de voyage*; he prevailed, it seems, on a young man of the name of Flower to accompany him as a sort of squire. This Flower bloomed freely in the kindly soil of Hertfordshire, in possession of a fine flock of Merino sheep, and with them of every comfort of life; but in an unlucky moment he was persuaded 'by his guide, philosopher, and friend,' that to be happy and contented under such a government as that of Great Britain was contrary to all sound reason, and that for his credit's sake he must be transplanted into a more philosophical soil; accordingly the ill-starred Corydon sold off his sheep, and consented to seek an abode in a country where sheep cannot thrive. The two farmers had previously made a hasty tour through France, where, 'thanks to the Revolution,' every thing was right. The 'speculators in land,' however, had been before them. The property, of which the rich had been plundered, Mr. Morris Birkbeck saw with infinite pleasure partitioned out among the plunderers, or, as he delicately expresses it, among those who stood in need of it, 'thanks to the Revolution!' and they were too well acquainted with the value of their acquisitions to admit our friend to any share of them. Wonderful is the prosperity, boundless the affluence of France!—there, the peasantry have their six bottles of wine daily, and a change of linen amounting to twelve or fifteen shirts apiece—and in the Pyrennees (where money is nearly as plentiful as on the Himalayan mountains) Mr. Birkbeck found the

common labourers earning six and thirty shillings a week. And for all this 'they have to thank the Revolution'!

Our two expatriated farmers first land in Hampton Roads, and proceed to Norfolk in Virginia; a large town, with spacious streets, well paved causeways, and clean and good-looking houses. Here Mr. Birkbeck went into the market-house, where, says he, I observed the negroes selling for their masters

'the worst meat I ever saw, and dearer than the best in England; veal, such as never was exposed in an English market, at 10½d. per lb.; lamb of similar quality and price. Most wretched horses waiting, without food or shelter, to drag home the carts which had brought in the provisions—but, worst of all, the multitudes of negroes, many of them miserable creatures, others cheerful enough; but on the whole, this first glimpse of a slave population is extremely distressing—and is it, thought I, to be a member of such a society that I have quitted England!'

Friend Morris, in spite of the determination with which he set out, to be pleased with every thing in America, cannot reconcile his feelings towards the negroes, whether in a state of slavery or freedom. In proceeding up James's river he passes Little Guineá, a tract of land given by a planter to his negroes, whom he had liberated; 'their inclosures were but indifferently cultivated, and the negroes had a character for thieving—deservedly, I dare say,' he subjoins, 'for slavery is a school of depravity, and their equivocal or degraded station among whites is unfavourable to their moral improvement.'

He arrives at Petersburg at the time of the races, and is introduced to a large assemblage of planters.

'A Virginian tavern resembles a French one with its table d'hôte, (though not in the excellence of the cookery) but somewhat exceeds it in filth, as it does an English one in charges. The usual number of guests at the ordinary in this tavern (and there are several large taverns in Petersburg) is fifty, consisting of travellers, store-keepers, lawyers, and doctors.

'A Virginian planter is a republican in politics, and exhibits the *high-spirited independence* of that character. But he is a slave-master, irascible, and too often lax in morals. A dirk is said to be a common appendage to the dress of a planter in this part of Virginia.

'I never saw in England an assemblage of countrymen who would *average* so well as to dress and manners, none of them reached any thing like style; and very few descended to the shabby.

'As it rained heavily, every body was confined the whole day to the tavern, after the race, which took place in the forenoon. The conversation which this afforded me an opportunity of hearing, gave me a high opinion of the intellectual cultivation of these Virginian farmers.

'Negro slavery was the prevailing topic—the middle and the end—an evil uppermost in every man's thoughts; which all deplored, many were anxious to fly, but for which no man can devise a remedy. One gentleman

gentleman, in a poor state of health, dared not encounter the rain, but was wretched at the thought of his family being for one night without his protection—from his own slaves! He was suffering under the effects of a poisonous potion, administered by a negro, who was his personal servant, to whom he had given indulgences and privileges unknown to the most favoured valet of an English gentleman. This happened in consequence of some slight unintentional affront on the part of the indulgent master. It is stated as a melancholy fact, that severe masters seldom suffer from their slaves' resentment.—pp. 11, 12.

At Petersburg our travellers embark on board the steam-boat which plies between Norfolk and Richmond, and which is thus described:

'The steam-boat is a floating hotel, fitted up with much taste and neatness, with accommodations for both board and lodging. The ladies have their separate apartments and a female to attend them. Here we found ourselves at once in the society of about thirty persons, who appeared to be as polite, well dressed, and well instructed as if they had been repairing to the capital of Great Britain, instead of the capital of Virginia. We had a delightful passage, and reached Richmond about seven o'clock in the evening.'—p. 13.

Richmond is said to contain 13,000 inhabitants, nearly half of whom are negroes: the market is badly supplied; and the common necessities of life are exceedingly dear, with the exception of bread of bad quality; for instance, eggs are 2d. each; butter 3s. 6d. a pound; meat of the worst description 1s. a pound; milk 4½d. a pint, &c. house-rent high beyond example—that which Mr. Birkbeck lodged in, situated in a back street, lets, he says, at 300 guineas a year; a common warehouse or store at 200l. a year; ground on building speculation sells currently at 10,000 dollars per acre; and in some of the streets near the river at 200 dollars per foot in front.

Our traveller, it is evident, is by no means satisfied with the appearance of things hitherto in the 'land of promise.' He seems to have had a considerable struggle with himself in making up his mind as to the preference which he ought to assign to the condition of the English labourer or that of the Virginian slave—to the *most wretched* of our paupers, or to the *happy* negro; and, wonderful to relate, finally decides in favour of the former.

He is also somewhat disturbed at Richmond by a grand stir about a monument to the memory of General Washington, 'as if Washington,' he exclaims, 'could be forgotten whilst America retains her independence! Let republicans leave bones and relics, and costly monuments, to monks and kings; free America is the mausoleum of its deliverers, who may say to posterity, "Si quis monumentum, circumspecte!"' He thinks, however, such is the consistency of republicanism, that the patriots of Richmond would do well to repair the mutilated bust of La Fayette, in their Capitol, which now, he says, 'stands an object of horror and derision,'—the horrific feeling,

ing, we suppose, arises from the loss of his nose; the ridicule, from what remains.

'On taking leave of Virginia, (he says,) I must observe, that I found more misery in the condition of the negroes, and a much higher tone of moral feeling in their owners than I had anticipated; and I depart confirmed in my detestation of slavery, in principle and practice; but with esteem for the general character of the Virginians.'—p. 22.

Here we find our traveller quite delighted with the '*lofty tone of morality*' of the Virginian planter; though he had described this same planter just before as '*lax in morals*, irascible, and commonly provided with a dirk,'—for no peaceable purpose, we presume:—But the reader of Mr. Birkbeck must be prepared for these contradictions. His natural shrewdness and turn for observation unconsciously counteract his prejudices, and his facts and his opinions are therefore continually at issue.

Proceeding to the Potowmack, our emigrant and his companions (for besides Mr. Flower, he had several women and children in his train) embark in the steam-boat for Washington. This federal city, including George Town, is said to contain 20,000 inhabitants, scattered over an immense space like a number of petty hamlets in a populous country. Here again our Friend is sore troubled in spirit at the thought that ninety marble capitals should have been imported at vast cost from Italy to crown the columns of the Capitol, and shew how '*un-American* is the whole plan.' 'There is nothing in America,' he adds, 'to which I can liken this affectation of splendor, except the painted face and gaudy head-dress of a half-naked Indian.'

At M'Connel's Town the road joins the great turnpike from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, and the line of stages from George Town terminates; 'so here we are,' he says, 'nine in number, one hundred and thirty miles of mountain-country between us and Pittsburgh!'—No vehicles were to be procured, and the only alternative was that of staying where they were or making the journey on foot: they preferred the latter, and, each taking his little bundle, they set out on their pilgrimage, over the Alleghany ridge. 'We have now,' he repeats for the third or fourth time, 'fairly turned our backs on the old world, and find ourselves in the very stream of emigration. Old America* seems to be breaking up and moving westward.' This accords with an observation in a letter now before us from a very intelligent native of Cambridge near Boston. 'Our towns and cities,' he says, 'on the salt sea shores

* Strange as it may appear, the south-western part of the New World has already begun to consider the north-eastern as having passed the meridian of life, and accordingly given it the name of *Old America*. The line of the Alleghany mountains forms the physical, as in no great length of time it will probably do the political, barrier, or line of demarcation between the two countries.

are not improving so fast as our interior. Indeed people are emigrating daily and hourly from the Atlantic shores, especially from the coast of New England to the interior of Kentucky and Ohio, carrying with them the characteristic enterprize of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode island.' 'During the revolutionary war,' adds our Cambridge correspondent, 'the physical and intellectual power of these colonies might be compared to a wedge, the broadest end of which was here in New England, and the thinnest in Georgia, but now, alas! the wedge is turned end forward, and the thickest end is in the south-west.'

The following is the picture which Friend Morris gives of family groups deserting poor old worn out America, and travelling to seek new homes amidst the freshness of the back settlements.

'A small waggon (so light that you might almost carry it, yet strong enough to bear a good load of bedding, utensils and provisions, and a swarm of young citizens,—and to sustain marvellous shocks in its passage over these rocky heights) with two small horses; sometimes a cow or two, comprises their all; excepting a little store of hard-earned cash for the land office of the district; where they may obtain a title for as many acres as they possess half-dollars, being one fourth of the purchase-money. The waggon has a tilt, or cover, made of a sheet, or perhaps a blanket. The family are seen before, behind, or within the vehicle, according to the road or the weather, or perhaps the spirits of the party.

'The New Englanders, they say, may be known by the cheerful air of the women advancing in front of the vehicle; the Jersey people, by their being fixed steadily within it; whilst the Pennsylvanians creep lingering behind, as though regretting the homes they have left. A cart and single horse frequently affords the means of transfer, sometimes a horse and pack-saddle. Often the back of the poor pilgrim bears all his effects, and his wife follows, naked-footed, bending under the hopes of the family.'

The mountainous district is pronounced to be 'a land of plenty,' and that to which they are proceeding 'a land of abundance;' an earnest of which is given by the noble droves of oxen met on the road from the western country, in their way to the city of Philadelphia. But though the cattle were good and plentiful, and the horses excellent, the sheep were few and miserable. 'Twenty or thirty half-starved creatures are seen now and then straggling about in much wretchedness,'—a comfortable sight for the flower of Merino farmers!

The Americans, it seems, are fond of journeying; they are, in fact, a migrating people; they have few or none of those local attachments and fixed habits, which make it in Europe so painful a task to separate from those objects which time and memory have endeared. We are told, that not fewer than 12,000 waggons
passed

passed between Baltimore and Philadelphia in the preceding year, besides stage-coaches, carts, and innumerable travellers on horse-back and on foot, presenting a scene of bustle and business, which our author assures us is truly wonderful. He is now, for the first time, happy and at home—All is urbanity, politeness and civilization; even in the remotest districts, he tells us, a vast superiority, in every department of common life, both in habits and education, prevails, when compared with the same class in England; nay, the very pilot whom they took on board off Cape Henry was a well informed and agreeable man; and the Custom House officer a perfect Chesterfield—‘a gentlemanly youth, without a shade of the disagreeable character which prevails among his European brethren.’ The taverns too—but these shall be described in the author's own words.

‘At these places all is performed on the gregarious plan: every thing is public by day and by night;—for even night in an American inn affords no privacy. Whatever may be the number of guests, they must receive their entertainments *en masse*, and they must sleep *en masse*. Three times a-day the great bell rings, and a hundred persons collect from all quarters, to eat a hurried meal, composed of almost as many dishes. At breakfast you have fish, flesh, and fowl; bread of every shape and kind, butter, eggs, coffee, tea—every thing, and more than you can think of. Dinner is much like the breakfast, omitting the tea and coffee; and supper is the breakfast repeated. Soon after this meal, you assemble once more, in rooms crowded with beds, something like the wards of an hospital; where, after undressing in public, you are fortunate if you escape a partner in your bed, in addition to the myriads of bugs, which you need not hope to escape.

‘But the horrors of the kitchen, from whence issue these shoals of dishes, how shall I describe, though I have witnessed them.—It is a dark and sooty hole, where the idea of cleanliness never entered, swarming with negroes of all sexes and ages, who seem as though they were bred there: without floor, except the rude stones that support a raging fire of pine logs, extending across the entire place; which forbids your approach, and which no being but a negro could face.

‘In your reception at a western Pennsylvania tavern there is something of hospitality combined with the mercantile feelings of your host. He is generally a man of property, the head man of the village perhaps, with the title of Colonel, and feels that he confers, rather than receives a favour by the accommodation he affords; and rude as his establishment may be, he does not perceive that you have a right to complain: what he has you partake of, but he makes no apologies; and if you shew symptoms of dissatisfaction or disgust, you will fare the worse; whilst a disposition to be pleased and satisfied will be met by a wish to make you so.’

The next stage was the ‘city of Pittsburgh, the Birmingham of America,’ where Mr. Birkbeck expected to have been enveloped
in

in clouds of smoke issuing from a thousand furnaces, and stunned with the din of ten thousand hammers; but he soon found that he had been deceived by an American figure of rhetoric of extensive use in description; he calls it *anticipation*, by way of softening down the vulgar and proper term, and explains it by informing the reader that 'it simply consists in the use of the present indicative, instead of the future subjunctive.' The past tense, by his own account, would have been most appropriate, as 'the manufacturers *were* under great difficulties, and many on the eve of suspending their operations, owing to the influx of depreciated fabrics from Europe;' that is to say, if Friend Morris would put aside the American 'figure of rhetoric' and speak out plainly, the manufactures of America cannot possibly flourish so long as Europe shall be able to supply them with good articles at a cheaper rate than they can afford to make bad or indifferent ones; so long as a new lock from Europe can be purchased in America for less money than an old lock can be repaired, the locksmith of Pittsburgh must 'suspend his operations.'

At Pittsburgh our travellers purchased horses for fifty dollars a piece, to enable them to proceed by land through the state of Ohio to Cincinnati, though the usual mode of travelling is down the Ohio, 'on long floating rooms built on a flat bottom, with rough boards, and arranged within for sleeping and other accommodations.' Such machines are here called 'arks,' of which hundreds of various sizes are at all times to be purchased; the boatmen are hired, and the ark is sold for what it will fetch at the end of the journey. On the 5th of June they set out for Washington in Pennsylvania.

Washington is said to be a thriving town, with 2500 inhabitants; it has a college with about a hundred students. But, says our author, 'from the dirty condition of the schools, and the appearance of loitering habits among the young men, I should suspect it to be a coarsely conducted institution;' all this, however, he ascribes to the fatal influence of the concourse of free negroes.

Mr. Birkbeck finds the western territory at once healthy, fertile, and romantic. The little history of his host may serve as an example of the natural growth of property, in this young country, as he calls it.

'He is about thirty; has a wife and three fine healthy children: his father is a farmer; that is to say, a proprietor, living five miles distant. From him he received five hundred dollars, and "began the world," in true style of American enterprize, by taking a cargo of flour to New Orleans, about two thousand miles, gaining a little more than his expences, and a stock of knowledge. Two years ago he had increased his property to nine hundred dollars; purchased this place; a
house,

house, stable, &c. and two hundred and fifty acres of land, (sixty-five of which are cleared and laid down to grass,) for three thousand five hundred dollars, of which he has already paid three thousand, and will pay the remaining five hundred next year. He is now building a good stable, and going to improve his house. His property is at present worth seven thousand dollars: having gained, or rather grown, five thousand five hundred dollars in two years, with prospects of future accumulation to his utmost wishes. Thus it is that people here grow wealthy without extraordinary exertion, and without any anxiety.' —p. 42.

The subject of emigration from Great Britain to the United States, Mr. Birkbeck says, has been a primary object of his attention; and he is anxious that his information on this important subject should produce no false impressions on the minds of his countrymen. The following extracts will shew what his views are.

'From what I have seen, and heard from others, of America, east of the Alleghany mountains, I judge that artisans in general will succeed in any part of it; and that labourers of every description will greatly improve their condition: in so much, that they will, if saving and industrious, soon lay by enough to tempt them to migrate still farther in quest of land, on which they may establish themselves as proprietors. That mercantile adventurers would be likely to succeed as well, but not better than in England; that clerks, lawyers, and doctors, would gain nothing by the exchange of countries. The same of master manufacturers in general.'—p. 48.

Here again we must correct our Friend. 'All kinds of artisans,' he says, 'will succeed in any part of America.' He had just assured us, that many of the manufacturers of iron were on the eve of suspending their operations; and he soon after adds, that a hatter, who was in quest of employ, said to him, 'There are in this western country more artisans than materials; shoe-makers are standing still for want of leather, and tanners for want of hides.' Mr. Birkbeck is an apt scholar; he is already familiar with 'the American figure of anticipation,' and, like his adopted countrymen, 'contemplates what *may be*, as though it were in actual existence.'

We have now some little account of the difficulties to which the new settlers are exposed.

The land, when intended for sale, is laid out in the government surveys in quarter sections of 160 acres, being one fourth of a square mile. The whole is then offered to the public by auction, and that which remains unsold, which is generally a very large proportion, may be purchased at the land office of the district, at two dollars per acre, one fourth to be paid down, and the remaining three fourths at several instalments, to be completed in five years.

The poor emigrant, having collected the eighty dollars, repairs to the land office, and enters his quarter section, then works his way without another "cent" in his pocket, to the solitary spot, which is to be

be his future abode, in a two-horse waggon, containing his family, and his little all, consisting of a few blankets, a skillet, his rifle, and his axe. Suppose him arrived in the spring: after putting up a little log cabin, he proceeds to clear, with intense labour, a plot of ground for Indian corn, which is to be their next year's support; but, for the present, being without means of obtaining a supply of flour, he depends on his gun for subsistence. In pursuit of the game, he is compelled after his day's work, to wade through the evening dews, up to the waist, in long grass, or bushes, and returning, finds nothing to lie on but a bear's skin on the cold ground, exposed to every blast through the sides, and every shower through the open roof of his wretched dwelling, which he does not even attempt to close, till the approach of winter, and often not then. Under these distresses of extreme toil and exposure, debarred from every comfort, many valuable lives have sunk, which have been charged to the climate.

'The individual, whose case is included in this seeming digression, escaped the ague, but he lay three weeks delirious in a nervous fever, of which he yet feels the remains; owing, no doubt, to excessive fatigue. Casualties, doubly calamitous in their forlorn estate, would sometimes assail them. He, for instance, had the misfortune to break his leg at a time when his wife was confined by sickness, and for three days they were only supplied with water, by a child of two years old, having no means of communicating with their neighbours (neighbours ten miles off perhaps) until the fourth day. He had to carry the little grain he could procure twelve miles to be ground, and remembers once seeing at the mill, a man who had brought his sixty miles, and was compelled to wait three days for his turn.

'Such are the difficulties which these pioneers have to encounter; but they diminish as settlements approach each other, and are only heard of by their successors. The number of emigrants who passed this way, was greater last year than in any preceding; and the present spring they are still more numerous than the last. Fourteen waggons yesterday, and thirteen to-day, have gone through this town. Myriads take their course down the Ohio. The waggons swarm with children. I heard to-day of three together, which contain forty-two of these young citizens. The wildest solitudes are to the taste of some people. General Boon, who was chiefly instrumental in the first settlement of Kentucky, is of this turn. It is said, that he is now, at the age of seventy, pursuing the daily chase, two hundred miles to the westward of the last abode of civilized man. He had retired to a chosen spot, beyond the Missouri, which, after him is named Boon's Lick, out of the reach, as he flattered himself, of intrusion; but white men, even there, inroached upon him, and two years ago, he went back two hundred miles farther.—p. 50—53.

The country in the neighbourhood of Chillicothe and on the banks of the Sciota was poor, and not sufficiently tempting for settlement. Our travellers therefore bent their course towards Cincinnati; they halted at Lebanon, a small town which, in four-

teen

teen years, from two or three cabins of half-savage hunters, has grown into the residence of a thousand civilized inhabitants. The supper-bell was just ringing at the taverns, and our travellers seated themselves at the table among a set of 'travellers like themselves, with a number of store-keepers, lawyers, and doctors,—men who board at the taverns, and make up a standing company for the daily public table.'

'Cincinnati,' like most American towns, Mr. Birkbeck says, stands too low; it is built on the banks of the Ohio, and not out of the reach of spring-floods; consequently it is not healthy.

'It is, however, a most thriving place, and backed as it is already by a great population and a most fruitful country, bids fair to be one of the first cities of the west. We are told, and we cannot doubt the fact, that the chief of what we see is the work of four years. The hundreds of commodious, well-finished brick houses, the spacious and busy markets, the substantial public buildings, the thousands of prosperous well-dressed, industrious inhabitants; the numerous waggons and drays, the gay carriages and elegant females;—the shoals of craft on the river, the busy stir prevailing every where: house building, boat building, paving and levelling of streets; the numbers of country people, constantly coming and going; with the spacious taverns, crowded with travellers from a distance.'—p. 70.

While at this place, Mr. Birkbeck takes occasion to observe, that 'the merino mania seems to have prevailed in America to a degree exceeding its highest pitch in England.'

'In Kentucky, (he says,) where even the negroes would no more eat mutton than they would horse-flesh, there were great merino breeders. There is, I believe, a Sheep Society here, to encourage the growth of fine wool on land as rich as the deepest vallies of our island—that there should ever have been a rage for sheep of *any kind* in any part that I have seen of this country, must be owing to general ignorance of the constitution and habits of this animal. There is scarcely a spot where a flock of fine-woolled sheep could be kept with any prospect of advantage, even if there were a market for the carcass; yet, by the ragged remains of the merino family, which may be recognized in many places, I perceive that the attempt has been very general. Mutton is almost as abhorrent to an American palate, as the flesh of a swine to an Israelite; and the state of the manufactures does not give great encouragement to the growth of wool of any kind, of merino wool less, perhaps, than any other. Mutton is sold in the markets of Philadelphia at about half the price of beef; and a Kentuckian, who would have given a thousand dollars for a merino ram, would dine upon dry bread rather than eat his own mutton. A few sheep on a farm, to supply coarse wool for domestic manufacture, seems to be all that ought at present to be attempted in any part of America that I have seen.'—p. 100.

And yet Mr. Birkbeck has the confidence to assert, that artizans must

must succeed in every part of it!—and yet the manufacturer of Devizes is selling his looms and little furniture to procure a passage to the United States, that he may leap into a sudden fortune by weaving!

Twenty years ago, Mr. Birkbeck says, the vast region comprising the states of Ohio and Indiana, and the territory of Illinois and Michigan, only counted 30,000 inhabitants, the number now living in the little county of Hamilton, in which stands the town of Cincinnati. And he asks,—‘Why do not the governments of Europe afford such an asylum, in their vast and gloomy forests, for their increasing myriads of paupers?’—Such a project he pronounces to be worthy a convention of sovereigns, ‘if sovereigns were really the fathers of their people.’—If the sovereigns of Europe could transplant the back woods of America into their dominions, after hunting down and *scalping* the native possessors, (only taking care, like the ‘subscribers of Alleghany,* to preserve both ears,’) such a project, which does infinite credit to the integrity of our benevolent Quaker, might probably ‘occur to them.’

Land being at too high a price in Hamilton county, Mr. Birkbeck determined on proceeding farther westward, sagaciously reflecting that the time was fast approaching when the grand intercourse with Europe would not lie, as at present, through Eastern America, but through the great rivers which communicate by the Mississippi with the ocean at New Orleans. ‘In this view,’ he observes, ‘we approximate to Europe as we proceed to the west.’ The tide of emigration is undoubtedly setting with extraordinary rapidity in that direction; and ‘Old America,’ to the eastward of the Alleghany mountains, is very soon likely to become, as our Cambridge friend expresses it, ‘the thinnest part of the wedge.’ The south-western states have not merely the advantage, in point of local situation relatively with the rest of the commercial world,—but the soil and climate, in places where cultivation prevails, are preferable to those in the eastern states. Under such circumstances, and considering the character of the people who are flocking to the other side of the Alleghany chain, the opinion is by no means chimerical, that ‘New America’ will be induced shortly to shake off her allegiance to the parent states and set up a congress of her own. A few such settlers as Morris Birkbeck (who seems to think that every little society of men ought to govern itself) will marvellously expedite the separation.

Another circumstance may probably tend to hasten the event, as it renders the provinces, beyond the Alleghany, wholly independent of the eastern or northern states of ‘Old America:’—the

* Quarterly Review, vol. x. p. 552.

navigation of the Ohio, the Missouri, and the Mississippi, opens a ready communication with every part of the extensive country behind those mountains, and establishes an intercourse with the shores of Europe within two months, and with the West India islands in the course of two weeks. To every other part of the world they have a nearer as well as less dangerous navigation than from 'Old America.' They have already steam-vessels of four hundred tons burden plying on those rivers, and their average rate, when deeply laden and against the stream, is about sixty miles a-day.—(p. 133.)—Their products are precisely the same as those of the eastern and northern states, which can neither supply what they require, nor take off what they produce;—what possible bond of union then can long subsist between Old and New America? With no great desire to indulge a spirit of prophesy, we cannot help surmizing that the late Navigation Act, drawn up, as it would seem, more in a spirit of political hostility towards England, than with a view to any commercial advantages that could be hoped to result from it to America, is well calculated to hasten the event. Can the Congress hope to throw an impassable barrier across the Mississippi, and thus prevent a supply of provisions and lumber for the West India islands whenever such supply shall be demanded? The back settlements are already too strong, and they know it, to submit to navigation laws that shall operate so detrimentally to their interests. We consider all apprehension of the West India islands being starved in time of war with America, to be now removed, and that in war, as well as in peace, the steam-boats of the Mississippi will bring down the produce of the New provinces into the Atlantic; unless indeed, which is as little to be apprehended, Old America shall be able to blockade its own river with a superior squadron.

It is but common justice to say, that whatever countenance the President of the United States may find it expedient to give to measures offensive to Great Britain, neither his public nor private conduct, nor his speeches partake of those coarse and splenetic invectives which some of the members of the government seem to think it necessary to adopt. If any soreness might be expected to remain in consequence of the war, we should rather look for it on the part of the people of England than of America,—but both would do well to bear in mind the noble example of forbearance set by our venerable sovereign, at the close of the former contest, on the occasion of the first audience of Mr. Adams:—'I perceive, Mr. Adams,' said the King, 'that you are a little agitated; I am not surprised at it; I am agitated myself; but let me make one observation—As I was the last man in this country to accede to the acknowledgment

acknowledgment of the independence of my American dominions, depend upon it, I shall likewise be, now that the act is ratified, the last to infringe it.'

The settlers of the Indiana territory are not, Mr. Birkbeck says, that set of lawless, semi-barbarous vagabonds, which he had been taught to believe; but a remarkably good sort of people, kind and gentle to each other and to strangers. There are, however, among them many abandoned characters, but they retire to the depth of the woods with the wolves, and live by the rifle:—With respect to the inhabitants of towns, the Americans, from Norfolk on the eastern coast, to the town of Madison in Indiana, are all alike; and this is their portrait.

'The same good-looking, well-dressed (not what we call gentlemanly) men appear every where. Nine out of ten, native Americans, are tall and long-limbed, approaching, or even exceeding six feet; in pantaloons and Wellington boots, either marching up and down with their hands in their pockets, or seated on chairs poised on the hind-feet, and the backs rested against the walls. If a hundred Americans of any class were to seat themselves, ninety-nine would shuffle their chairs to the true distance, and then throw themselves back against the nearest prop. The women exhibit a great similarity of tall relaxed forms with consistent dress and demeanour; and are not remarkable for sprightliness of manners. Intellectual culture has not yet made much progress among the generality of either sex where I have travelled; but the men have greatly the advantage in the means of acquiring information, from their habits of travelling, and intercourse with strangers:—sources of improvement from which the other sex is unhappily too much secluded.'—p. 80, 81.

'We have remarked,' (our traveller says,) '*en passant*, that people generally speak favourably of *their own country*.' p. 115. He has the courage, however, to become a striking exception to this *general practice*. Abuse of England appears to be, with Mr. Morris Birkbeck, a kind of travelling ticket, a sort of conventional money, which he offers at every house, and which, we regret to add, seems to pass tolerably current.

On the way to Vincennes our Friend loses himself, and is obliged, in the phraseology of the country, '*to camp out*,' that is, to sleep in the woods. The night, as Mrs. Wilkins says in Tom Jones, happened to be 'very fine, only a little windy and rainy,' and our travellers contrived by dint of oil and brandy, and gunpowder and cambric handkerchiefs, to kindle a fire, and pass it as they could. This agreeable adventure, which would sicken an English gipsy of '*camping out*,' leads quite naturally to a lofty panegyric on the superior advantages of travelling 'in that vast western wilderness' compared with those to be found in this country. 'Let,' says Mr. Birkbeck

'a stranger make his way through England—let him keep at a distance from every public road,' (made for his accommodation,) 'avoid all the inns,' (established expressly for his convenience and comfort,) and perversely scramble over hedge and ditch 'in quest of such entertainment only as the hovel of the labourer can supply, and he would have more cause to complain of the rudeness of the inhabitants' than of the weir-wolves of the wilds of Indiana! If we could conceive a traveller to be guilty of such gratuitous folly, we should then say, that as his application to the day-labourer for 'entertainment' could only be looked upon as a deliberate insult on his poverty, he would deserve whatever rudeness he might chance to experience. In somewhat of a similar spirit, Mr. Birkbeck adds—'when we have been so unfortunate as to pitch our tent near a swamp, and have mismanaged our fire, we have been teased by mosquitoes; but so might we, perhaps, in the fens of Cambridgeshire.' The traveller must have a strong predilection for the *teasing* of mosquitoes who would sleep in the fens of Cambridgeshire, when by turning a few yards to the right or left he might obtain shelter under a roof—and this, too, without the hazard of being, like Mr. Birkbeck and his party, driven out again 'by the innumerable tormentors which (says he) assail you in every dwelling, till at length you are glad to avoid the abodes of man, and spread your pallet under the trees.' p. 167. Certainly these are pleasant proofs of the inferiority of England to America.

Mr. Birkbeck now visited the banks of the Ohio, to see if any thing offered to satisfy his views.

'We lodged last night in a cabin at a very new town, called Mount Vernon, on the banks of the Ohio. Here we found the people of a cast confirming my aversion to a settlement in the immediate vicinity of a large navigable river. Every hamlet is demoralized, and every plantation is liable to outrage, within a short distance of such a thoroughfare.

'Yet, the view of that noble expanse was like the opening of bright day upon the gloom of night, to us who had been so long buried in deep forests. It is a feeling of confinement, which begins to damp the spirits, from this complete exclusion of distant objects. To travel day after day, among trees of a hundred feet high, without a glimpse of the surrounding country, is oppressive to a degree which those cannot conceive who have not experienced it; and it must depress the spirits of the solitary settler to pass years in this state. His visible horizon extends no farther than the tops of the trees which bound his plantation, perhaps, five hundred yards. Upwards he sees the sun, and sky, and stars, but around him an eternal forest, from which he can never hope to emerge:—not so in a thickly settled district; he cannot there enjoy any freedom of prospect, yet there is variety, and some scope for the imprisoned vision. In a hilly country a little more range of view may occasionally be obtained; and a river is a stream of light as well as of water,

water, which feasts the eye with a delight inconceivable to the inhabitants of open countries.'—pp. 102, 103.

He next tried the Big-Prairie beyond the Wabash, but it was marshy and feverish; thirty miles farther, prairies of a higher site were more promising; the people were healthy, but they were in a wretched state of civilization, about half Indian in their mode of life. Besides, they shew little cordiality towards a 'land-hunter,' as they contemptuously call the stranger in search of a home; they consider such a person as an invader of their privileges, which give them the whole range of the forests for themselves and their cattle. Beyond the little Wabash, every mark of civilization was lost; and it was necessary to engage a hunter as their guide. Having wandered some time without any beaten track, they came at length to the cabin of a brother-hunter, where they took up their lodging.

'This man and his family are remarkable instances of the effect on the complexion, produced by the perpetual incarceration of a thorough woodland life. Incarceration may seem to be a term less applicable to the condition of a roving back-woodsman than to any other, and especially unsuitable to the habits of this individual and his family; for the cabin in which he entertained us is the third dwelling he has built within the last twelve months; and a very slender motive would place him in a fourth before the ensuing winter. In his general habits the hunter ranges as freely as the beasts he pursues; labouring under no restraint, his activity is only bounded by his own physical powers: still he is incarcerated—"Shut from the common air." Buried in the depth of a boundless forest, the breeze of health never reaches these poor wanderers; the bright prospect of distant hills fading away into the semblance of clouds, never cheered their sight. They are tall and pale, like vegetables that grow in a vault, pining for light.

'The man, his pregnant wife, his eldest son, a tall half-naked youth, just initiated in the hunters' arts, his three daughters, growing up into great rude girls, and a squalling tribe of dirty brats of both sexes, are of one pale yellow, without the slightest tint of healthful bloom.'—p. 107.

'The cabin, which may serve as a specimen of these rudiments of houses, was formed of round logs, with apertures of three or four inches between. No chimney, but large intervals between the "clap-boards," for the escape of the smoke. The roof was, however, a more effectual covering than we have generally experienced, as it protected us very tolerably from a drenching night. Two bedsteads of unhewn logs, and cleft boards laid across;—two chairs, one of them without a bottom, and a low stool, were all the furniture required by this numerous family. A string of buffalo hide, stretched across the hovel, was a wardrobe for their rags; and their utensils, consisting of a large iron pot, some baskets, the effective rifle and two that were superannuated, stood about in corners, and the fiddle, which was only silent when we were asleep, hung by them.'—p. 109.

'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime!

Said then the lost Archangel'

And is this then the state of happiness; is this 'the land of promise,' for which such multitudes cross the Atlantic?—are these the blessings which are to greet the wearied traveller after a painful journey of many thousand miles into the back woods of the American paradise, thus sketched out by the flattering pencil of one who leaves his native country with an avowed predetermination to find every thing pleasant and agreeable in America? Such a life, however, is not without its enjoyments. Man returns here to that state of nature in which he is accountable to no earthly tribunal for his actions, which are as free and unrestrained as his thoughts; he may shoot a bear or an Indian without any other fear than the tomahawk of the one and the paw of the other. And experience has unfortunately proved that when once he has thrown off the restraints which a state of civilization and a sense of religion impose, he feels little inclination to reassume them: as population advances, the back-woodsmen retire; for 'strangers appear among them as invaders of their privileges, as *they* have intruded on the better founded exclusive privileges of their Indian predecessors.'

These men, it would seem, though persevering as savages in the pursuit of their game, are as indolent too. This indolence, Mr. Birkbeck says, 'they cultivate as a privilege,' and he repeats over and over again, that 'indolence is the easily besetting sin of the Americans.' The supreme felicity of a true born American is described to be inaction of body and inanity of mind. If the picture be overcharged, it is not we, but our Friend Morris, who has painted it.

We have a sketch of a somewhat more pleasing nature in the dreary, flat, and swampy region between the Little and the Big Wabash, where, Mr. Birkbeck tells us, 'here and there, at ten miles distance perhaps, the very solitude tempts some one of the family of Esau to pitch his tent for a season.'

'At one of these lone dwellings we found a neat, respectable-looking female, spinning under the little piazza at one side of the cabin, which shaded her from the sun. Her husband was absent on business, which would detain him some weeks. She had no family, and no companion but her husband's faithful dog, which usually attended him in his bear hunting in the winter. She was quite overcome with "*lone*," she said, and hoped we would tie our horses in the wood, and sit awhile with her, during the heat of the day. We did so, and she rewarded us with a basin of coffee. Her husband was kind and good to her, and never left her without necessity, but a true lover of bear hunting, which he pursued alone, taking only his dog with him, though it is common for hunters to go in parties to attack this dangerous animal. He had killed
a great

a great number last winter—five, I think, in one week. The cabin of this hunter was neatly arranged, and the garden well stocked.'—pp. 112, 113.

And THIS is the chosen spot where Mr. Birkbeck has 'constituted himself a land-owner by paying seven hundred and twenty dollars as one-fourth of the purchase money of fourteen hundred and forty acres?' Mr. Flower made a similar purchase, 'being part of a beautiful and rich prairie, about six miles distant from the Big and the same from the Little Wabash.'

The rest of the book is very much in the nature of a puffing advertisement—inviting all persons wishing to obtain satisfactory information to direct their inquiries to Mr. Morris Birkbeck of Princeton, Gibson county, Indiana,—where gulls from England will find employment in clearing his wilderness. 'An English farmer,' he says, 'possessing three thousand pounds, besides the charges of removal, (no light matter,) may establish himself well, as a proprietor and occupier of six hundred and forty acres'—of swamp or jungle;—'the folly or the wisdom of the undertaking,' he adds, 'I leave among the propositions, which are too plain to admit of illustration.' We are much misinformed (we have it from Washington) if Mr. Birkbeck, and his friend Flower too, have not long since found the 'proposition' much plainer even than they expected, and that if they can only find two 'English farmers' to take their precious bargain off their hands, we shall, in no great length of time, see them both back again on the sheep downs of Sussex. The flattering prospect indulged by these two 'friends' of 'sitting under their own vines and their own fig-trees,' on the 'fifteen hundred acres each, which they had carved for themselves from a beautiful prairie,' has already faded, and the fatal truth has been realized, that this new paradise affords no comforts like England, and that even the 'penny-an-acre tax' is paying a halfpenny too much. In spite, as we have already observed, of his forced attempt to make the best of America, every now and then the truth peeps out in some sarcastic remark on the character or the condition of the people. Among other things he is not a little 'shocked to hear American lips call the grand in scenery *disgusting*'—the very scenery, by the way, which characterizes his purchase—while the epithet '*elegant*' is used on every occasion to which it does not belong. We wonder it did not strike our fastidious friend that this was merely a species of the genus 'anticipation.'

'An *elegant improvement* is a cabin of rude logs, and a few acres with the trees cut down to the height of three feet, and surrounded by a worm-fence, or ziz-zag railing. You hear of an *elegant mill*, an *elegant orchard*, an *elegant tan-yard*, &c. and familiarly of *elegant roads*,—meaning such as you may pass without extreme peril. The word

implies

implies eligibility or usefulness in America, but has nothing to do with taste; which is a term as strange to the American language, where I have heard it spoken, as comfort is said to be to the French, and for a similar reason:—the idea has not yet reached them.'—p. 152.

In the plan which Mr. Birkbeck has already drawn up for the regulation of his new settlement, (for in a paroxysm of vanity, the poor man aspires to be the William Penn of the country on the Wabash,) there is not one syllable mentioned of religious instruction, nor one farthing set apart for any kind of public worship,—‘mutual interest,’ ‘good neighbourhood,’ ‘concentration of capital and population,’ are particularly enforced, and repeatedly mentioned as essential to property; but morality and religion form no part of the system. Mr. Birkbeck, however, is not contented with the mere omission of providing some institution for the religious and moral conduct of his citizens or subjects—he openly avows his hostility to all religious communities. ‘I wish,’ says he, ‘to see capital and population concentrated, with no bond of cohesion, but common interest arising out of vicinity, the true elements, as I conceive, of a prosperous nation.’—(p. 124.) And this is said in allusion to an industrious, inoffensive, and prosperous community, called ‘Harmonites,’ who have literally raised a town in the wilderness, near the banks of the Ohio; but he tells us ‘a slavish acquiescence, under a disgusting superstition, is so remarkable an ingredient in their character, that it checks all desire of imitation.’ But he shall himself describe ‘Harmony.’

‘This day, being Sunday, afforded us an opportunity of seeing grouped and in their best attire, a large part of the members of this wonderful community. It was evening when we arrived, and we saw no human creature about the streets:—we had even to call the landlord of the inn out of church to take charge of our horses. The cows were waiting round the little dwellings to supply the inhabitants with their evening’s meal. Soon the entire body of people, which is about seven hundred, poured out of the church, and exhibited so much health, and peace, and neatness in their persons, that we could not but exclaim, Surely the institutions which produce so much happiness must have more of good than of evil in them; and here I rest, not lowered in my abhorrence of the hypocrisy, if it be such, which governs the ignorant by nursing them in superstition; but inclined in charity to believe that the leaders are sincere. Certain it is, that living in such plenty, and a total abstraction from care about the future provision for a family, it must be some overbearing thralldom that prevents an increase of their numbers by the natural laws of population.’—pp. 119, 120.

Happy Harmonites!—let such scoffers as Mr. Birkbeck despise your ignorance and ridicule your ‘superstition.’ Above all, happy if you should escape the contamination of infidelity from such neighbours as those who affect to hold you up to scorn while they
envy

envy your prosperity. Had it been your misfortune to have Mr. Morris Birkbeck for a neighbour, his principles would soon have 'uproared the peace' of your little society, and 'Harmony' ceased to be an appropriate name!

The neighbourhood of Vincennes is better adapted to the principles which our author openly professes: 'the simple maxim, that a man has a right to do any thing but injure his neighbour, is there very broadly adopted into the practical as well as political code'—a pretty broad maxim, and convenient enough where, of course, every man is his own judge. 'A good citizen is the common designation of respect when a man speaks of his neighbour as a virtuous man—"he is a very good citizen."' And, lastly, 'personal resistance to personal aggression holds a high place in the class of duties with the citizens of Indiana;' that is to say, every man who is strong enough takes the law into his own hands. The baptists, however, do all they can to repress this summary mode of redressing injuries among the brethren of the church.

'A respectable but knotty member of that community was lately arraigned before their spiritual tribunal for supporting heterodox opinions on this subject. After hearing the arguments derived from the texts of scripture, which favour the doctrines of non-resistance, he rose, and with energy of action suited to his words, declared that he should not wish to live longer than he had the right to knock down the man who told him he lied.'—p. 100.

We had proceeded thus far, and were about to close our remarks, when another production of Morris Birkbeck reached us. For a farmer, he seems unusually fond of the pen, and, in justice to his taste, we may observe, that he is likely to find it more productive than his plough. The date of his 'Notes,' which we have reviewed, is September, 1817, when, as he expresses it, he had just '*settled down*' in his wilderness; and only two months after, (namely, in November,) we find him busily at work on a second volume! A third, and a fourth, we doubt not, are already on the way to his publisher.

The new work takes the name of '*Letters from Illinois.*' Some malicious friend has furnished him with a motto of ominous import: *Vox clamantis à Deserto*; the voice of one crying out of the Desert. The fact, we suspect, is that simpletons do not flock quite so readily as he expected to the 'Paradise thus opened for them in the wild;' he is evidently alarmed, therefore, lest he should be left to the solitary enjoyment of his own happiness. Mr. Birkbeck allows too much to his own cunning, or too little to the understanding of his readers; for his plan to procure associates is most clumsily laid. He has scarcely, as we have just observed, traced the

the outline of his Elysium, ere he falls to boasting as loudly of his pleasures and his profits as if they were already received and enjoyed: he sees harvests spread before he has yet planted a grain of corn, and villas rise before he has mortized the few rude logs which shelter him from the weather! Nay, he receives letters from anxious inquirers in various parts of Europe, respecting the blessings to be obtained by purchasing lots of land in his neighbourhood, &c. and he answers them with 'a gravity that might make one split.' Never was the game of *make-believe* played with such ludicrous solemnity, and such impudence.

To come, however, to these suppositious epistles, (which remind us of 'the genuine correspondence of the celebrated Dr. Solomon,') they are not of a nature to require from us much notice, nor do we think they will add to the reputation of the writer in any way. It would seem from them, however, that we had been misinformed in one point, namely, respecting Mr. Birkbeck's dissatisfaction with his new situation;—it was Mr. Flower only (so, at least, we understand the author, who is very sore on the subject) who prudently determined to abandon all his visionary projects, ere it was too late, and return to his own country;—but, on the other hand, they most fully substantiate the charge we have been compelled to bring against him of being a reviler and contemner of all religion; for he no longer deals in insinuations, but openly avows his total disregard and dislike to religion under whatever form it may appear. Where this is the case it is almost unnecessary to add that we should look in vain for any fixed moral principles—self-interest is the predominant motive and the end of every measure; and when Mr. Birkbeck tells us of the 'gentle manners, warm hearts, and cultivated understandings' of the estimable Wabashites, we may be quite sure that he speaks by the usual figure—the passage, however, is not unamusing.

'But what think you of a community, not only without an established religion, but of whom a large proportion profess no particular religion, and think as little about the machinery of it, as you know was the case with myself? What in some places is esteemed a decent conformity with practices which we despise, is here altogether unnecessary. There are, however, some sectaries even here, with more of enthusiasm than good temper; but their zeal finds sufficient vent in loud preaching and praying. The Court-house is used by all persuasions, indifferently, as a place of worship; any acknowledged preacher who announces himself for a Sunday or other day, may always collect an audience, and rave or reason as he sees meet. When the weather is favourable few Sundays pass without something of the sort. It is remarkable that they generally deliver themselves with that chanting cadence you have heard among the quakers. This is Christmas day, and seems to be kept

as a pure holiday—merely a day of relaxation and amusement: those that choose, observe it *religiously*; but the public opinion does not lean that way, and the law is silent on the subject. After this *deplorable* account you will not wonder when you hear of earthquakes and tornados amongst us. But the state of political feeling is, if possible, still more deplorable. Republican principles prevail universally. Those few zealous persons, who, like the ten faithful that were *not* found by Abraham, might have stood between their heathen neighbours and destruction, even these are among the most decided foes of all legitimacy, except that of a government appointed by the people. They are as fully armed with carnal weapons as with spiritual; and as determined in their animosity against royalty and its appurtenances, as they are against the kingdom of Anti-Christ; holding it as lawful to use the sword of the flesh for the destruction of the one, as that of the spirit for the other.

‘Children are not baptized or subjected to any superstitious rite; the parents name them, and that is all: and the last act of the drama is as simple as the first. There is no consecrated burial place or funeral service. The body is enclosed in the plainest coffin; the family of the deceased convey the corpse into the woods; some of the party are provided with axes, and some with spades; a grave is prepared, and the body quietly placed in it; then trees are felled, and laid over the grave to protect it from wild beasts. If the party belong to a religious community, preaching sometimes follows; if not, a few natural tears are shed in silence, and the scene is closed. These simple monuments of mortality are not unfrequent in the woods. Marriages are as little concerned with superstitious observances as funerals; but they are observed as occasions of festivity. We are not quite out of hearing of the world and its bustle, but the sound is rather long in reaching us. We receive the Philadelphia daily papers once a week, about a month after they are published; in these we read extracts from the English journals of the month preceding: so we take up the news as you forget it; and what happened three months ago in Europe is just now on the carpet here.’—pp. 23—25.

The administration of justice in these back-woods, by the ‘circuit court,’ must needs be delightful. Morris Birkbeck, who has as little regard for law as for religion, thus introduces ‘his honour’ the judge, and the gentlemen of the jury, to his correspondent.

‘Your military or fox-hunting experience has, I dare say, furnished adventures similar to those which are constantly occurring here to the gentlemen of the long robe, on their progress from court to court. The judge and the bar are now working their way to the next county seat, through almost trackless woods, over snow and ice, with the thermometer about zero. In last November circuit the judge swam his horse, I think, seven times in one day; how often in the whole circuit is not in the record. What would our English lawyers say to seven such ablutions in one November day? and then to dry their clothes on their back by turning round and round before a blazing fire, preparatory to a
night’s

night's lodging on a cabin floor wrapped in their blankets; which, by the by, are the only robes used by the profession here.

'I have an anecdote of a judge with whom I am well acquainted, and therefore I believe it. I give it you as an instance of intrepidity, as well as of that ferocious violence which occurs but too frequently; by no means, however, as a specimen of the judicial character. A few years ago, before he was advanced to his present dignity, the foreman of a grand jury insulted him outrageously, out of court, of course. The man had a large knife in his hand, such as hunters always carry about them, and well know the use of; but the enraged barrister, with a hand-whip, or cow-hide as they are called, laid on so keenly that he actually cut his jacket to ribbons in defiance of the knife; and when the beaten and bleeding juryman made his piteous case known to his brethren, they fined him a dozen of wine for his cowardice.

'Another anecdote. A notorious offender had escaped from confinement, and, mounted on a capital horse, paraded the town where the judge resided, with a brace of loaded pistols, calling at the stores and grog-shops, and declaring he would shoot any man who should attempt to molest him. The judge hearing of it, loaded a pistol, walked deliberately up to the man to apprehend him, and on his making show of resistance shot him immediately. The ball entered the breast and came out behind, but did not prove mortal. He fell, was reconducted to gaol, escaped a second time, and was drowned in crossing the Ohio.'—pp. 60—62.

These are really the only amusing passages that we could find in the whole volume. Its chief characteristic is dullness—this we did not expect from Mr. Morris Birkbeck; but he appears already to have exhausted his common-place book, and we have therefore little more than the most wearisome and uninteresting repetitions of the price of building log huts, fencing, cropping, &c., and of 'anticipations', on a grand scale, of what his estate may be worth, fourteen years hence—interlarded with a copious sprinkling of vituperation against the rents, the taxes, and the 'villainous aristocracy' of England, whose downfall he gaily announces. The 'dreadful crisis,' he assures us, 'is at hand.' p. 28. And, in generously giving some parliamentary news to a friend, only eighteen months after that friend must have learned it on the spot, he rises in his pretensions,

——— 'veluti fanaticus, æstro

Percussus, Bellona, tuo, *divinat*!—

and exclaims—'I hear of a loan too, for the interest of which you must have new taxes!'

While the delighted prophet is thus viewing, in ecstatic vision, poor England involved in clouds, and abandoned to hopeless misery and despair, that elastic country is basking in the broad sunshine of peace and prosperity. Her soil, at this moment, is covered with the richest blessings of heaven; the busy hum of industry is heard

heard in all her streets; every port is crowded; and ocean groans under the fleets that are posting towards her with every wind that blows. England, in short, wants nothing but thankfulness; nothing but a due sense of the mercies which are heaped upon her with an unsparing hand.

Sunk, however, and ruined as she is, in Mr. Birkbeck's opinion, he frankly acknowledges he would have been well satisfied to remain in her if he had *owned* the estate which he only *rented*—rented too from one of the 'villainous aristocrats.' It seems, however, by his own confession, that as long as he held it for about a third of its value, he imitated his landlord, and *lived* as if it had been actually his own; and when he at length discovered his mistake, he grew angry, railed against the government and its institutions, and quitted the country. In what manner this imitator of a *gentleman* farmer lived while things went on smoothly, is pretty broadly glanced at in one of his letters.

'Here,' (in the back-settlements,) 'I shall be employed in enlarging the circle of our enjoyments; there,' (in Sussex,) 'I was contracting it daily. My family had already made several downward movements; we had learnt to dispense with the comfort of a *carriage*; we mounted our horses instead: this was no bad exchange; but the cause of our making the exchange was irksome. From horseback my daughters cheerfully enough betook themselves to their feet: no great harm in that, only it was by compulsion. So we went down step by step.'—p. 28.

Had this man submitted, during his long course of prosperity, to a thousandth part of the privations which are now forced upon him, it is apparent, from his own statement, that he might have realized a sufficient sum to purchase the estate which he cultivated; but vanity first indulged to excess, and then mortified, joined to a want of principle, destroyed all his advantages, drove him from society, and 'settled him down' in the pestilential swamps of the Wabash; whence he looks at England (like another great 'anticipator') *with jealous leer malign*, and seeks some alleviation of his ulcerated feelings, in attempting to seduce her capitalists to follow his steps, and partake in his wretchedness.

Doctor Johnson, in his strong language, has somewhere said, that 'patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. The patriotism of Morris Birkbeck, we will do him the justice to believe, is not exactly that which is meant by the Doctor:—in fact, we know not well what it is; for he seems to disclaim the feeling, as well as the word in every sense of it with which we are acquainted.

'Our friend Cobbett,' he says, 'declaims about patriotism in sounding phrases, but I adhere to the maxim "*ubi libertas ibi patria*." What is country? the soil? Of this I was only an occupant. The government? I abhorred its deeds and its principles. The church? I did not believe in

in its doctrines, and had no reverence for the clergy. The army? No. The law? We have the same law here, with some omissions and some improvements. The people? Yes; but not the fund-holders, nor the soi-disant House of Commons; not the consumers, nor the creators of taxes.'—pp. 28, 29.

Mr. Birkbeck bears hard upon 'our friend Cobbett.' The object of both is the same, namely, money; the commodities only in which they deal are different. 'Friend Cobbett' has nothing but *patriotism* to sell, and he therefore sets it off, as Mr. Birkbeck truly says, 'in sounding phrases.' Friend Morris has land to dispose of, and he naturally does the same. But both are equally sincere, equally disinterested, and—to sum up all in a word—equally to be trusted. We feel an honest pleasure in rescuing Mr. Cobbett from the invidious attack of this reformed Quaker.

On the whole, detesting, as we most cordially do, all the principles avowed by Mr. Birkbeck, moral and political, (religious, as we have seen, he has none,) we are ready to give him the credit of having written an entertaining little volume of 'Notes,' in which we are presented with an interesting and in some measure a faithful picture of the country through which he travelled, and the people with whom he had any intercourse. His 'Letters from Illinois' are of a different character: there is nothing in them that can excite the least degree of interest, except, perhaps, in those unfortunate persons whom he may succeed in seducing from the land of their fathers, in order to dispose of that property, which, with all its cheapness, is evidently a dead weight upon his hands.

One word more and we have done. Whatever 'New America' may have gained by the name of Birkbeck having ceased to be found in the list of the citizens of Old England, the latter has no reason to regret the loss. Many more of the same stamp may well be spared to wage war with the bears and red Indians of the 'back-woods' of America. For us—bad as England is represented, by such as, for reasons to which we have more than once alluded, may find it inconvenient to remain in it, we would rather possess a little cottage, with a few roods of land, perched on the skirts of a smiling common, mantled with the golden furze and the purple heath, than as many thousand acres of the 'pine barrens' and 'savannahs' of either New or Old America—well contented to exclaim with the poet,

'England, with all thy faults, we love thee still—

Our country! and, while yet a nook is left

Where English minds and manners may be found,

Shall be constrain'd to love thee.'—

ART. III.—1. *A Treatise upon the Poor Laws.* By T. P. Courtenay, Esq. 8vo.

2. *Remarks on a Course of Education designed to prepare the Youthful Mind for a Career of Honour, Patriotism, and Philanthropy.* By Thomas Myers, A. M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, &c.

3. *A Summary View of the Report and Evidence relative to the Poor Laws, published by order of the House of Commons, with Observations and Suggestions.* By S. W. Nicoll.

4. *A Letter to the Common Council and Livery of the City of London on the Abuses existing in Newgate, &c.* By the Hon. H. G. Bennet, M. P.

THE ruin of this kingdom has been predicted by shallow statesmen and malcontents rather more frequently than the destruction of the world has been announced by crazy prophets. Yet, because such predictions have proved only the presumptuousness and folly, or the malevolence and madness of those by whom they were uttered, it would be wretchedly illogical to conclude that the world will hold on its regular course through all eternity, or that the fortune of the country will always bear it triumphantly through all difficulties. The doctrine of climacterical years is justly accounted among the obsolete errors of medicine, yet there are seasons of life wherein the probabilities of disease and death are greater than at others,—and so it is in the constitution of society. It cannot, indeed, be foreknown, as in the human constitution, when such seasons are to be expected, but they may be well discovered by a judicious observer when they come; and he must have observed little, and reflected less, who does not perceive that this is one of those critical seasons—perhaps a more momentous one than that in which the restoration of letters and the invention of printing, the reformation in religion and the discovery of India and America, gave a new impulse to mankind, and affected them more or less throughout the globe. Whether the crisis shall be for evil or for good depends, under Providence, mainly upon ourselves. It must be for great good or for great evil. Let us inquire what may be done to assist the benignant indications, and counteract those of an opposite character.

In the progress of that great question, which is at this time before parliament, it may reasonably be hoped that some radical improvement will be effected in the poor laws, and in the condition of that class for whose benefit they were designed, but to whose deterioration they have unquestionably tended. The evil which these laws have produced increased slowly during the seventeenth and the greater part of the eighteenth century, because it had much to overcome

come in the habits and character of the English peasantry. There are feelings which for a while survive the institutions from which they have grown: the dependence which the feudal system created was of this kind. Long after the lord had ceased to require the service of his vassals in war, and to estimate his power by the number of men whom he could bring into the field either for or against his sovereign, the bond between them continued unbroken. They who were born upon his lands looked to him as their natural protector; the castle or the manor-house was open to them upon festival days, and from thence they were supplied in sickness with homely medicines, and that good diet, which, as old Tusser says, 'with wisdom, best comforteth man.' To look elsewhere for assistance and relief would have been equally painful to the one party and injurious to the other. The old man had no sense of degradation in accepting the bounty of those for whom he had faithfully laboured in his youth and strength; there was no humiliation inflicted or intended; it was part of the payment of his services, a debt of kindness and good-will, cheerfully paid and gratefully received. As the metropolis grew more attractive, the Lady Bountifuls and the Sir Roger de Coverlys became extinct: men mingled more with the world, and women attended more regularly at Vanity Fair. The peasantry, however, were still attached to the soil, and took root where they were born. The beneficial effects of this were that they grew up with a sense of family pride; the son did not wish to leave behind him a worse remembrance than his father; a good name was part of his inheritance, and, in case of unavoidable misfortune, it assured him relief; for charity is as much the characteristic of civilized man, as cruelty is of the savage. It is not necessary to look back beyond the memory of man for this state of things as very generally existing throughout the country. A labourer would not, without extreme reluctance, apply for parochial aid, and nothing but extreme necessity could induce him to enter a poor-house. They who were reconciled to the inevitable lot of poverty shrunk from the disgrace of pauperism, and many are the instances wherein money which could ill be spared from the scanty provision of old age has been laid aside, that there might be something to defray the expenses of a decent funeral without coming upon the parish, even after death—such used to be the character of the stationary poor.

Some price is paid for every improvement in society, and every stage in our progress brings with it its concomitant evils: if the good do but predominate it is all we can expect in this imperfect world, and all that we ought to desire, for this is not our abiding-place. In the middle rank of life, which is assuredly the happiest, (and which in this country and at this time is beyond all doubt the most favourable situation in which man has ever been placed for the cul-

tivation

tivation of his moral and intellectual nature,) the greatest abatement of happiness arises from the dispersion of families and the breaking up of family ties. When we think of the patriarchal age, it is its exemption from this evil that constitutes its peculiar and almost romantic charm. How rarely is it that a large family is ever collected together after the years of childhood are past! the daughters are transplanted into other households, the sons go east and west in search of fortune, separated from each other and from their birth-place by wide tracks of sea and land; they are divided in youth, and when those meet again, who live to meet, the first feeling is that sinking of the spirit which the sense of time and change produces, embodied as it were, and pressing upon the heart with all the weight of mortality. There is much to compensate for this in the middle ranks of life—communication is maintained in absence, a home for the natural affections exists—a resting-place where hope and memory meet; a wider scene of action brings with it increase of knowledge, enlargement of mind, new joys and new powers of enjoyment—in most cases a manifest balance of good. But the migratory system extends lower in society where there are not the same qualifying circumstances: it has arisen, as it became needful: the state and the general good require that it should be so; it recruits our fleets and armies, it furnishes hands for our manufactures, and supplies the consumption of life in our great cities; but its moral effects upon the great majority are lamentably injurious. The eye and the voice of a parent never wholly lose their effect over minds which are not decidedly disposed to chuse the evil part; and there are always in a man's birth-place those whose good opinion he has been desirous of obtaining, and to whom he is inclined to listen with habitual deference. From such wholesome influences the uneducated and the ill-educated are removed at an age when they stand most in need of affectionate counsel and prudent controul. They go where they are altogether strangers, or at least where there are none who have a near and dear concern in watching over their welfare. Good and evil manners are both contagious; but the evil contagion is the stronger, and it is to this that they are most exposed.

And here we may notice one cause of moral deterioration which operates widely, at present, among the class of which we are speaking:—the practice among the lower order of manufacturers and tradesmen of taking out-of-door apprentices, instead of boarding them in the house, as was the old custom. Boys and lads just rising into manhood, are thus left to themselves and to each other, without the slightest controul, except that of their own good principles, if they happen to have been trained up in the way they should go: we say *happen*, because so little provision has been made

for this in our institutions, and so generally is it neglected by individuals as well as by the state, that the youth in humble life, who has been properly instructed in his duty towards God and man, may be regarded as unusually fortunate. The evil consequences of this practice are apparent; the apprentice, being thus uncontrouled, is in danger of contracting those habits which lead to idleness and want, and, perhaps, to a still more pitiable termination; and many a youth is thus sacrificed whom a careful master and the regulations of a well ordered family might have saved from ruin. They who reflect upon the course of society in this country cannot, indeed, but perceive that the opportunities and temptations to evil have greatly increased, while the old restraints, of every kind, have as generally fallen into disuse. The stocks are now as commonly in a state of decay as the market-cross; and while the population has doubled upon the church establishment, the number of ale-houses has increased ten-fold in proportion to the population.

At a time when the legislature is taking into its consideration the momentous question of the Poor Laws, it is more than ever of importance that it should be well understood how large a part of the evil arises from causes which are completely within the power of the local magistrates, and how much may be accomplished by the efforts of benevolent individuals which cannot be reached by any legislative enactment. As the establishment of inns is one of the surest proofs and accompaniments of increasing civilization, so the multiplication of ale-houses is not less surely the effect and the cause of an increased and increasing depravity of manners. It may be affirmed broadly and without qualification, that every public-house in the country, which is not required for the convenience of travellers, wayfarers and persons frequenting a market, is a seminary for idleness, misery and pauperism. We are speaking here of villages and small towns—large cities have wants and diseases of their own, of which we shall speak hereafter; but every public-house in the country, which is not necessary for the public good, is in itself a public evil and a cause of evil. To advise any sudden reduction of their numbers would be absurd. Hasty reformations bring with them greater evils than those which they are intended to correct; but, in this case, there is an easy and unobjectionable course. No new house should be licensed without clear proof that it would be useful to the neighbourhood;—which it could only be where a new village was rising, or where there was a rapid increase of inhabitants from some local causes: that a gentleman's servant wanted an establishment, or that a brewer found it advantageous to have another tap-room opened for the consumption of his beer, ought not to be considered sufficient causes for adding to what are already far too numerous. With regard to the unnecessary number of houses
which

which are already open, the licence should not be revived when the present occupier removes, or dies; one generation would then produce the desired reduction. And in every instance where habitual riot and drunkenness were suffered, or the doors kept open till an improper hour of the night, the licence should uniformly be taken away. Were the magistrates and parish-officers strictly to enforce these latter regulations, (as the law empowers and their duty requires them to do,) they would soon perceive the good effect in the amended morals of the parish, and that amendment would, slowly indeed, but certainly, be felt in the poor-rates. To punish offences is always a painful task—there is nothing painful nor invidious in preventing them: and such prevention tends so evidently to the immediate benefit of the persons whom it affects, that even their own acquiescence in the fitness and utility of the measure may be looked for. The man who finds himself in the morning without a head-ache, and with the money in his pocket which he would otherwise have squandered in procuring one, cannot but acknowledge in his heart that he is the better for the restriction, however much it may have offended him at the time. But certainly they who exert themselves to prevent drunkenness and disorder will have the women on their side: the wife will rejoice in measures which may wean her husband from habits that ensure misery and want; and mothers will pray God to bless the magistrates who are instrumental in keeping their sons from temptation.

In the time of James I. it appears to have been common even for country labourers both to eat their meals and to lodge in inns or ale-houses. Sir Frederick Morton Eden, in whose great repository of facts concerning the history of the poor this is mentioned, does not determine whether this mode of living was occasioned 'by the injudicious regulations of Elizabeth's parliament, which prohibited the erection of cottages, or by the statute of inmates, which, in the city of London, and probably in other corporate towns, limited the number of inmates in a house to one family; or whether it was the natural and intermediate step in the progress of society, from the absolute dependence of the slave on his master for both diet and habitation, to the improved condition of the free labourer, who, at present, rarely resides under the same roof with his employer.' Whatever may have been the causes of this curious system, or whatever its extent, (for it cannot possibly have been general,) the effect was much less pernicious than that which our pot-houses produce at present. The character of the house itself was widely different—the ordinary was the usual denomination; and the word victualler, by which the law still designates an innkeeper, implies that originally his profits were derived more from the larder than the tap. 'The Innholders Posie,' provided for him by the honest

old rhymers, shews that inns in those days were upon the same plan in this country as they now are upon the continent.

At meals, my friend, who vitleth here, and sitteth with his host,
Shall both be sure of better cheer, and 'scape with lesser cost;
But he that will attendance have, a chamber by himself,
Must more regard what pains do crave, than pas of worldly pelf.

It is obvious, that the labourer, who lodged in one of these houses, would be little likely to lay by any part of his earnings: they could be no schools of frugality; but it is equally obvious, that he would not be tempted to riotous expenditure. He was, in fact, one of the family; it was essential to their comfort that his habits should be sober and decent, and it was more directly essential to his own also; because, according to his conduct in this point would be the respect and kindness with which he would be treated. The landlord counted upon his regular payments, and therefore to have encouraged him in drunkenness, for the sake of a little more immediate gain, would have been like killing the goose with the golden eggs. The landlord, we may be sure, would remember the old stave:—

Give us old ale and book it,
O give us old ale and book it;
And when you would have your money for all,
My cousin may chance to look it.

But this system is entirely out of use in the country, and in large towns there are no other remains of it than may be traced in the ordinaries and the cook-shops. The eating and drinking houses are now, in a great degree, separated, the one being as useful as the other is pernicious. For the labouring man, the ale-house is now a place of pure unmingled evil; where, while he is single, he squanders the money which should be laid up as a provision for marriage, or for old age; and where, if he frequent it after he is married, he commits the far heavier sin of spending, for his own selfish gratification, the earnings, upon which the woman, whom he has rendered dependent on him, and the children to whom he has given birth, have the strongest of all claims. The diminution of these houses is one of the most practicable and efficient means of real radical reform.

The lower orders may be divided into the large classes of persons employed in agriculture, manufacturers, handicraftsmen, miners, day-labourers, and domestic servants: there is, likewise, a very numerous body in great cities, which the wants of a great city create, draymen, hackney-coachmen, porters, butchers, &c.: the army and navy are supplied from all these classes; the unfortunate, and still more, the improvident, compose the great army of paupers, while the outcasts and reprobates are those vagabonds and ruffians
who

who annoy and endanger the rest of the community. The Spanish Census, which was taken before we had any thing more than mere conjecture to proceed upon in this important part of statistics, distinguishes the different employments of men with a minuteness which is highly curious, though, in our complicated system of society, it would be hardly attainable. We have however before us some tables, formed with great knowledge and singular ability, whereby it appears that the number of families employed in agriculture, throughout England and Wales, are, upon an average of all the counties, thirty six in a hundred. Manufacturers, it is obvious, must always be exposed to great and sudden fluctuations, arising from causes over which neither they nor their employers have any controul: there is a bare possibility that those which are occasioned by the humour of fashion might be removed, if they who lead the fashions were made sensible of the severe injury which is often done to large bodies of men, by the capricious disuse of any article for which there has been a considerable demand: he, however, who should expect this, must be a sturdy believer in the perfectibility of women; and indeed, in general, the demand which ceases in one quarter is only transferred to another, and the same quantity of industry is put in motion by the same expenditure. But the stoppages which arise from political causes bring with them no compensation of this kind; they are more extensive, and they are, in their very nature, irremediable. In this respect, therefore, the situation of the manufacturers is worse than that of any of the other labouring classes, for whose services there is, generally speaking, a certain and equal demand, and that demand almost wholly independent of any but local circumstances. On the other hand the difference of wages is sufficient to compensate for this, though the chances of ill fortune do not usually enter into our calculations for so much as they ought. Wages, of course, must always differ according to the quality of the work, and the dexterity or strength of the workmen; but the wages of every handicraft man throughout this kingdom are more than sufficient for his maintenance, in ordinary times; it is only in agriculture that they are unjustly depressed by the injurious effect of the poor laws. What then are the causes of pauperism?—misfortune in one instance, misconduct in fifty; want of frugality, want of forethought, want of prudence, want of principle;—want of hope also should be added. But hope and good principles may be given by human institutions;—it is the interest, it is the paramount duty of government, to see that they are given; and if they are not followed by prudence and prosperity, as their natural consequence, the evil will be of that kind for which the sufferer has nothing to reproach himself. Weak as we are and prone to sin, it is not often that we murmur against the dispensations

of Providence. The privations, the sufferings, the bereavements which come from God, are borne humbly, and patiently, and religiously:—it even seems as if the heart were like those fruits which ripen the more readily when they are wounded. But if affliction soften the heart, adversity, too often, tends to harden it: the injuries of fortune affect men with a sense of injustice, and are resented like wrongs; and when they proceed from misconduct, any feeling is more tolerable than that of self-condemnation. Men seek to justify themselves against the inward accuser, and set up the standard of their own morality against the law. Guilt is a skilful sophist: the veriest wretch who subsists by pilfering, or closes a course of more audacious crimes at the gallows, forms for himself a system which is, in its origin and end, the same as that of Buonaparte, and the other philosophers of the Satanic school.

It is among the lower classes that those miseries, as well as those diseases are found, which become infectious to the community. The vices to which they are prone are idleness, drunkenness, gambling, and cruelty: gambling is the least frequent, and might almost wholly be prevented, were the magistrates to exert themselves, and the parish officers to do their duty. Cruelty is less within the cognizance of human laws, and yet we trust those abominable sports, which tend to foster it, will be prohibited; this indeed is a bestial principle which no moral and religious alchemy can transmute into any thing good: the others are only perversions of the great springs of human action; which, when they have their proper direction assigned them, operate immediately to the benefit of the individual and the public. They proceed from self-indulgence, or that love of excitement which man retains as a distinguishing characteristic from inferior animals, when, in all other respects, he has, as far as possible, degraded himself to their level. Where this is the case it is not always the fault of the individual, even in civilized and Christian countries—even in our own. Animals go rightly, according to the ends of their creation, when they are left to themselves; they follow their instinct, and are safe: but it is otherwise with man; the ways of life are a labyrinth for him; his infancy does not stand more in need of a mother's care, than his moral and intellectual faculties require to be nursed and fostered; and when these are left to starve for want of nutriment, how infinitely more deplorable is his condition than that of the beasts who perish!

Herein it is that our Reformation was left imperfect. No blame for this is imputable to those good and admirable men by whose learning and labour it was effected, by whose martyrdom it was sealed. They felt and urged the necessity of providing good education for the people; and that most excellent prince, Edward VI., reckoned it first among the medicines which must cure the sores of the

the commonweal: he reckoned it 'first in order, as first in dignity and degree.' 'Men,' said he, 'keep longest the savour of their first bringing up; wherefore, seeing that it seemeth so necessary a thing, we will show our device herein.' Every thing* indeed which a good and judicious mind could desire as tending most surely to the improvement of his country and his kind, seems to have been contemplated by this extraordinary youth—'1. Good education. 2. Devising of good laws. 3. Executing the laws justly without respect of persons. 4. Example of rulers. 5. Punishing of vagabonds and idle persons. 6. Encouraging the good. 7. Ordering well the Customers. 8. Engendering friendship in all parts of the commonwealth. These be the chief points that tend to order well the whole commonwealth.'—'Nevertheless,' he says, 'when all these laws be made, established, and enacted, they serve to no purpose except they be fully and duly executed. By whom? By those that have authority to execute; that is to say, the noblemen and the justices of peace. Wherefore I would wish that after this Parliament were ended, those noblemen, except a few that should be with me, went to their counties, and there should see the statutes fully and duly executed; and that those men should be put from being justices of the peace that be touched or blotted with those vices that be against these new laws to be established: for no man that is in fault himself can punish another for the same offence.' With due allowance for the little which is not applicable to our present state of society, every thing is here noted which is required for a thorough reformation of the people,—sound instruction for all, wholesome chastisement for the dissolute, wholesome encouragement for the well-disposed, and the watchful execution of those minor laws, upon the proper observance of which the general weal is not less dependent than domestic comfort and happiness are upon the minor morals. Time passes on, manners and customs change, institutions are modified; some ripen in the course of age, and others fall to decay; but the great principles of politics and ethics, of public and private morality, are fixed and immutable,—fixed as the order of the universe, immutable as its Creator.

The platform of general instruction was not laid (as it should have been) when we passed from popery to protestantism. Funds wrested iniquitously from the church, and which, if justly applied, would have provided for this most important object with a munificence of which no age or country has ever yet seen an example,

* 'I could wish,' says King Edward, 'that when time shall serve, the superfluous and tedious statutes were brought into one sum together, and made more plain and short, to the intent that men might the better understand them; which thing shall much help to advance the profit of the commonwealth.'—If this were to be desired in his days, how infinitely more needful must it be now!

were dilapidated by the profuse expenditure of Henry VIII., and the rapacity of his favourites: and perhaps if his saintly son had attained to longer life, he might have found his best intentions frustrated by the opposition which they would have experienced from selfishness, cupidity, and contending parties. But unhappily while little was done, the easier work of undoing had proceeded with its natural rapidity. Such as the instruction of the Romish church is, it was amply provided by the Romish establishment: its outward and visible forms were always before the eyes of the people; the ceremonies were dexterously interwoven with the whole habits of their usual life; the practice of confession, baleful as it is, and liable to such perilous abuses, had yet the effect of bringing every individual under the knowledge of his spiritual teacher, while a faith, blind indeed, and grossly erroneous, was kept alive in the most ignorant of the populace by superstitious observances, the scaffolding and the trappings, the tools and the trinkets of popery. In addition to all these means, the country was filled with itinerant preachers, actively employed in co-operating with the secular clergy to one general end, (however opposed to them in individual interest,) and in supporting and strengthening the influence of the church establishment. Under that state of things, every person in the kingdom was instructed in as much of Christianity as his teacher, erring himself and ignorant of its true nature, thought necessary for salvation. He was well taught in certain legends, and knew perfectly the romance of his patron saint, and the fable of his favourite idol: he had a lively faith in purgatory, and had learnt when to kneel and when to cross himself at a mysterious and unintelligible service; and he could repeat certain prayers, with a full persuasion of their devoutness and of the utility of repeating them, though he did not understand the meaning of one syllable. Great superstition was inculcated, and implicit faith, and it has been wisely and charitably observed by John Wesley, that 'God makes allowance for invincible ignorance, and blesses the faith notwithstanding the superstition!'

This was the religious state of our common people before the Reformation; the point of instruction was reached at which their teachers aimed, and which their rulers thought necessary. And this is the condition of the common people in Catholic countries at this day, where they have not been infected by the pestilence of revolutionary impiety. Its effect in attaching them invincibly to the old institutions of their native land has been nobly exemplified in La Vendée, in Portugal, and in Spain. It is accompanied every where with a lamentable ignorance of the real nature of Christianity, and with a most adulterated system of morals as well as of faith: but if the same diligence had been used in these kingdoms for instructing

structing every person in the pure faith and pure morals of the English church, can we doubt that it would have been equally successful?

We shall not surely be suspected of any disposition to favour the abuses of the Romish church; and therefore, without apprehending censure, we may express our regret, that, when those abuses were shaken off, it was either not found possible, or not thought convenient, to reform the regular clergy, instead of abolishing them altogether. Every person who has seen these orders in countries where they yet exist, must know with what scandal they are attended in their unreformed state, though the crimes imputed to them in England, as a pretext for the violent and iniquitous measure of their dissolution, were beyond all doubt grossly exaggerated. But here we have felt, and still feel, and perhaps shall one day feel yet more severely, the evil consequences of having disbanded the whole auxiliary force of the church; who did *for* it what the Methodists and other proselyting sectaries are now doing *against* it; and performed duties which the parochial clergy have never been numerous enough to discharge in all places, had the zeal in every case existed, and which, however zealous, it is not possible that they should discharge in populous places. Their institution, by rendering poverty a part of their religious profession, effected in their behalf the difficult point of making it perfectly compatible with general respect. These preachers were taken away, and at the same time the parochial clergy, who till then had lived in a certain and proper degree of affluence, were impoverished, the necessary effect of making them poor being to expose them to contempt.

The evil consequences to the clergy and to the church are frequently noticed by the writers of Elizabeth's and the succeeding reign:—'Politick men,' says one, 'begin apace already to withhold their children from schools and universities; any profession else better likes them, as knowing they may live well in whatsoever calling, save in the ministry.'—'They have taken away the unction and left us nothing but the alabaster box, the shreds, the sheards, the scrapings of our own.'—'As for the ministers that have *livings*,' says Thomas Adams, (and his marginal note says *leavings* not *livings*, Thomas Adams being addicted to the sin of punning,) 'they are scarce *live-ons*, or enough to keep themselves and their families living; and for those that have none, they may make themselves merry with their learning, if they have no money, for they that bought the patronages must needs sell the presentations.

'Vendere jure potest, emerat ille prius.

'And then, if Balaam's ass hath but an audible voice and a soluble purse, he shall be preferred before his master, were he ten prophets. If this weather hold, Julian need not send learning into exile,

exile, for no parent will be so irreligious as, with great expenses, to bring up his child at once to misery and sin.'

The condition of the inferior clergy, though it still requires improvement, has been greatly improved during the last century; but the effects of this long continued evil are still felt. For while the means of religious instruction were thought insufficient, the population has doubled upon those means, and the consequence has been that the populace in England are more ignorant of their religious duties than they are in any other Christian country. 'It would make any true Christian's heart bleed to think,' says Bishop Croft, 'how many thousand poor souls there are in this land that have no more knowledge of God than heathens; thousands of the mendicant condition never come to church, and are never looked after by any; likewise thousands of mean husbandry-men that do come to church, understand no more of the sermon than brutes. Perchance in their infancy some of them learnt a little of their Catechism, that is, they could, like parrots, say some broken pieces, but never understand the meaning of one line; but afterwards, as they grow up to be men, grow more babes in religion, so ignorant as scarce to know their Heavenly Father; and are admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, before they are able to give account of the sacrament of baptism. Thus it is generally in the country, and in the city as bad; partly for the reason before specified, and partly by reason the number in many parishes is far greater than any one pastor can have a due care of; he cannot know half the names or faces of them, much less their faults and behaviour, which is requisite that he may both instruct and reprove when there is need.' At this day the case is worse than when the good Bishop of Hereford thus represented it; the increase of population, were there no other cause, would unavoidably have made it worse. But we must also regard the growth of large towns during the last threescore years; the progress of manufactures, and the vices which unhappily both the one and the other generate, feed, and foster. Thus, even in the natural course of things, darkness has in this respect been gaining upon light, just as weeds and brambles spread themselves, where cultivation is neglected. And what is to be looked for, if, while we have been remiss in sowing good seed, the enemy has continued to sow tares, with that pestilent activity by which mischievous and malignant natures are distinguished, — what indeed but such an increase of pauperism, profligacy, and crimes of every kind, as that to which the poor-rates and the courts of law at this time bear frightful and formidable testimony!

It has been well argued by Stillingfleet, that God exercises a particular providence with respect to the condition of kingdoms and nations, making it better or worse according to the moral and religious

religious condition of the people. For the moral order of the world is not less immutable than its physical laws. The seasons are not linked together in more inevitable sequence than human actions and their consequences; and trees do not more certainly bring forth fruit after their kind than good and evil are attendant upon virtue and vice. For individuals, indeed, the day of reckoning may not always be in this world—the greater their misery when it is deferred: but communities, existing only in time, cannot escape from their temporal account. There can be no permanent prosperity unless it be founded upon industry, virtue and religion; the public weal, as well as the welfare and happiness of individuals rests upon these, and rests upon them wholly; in proportion as the people become idle, immoral, and irreligious, the state becomes insecure, its base is undermined, and it is well observed by Mr. Walpole, that ‘in policy, as in architecture, the ruin is greatest when it begins with the foundation.’

In the miserably misgoverned Turkish empire men are at this time retrograding from the settled to the nomadic state of life; the wandering population is continually increased by those who desert to it from the oppression which they endure; and thus the last remaining wrecks of civilization, in what was once the most civilized, the most intellectual and the most flourishing part of the whole habitable earth, would one day be destroyed, if it were not reasonable to believe that Providence will bring about a great and beneficial change in its own good time. Those who thus prefer the wilderness to the city, and the tent to the fixed habitation, are in some respects bettered by the exchange; they are less in danger of the plague, and if they leave none of their vices behind them, they acquire at least manly habits to which they were strangers before. The change which has been going on among us has none of these qualifying circumstances for the individual, while it tends to the direct and immediate detriment of the commonweal. With us, they who withdraw themselves from the service of society are enlisted instantly against it. As soon as they cease to support themselves by their own earnings, they begin to consume the property of others. Hobbes, in the frontispiece to his *Leviathan*, has delineated his commonwealth as a crowned and armed human image, whose body is composed of individuals; the magistrates form the breast, the military are its arms, and if the figure had been given at full length, the peasantry and mechanics would have been seen constituting the feet and legs. We have had occasion to notice elsewhere the apt similitude which he has found for the libellous and seditious members of the community. If he had contemplated the present effect of the Poor Laws, he might have devised one not less appropriate for the paupers of the state, and the body of his personified

sonified Commonwealth would have appeared as much infested with extraneous and injurious life as that of a beetle with its annoying parasites, being of all creatures the one which is most tormented by such attendants.

The remedies for this great evil are what King Edward indicated, good education; the due administration of good laws; coercion for the idle, the profligate, and the wicked; encouragement for the well-disposed.

Much has, undoubtedly, been done for educating the children of the poor in these latter years, but it wants a firm and permanent foundation. The schools which have hitherto been established are supported wholly by voluntary subscriptions. It may be hoped that the liberality, which proceeds from a sense of duty towards God and man, will not abate, though it should no longer be provoked by the excitement of hostile views and interests: but it would be unreasonable to expect that the funds which are thus raised shall be considerably increased; and it is impossible that they should be commensurate with the necessity that exists. At this time it is stated, upon the best authority, that there are in London from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty thousand children, between the ages of six and sixteen, without the means of education; and that from two to four thousand of these are hired out to beggars and employed in thieving.

The prodigious increase of youthful criminals is an effect of the enormous increase of the metropolis, though so direct and obvious a cause seems to be overlooked by those who have written upon the subject. Great cities do not with more certainty generate foul air, and condense contagion, than they assist the propagation of moral diseases. And yet, under a good police, medical and moral, the means, both of prevention and remedy, may be applied with far greater celerity, and therefore with more likelihood of success, than in places where the population is scattered. Accordingly, in all Utopian romances, the perfect model of policy, according to the author's notion of this wide subject, is always exhibited in the capital of his ideal commonwealth; and in the only attempt which has ever been made for exhibiting such schemes in practice, the people were all collected into inclosed towns. Here, it may be observed, that in all ideal schemes of government a greater superintendence is supposed on the part of the magistrates, and a greater interference with the actions of individuals and the occupations of private life, than has ever been exercised under the most despotic monarchies. And so surely is this passion for interference found in those persons who seat themselves in imagination, or in reality, in the seat of the lawgivers, without having any legal pretensions or natural qualification for the place, that both in our own history, and

and in that of France, the men who were loudest in demanding the most unlimited liberty for themselves, in thought, word, and deed, have no sooner been in possession of power, than they have laid the severest restrictions upon the thoughts, words, and deeds of all except themselves and their own party.

There is no danger of our tending toward the same extreme; but we shall err wickedly and perilously on the other side, if we allow the evil, or any evil which we possess the means of controlling, to take its course uncontrolled. Children are daily to be seen, in hundreds and thousands, about the streets of London, brought up in misery and mendicity, first to every kind of suffering, afterwards to every kind of guilt, the boys to theft, the girls to prostitution, and this not from accidental causes, but from an obvious defect in our institutions! Throughout all our great cities, throughout all our manufacturing counties, the case is the same as in the capital. And this public and notorious evil, this intolerable reproach, has been going on year after year, increasing as our prosperity has increased, but in an accelerated ratio. If this were regarded by itself alone, distinct from all other evils and causes of evil, it might well excite shame for the past, astonishment for the present, and apprehension for the future; but if it be regarded in connection with the increase of pauperism, the condition of the manufacturing populace, and the indefatigable zeal with which the most pernicious principles of every kind are openly disseminated, in contempt and defiance of the law and of all things sacred, the whole would seem to form a fund of vice, misery, and wickedness, by which not only our wealth, power, and prosperity, but all that constitutes the pride, all that constitutes the happiness of the British nation is in danger of being absorbed and lost.

The sternest republican that ever Scotland produced was so struck by this reflection, that he did not hesitate to wish for the re-establishment of domestic slavery, as a remedy for the squalid wretchedness and audacious guilt with which his country was at that time overrun. No sooner was a system of parochial education established there, than a change began to operate. The roots of that huge overspreading evil were cut, and Scotland, which was then as lawless and barbarous as Ireland is now, became the most orderly part of the British dominions. The growth of manufactures, the abuse of distillation, and the infidelity with which some of the Scotch schools have spawned during the last half century are great counteracting principles, whose influence must be lamentably felt. These principles are common to both countries; and the striking advantages which Scotland possesses on the score of general morals can be ascribed only to two causes, its parochial education and the management of its poor. We have before us a Table of the proportion

portion of persons committed for criminal offences in different parts of Great Britain to the population of those parts, formed upon an average of the five years from 1805 to 1809. In London and Middlesex it was 1 in 854; in the midland circuit 1 in 5414; in Scotland 1 in 19,967. That there is any thing better in the Scotch character than in our own, we should not acknowledge, nor would they pretend; the difference can only be caused by the care with which the people are trained up in moral and religious habits, —this being, perhaps, the most important part of policy, and without which all other measures of good government are imperfect and insecure. The Utopians understood this well:—*‘summam adhibent industriam, ut bonas protenus opiniones, et conservanda ipsorum Reipublicæ utiles, teneris adhuc et sequacibus puerorum animis instillant; quæ ubi pueris penitus insederint, viros per totam vitam comitantur, magnamque ad tuendum publicæ rei statum (qui non nisi vitiis dilabitur, quæ ex perversis nascuntur opinionibus) afferunt utilitatem.’*

The quack in politics, like the quack in medicine, prescribes one remedy for all the maladies of the commonweal: it is a sure criterion of quackery to do so. Education alone will not do every thing, but it is the base upon which every thing must rest, and unless we lay the foundation here, we are building upon sand. Are we contented with our institutions, civil and religious? have we risen and thriven under them, with God’s blessing, and by their means? have they been tried and sifted in controversy, proved and approved by experience, purified, and matured and sanctified by time? why then do we omit any possible means of engrafting them upon the hearts of every succeeding generation, of amalgamating them with their moral and intellectual being,—

‘That generations yet to come might to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same, and they again to theirs!’

So well are the Jesuits aware how much depends upon laying the foundation deep, that they insist upon having their pupils left wholly to their care during the whole time of their education: ‘the progress and happiness of the young student, not less than the discipline of collegiate life, require that he should not be removed, even at the times of vacation.’—So it is said in the terms of the college which the Jesuits have established in Ireland. The same principle was laid down by the founder of the Methodists as a fundamental law for his school of the prophets. A catechism was prepared by Buonaparte’s orders, to be generally used throughout his extensive empire, wherein the chief principle inculcated was the duty of a devoted obedience to the Emperor. Wherefore should we be less wise in our generation, when the means required for accomplishing a better end are as unexceptionable as the object? Little more than the due observance

observance of good laws and customs is necessary here; and this may be accomplished by well-directed zeal and benevolence, without any legislative interference. Let us suppose that the suggestion of the committee were adopted in some parish where the circumstances should be favourable to its adoption, and that instead of relieving poor families by an allowance for the maintenance of their children, it were determined that the children themselves, above the age of three years, should be taken, educated, and maintained. Whether every child so supported would, by the time it attained the age of fourteen, have indemnified the parish for the whole cost of its maintenance and instruction, is a subordinate consideration. Locke supposed that this would be the case, and so did Berkeley. That they might do so is certain, and the obstacles would arise not from the children themselves, but from the difficulty of finding fit persons to direct their industry. But however much the economical part of the scheme might fail, the greater object would be accomplished, that every child would be instructed in its duty, trained up in orderly and decent habits, and taught some useful employment.

Mr. Courtenay has discussed this subject with that good feeling and good sense which distinguish his *Treatise upon the Poor Laws*.

‘The instruction and maintenance of the poor in charity schools, is not a speculative project for bettering the condition of society; there would perhaps be no question but that a residence at home, with affectionate and independent parents, would in that point of view be preferable; but the question now is, whether, where that independence has been destroyed, and the virtuous feeling greatly endangered,—where the parent is unable to feed his child and incapable of teaching him,—the state may not ensure a moral education to the being which it preserves. It is not proposed to compel the separation of the child from the parent, where the parent undertakes to maintain it; or, in all cases, to prohibit the public authorities, from assisting the parent without that condition. It is simply intended to enact, that when a parent declares himself unable to maintain those whom the laws of nature have made dependent upon him, his neighbours should have a right to say to him, “we will not supply your deficiencies, but we will protect your child against the effect of your neglect.”

‘The measure is assuredly one of the mildest which we can adopt if we retreat at all from the present system. It may, indeed, be deemed too little of a reform, and censured as “a solecism against the simple and powerful policies of nature;” inasmuch as it involves, equally with the present mode, the undertaking to feed all the children of the poor.

‘It is much for the law to say, that no man’s child shall starve;—it is certainly too much, that it should also provide that the child shall be subsisted in the mode most agreeable to the parents, and so that no more inconvenience shall be sustained on its account, than if the parents had fulfilled

fulfilled their natural duties towards it. To enable them to do this, by an adequate addition to their income, is to put a pauper in a better situation than any other member of society, since some inconvenience, deprivation, or degradation follows in almost all but the very highest ranks, the birth of a numerous family. Inconveniences, and afflictions indeed, of the very nature of the present suggestion, are felt by parents in the middling classes; many of the public establishments, of which persons of moderate incomes are desirous of availing themselves, require separation at a considerable distance, and submission to rules offensive and irksome. At an age somewhat later, a banishment to distant and unhealthy climes is often the only resource. Few fathers can ensure to their children a continuance in the rank of society in which they were born. In the case of the very poorest, there would be no lower degree but actual starvation; *that* the law attempts to prevent,—not because this lowest class has a right to be exempted from the general inconvenience, but because in such a case, the evil would be more severe than humanity allows us to contemplate.

‘Yet I cannot but think it most probable, that much less of misery would be sustained by children in the proposed schools, than the most liberal administration of the Poor Laws would otherwise prevent by money payments. Large as are the sums allowed, there is still unquestionably much of squalid poverty, and much suffering from disease amongst numerous families in general. In the schools, attention would doubtless be paid to the health and personal cleanliness of the children, and much more of filth and misery withdrawn from the habitations of the poor than the pecuniary allowance now averts. The inexpediency of the proposal might perhaps fairly be grounded, rather upon its mildness and consequent inefficiency, than upon the harshness of its pressure upon the people.’—pp. 54—56.

Even in an Utopian parish it would only be needful to suppose a regular inspection of the school by the salaried overseer, or the select vestry, and a little of that notice and that attention toward the children, on the part of the clergyman and the wealthier inhabitants, which kind hearts could find a pleasure in bestowing. A parish where this measure should be adopted and properly conducted, would not find itself burthened with too many children in the present generation, and in the next, the number of those who required its aid would begin sensibly to diminish, for the Saving Banks will then have a visible effect, and they who have been thus trained up will acquire a spirit of independence, a habit of industry, a sense of prudence, and a feeling of principle which will prevent them from marrying till they have some provision in store. Away then with all silly theorems concerning population,—the battology of statistics, ‘with many words making nothing understood.’ Population cannot be discouraged, and must not be interfered with by legislative regulations—you might as well attempt to regulate the seasons. The one thing needful is to give the lower classes that knowledge

knowledge and those principles which shall make them understand that moral restraint is a duty, and that their duty and their interest are the same; teach them this, and put within their power the means of bettering their own condition, (which the Saving Banks will do,) and there may perhaps be more reason to apprehend, as in the educated ranks of life, that marriage will be thought of too late, than too early.

Give us an educated population,—fed from their childhood with the milk of sound doctrine, not dry-nursed in dissent,—taught to fear God and honour the king, to know their duty toward their fellow-creatures and their Creator,—the more there are of such a people, the greater will be the wealth and power and prosperity of a state: for such a people constitute the strength of states,—

Οὐ λίθοι, ἀλλ' ἐύλα, ἀλλ'

Τεχνη τεκτοναι.

To suppose that we can have too many such inhabitants while tracts of improvable land are lying waste at home, or while any portion of the habitable globe is in possession of wild beasts, or wilder men, is to suppose that statesmen will always be incapable of deriving lessons from the past, and of making provision for the future. As if there were no means whereby human policy could provide for the most inevitable and most obvious consequence of improved civilization! As if we were living without God in the world, and that Providence, which regulates inscrutably, and yet with perfect fitness the proportion of the sexes, (that single and universal fact being a perpetual manifestation of its presence,) had not made the earth capacious enough for all the creatures whom it was intended to support! And let no man be deluded into an approbation of this *plerophobia*, by the mistaken notion that it affords an unanswerable objection to the theories of equality, and all visionary schemes of revolution founded upon the perfectibility of man. It is not by a treatise upon statistics that this spirit is to be laid,—though you were to read the book backward instead of forward,—according to an approved form of exorcism. He who should trust to this argument would do worse than if he leant upon a broken reed: he would find the weapon turned against him; an Agrarian of three hours standing in the school, would beat (and brain him too if that were possible) with his own staff.

But such families as would require the proposed support for their children are happily as yet by far the smaller part of the population, and their proportion will diminish as the condition of the people is improved by better education, better morals, and the temporal benefits which these will produce. There is a much more numerous class of children upon the next step in society, who are supported by their parents in the proper course of things, but whose

instruction is not less an object of public concern. The rudiments of religion are best learnt at our mother's knees:—it is in the order of nature that where we receive our natural life, there we should receive our spiritual being also; that the same affectionate solicitude by which our bodily frames are nurtured should first develop in us those finer faculties whereby we are made heirs of immortality. Were the children catechised in the church at stated seasons, according to the good old custom, a few trifling rewards to the children themselves, and a few marks of encouragement and approbation to those parents who deserved it, would produce greater and better effects upon both, than those persons may believe who have yet to learn how easily the human heart is affected by kindness, especially when it bears the character of condescension.

The neglect of this important duty has been long complained of. 'Considering,' says one of our old prelates, 'how this necessary work of catechising hath been neglected for many years past, it is much to be feared that the aged need it as much as the youth. But would parents and masters well consider the great advantages that would accrue to them even in their worldly concerns, they would be very zealous to come themselves, and both see and hear their youth catechised and bred up in piety and godliness; the want whereof hath bred that great undutifulness in children, that sloth and falseness of servants which we sadly behold in this degenerated age. The example of some would be followed by others, and so by degrees the number would increase; and when catechising by this means begins to grow in fashion, it would quickly be taken up by all. God be merciful to us,'—pursues this pious writer, 'that religion in many is chiefly for fashion sake! yet, I hope, by God's assisting grace, religion, beginning though but in fashion, would end at last in true devotion, at least in many, if not in all.' It was Dr. Hainmond's custom, during the warmer season of the year, to spend an hour before evening prayer in catechising; the parents and elder persons were wont to be present, and he used to say they reaped more benefit from this than from his sermons. Upon this subject his biographer has a remark most applicable to existing circumstances: 'If,' he says, 'in those times catechetical institutions were very seasonable, it will *now* be much more; when principles have been exchanged for dreams of words and notions, if not for a worse season of profane contempt of Christian truth.' 'For my part,' says Bishop Hall, 'I have spent the greater half of my life in this station of our holy service; I thank God, not unprofitably nor unprofitably. But there is no one thing of which I repent so much, as not to have bestowed more hours in this public exercise of Catechism, in regard whereof I would quarrel with my very ser-

mons, and wish that a great part of them had been exchanged for this preaching conference. Those other Divine Discourses enrich the brain and the tongue; this settles the heart. Those other are but the descants to this plain song. Contemn it not, my brethren, for the easy and noted homeliness: the most excellent and most beneficial things are most familiar.

It is not presumed here that men may be made good Christians, in the higher meaning of that holy appellation, by those ordinary cares which it is in the power of an establishment to take, and which it is the duty of the state and of the rulers of the church to see taken. But the foundation may certainly be laid by those ordinary cares; such knowledge may and ought to be given as that no man perish for ignorance, and the state will find those men good subjects whom it makes only decent Christians; thus far their neighbours and the community are concerned; all beyond this is between themselves and their God. Let us suppose a country parish, containing from two to three thousand inhabitants, where the simple and easy measures of which we have spoken should be adopted:—the children of the paupers, instead of being suffered to grow up in filth and pauperism, would receive a wholesome education both for body and mind, and be trained up, from their earliest childhood, to habits of industry, decency, and good order. The children of the other inhabitants would be examined in the elements of religion on stated days in the church, and receive from the clergyman, after the final examination, some little reward proportioned to their deserts, with especial reference to the general good conduct of the individual; some remuneration of that kind, which is acceptable to all, being, however, distributed to all who had attended regularly, without distinction, as the means of rendering attendance a thing desired by the children themselves. Suppose that a prayer-book or a Bible were given to such as had merited some especial mark of approbation; he must know little of the human heart and of its finer workings, who should hesitate to believe, that a Bible or a prayer-book, thus obtained, with the salutary lessons and recollections that it would bring to the mind, might not sometimes save one that was tottering, and sometimes contribute to recover one that had fallen. Such rewards would be to the rising generation what medals and stars are to men engaged in a military life—objects of proper ambition, proofs of good desert, and motives for further exertion in well-doing. Nor would the beneficial effect of these things upon the parents be too inconsiderable to be taken into the account of good. The commendation bestowed upon their children would become to them a source of laudable and useful pride, and they would themselves be in no slight degree benefited by the performance of a

duty which would often be neglected, if no such motive for its performance were held out. While good offices were thus rendered by the clergyman on his part, a feeling of good-will and gratitude towards him would spring up, and that sense of individual importance would be gratified in its proper place, which is not one of the weakest inducements whereby so many are led to separate from the church in which they were born, and enrol themselves among the Methodists.

We are supposing a possible case, such as in part already exists in some places, and such as a zealous clergyman, with the assistance of a few worthy and intelligent parishioners, might realize anywhere, except in those places where the diseases of crowded civilization require a stronger interference. The next and final step in that religious education, which the establishment is called upon to provide, is the rite of confirmation. When the church of England was purified from all superstitious or superfluous ordinances this ceremony was wisely retained, as being well adapted to make a lasting impression upon young minds properly prepared for it. Yet there are great numbers who never receive the rite, because it is performed only in the larger towns, and persons in humble life are deterred by considerations of expense and inconvenience, from sending their children, if the distance (as it often is) be such, that the journey there and back cannot be performed in a single day. That this is the case we know, and in pointing it out, we are assured, that when it is known, it will be remedied. If indeed the bishops were occasionally to visit the smaller towns for this purpose, and even the larger villages, their presence might produce a beneficial effect, operating silently, and unseen, yet such, that it would be felt by individuals, and perceived hereafter in the amended state of public morals.

The apprehension of ridicule, and the certainty of slanderous misrepresentation, will not deter us from again and again repeating that religion is the one thing needful for young and old, and all intermediate ages, for individuals and for communities. It is more than ever needful to proclaim this at a time when profane and impious ribaldry (to use no harsher term) is protected by juries, huzzaed by mobs even in the very seat and sanctuary of the laws, and rewarded by public subscriptions. At such a time, it is more than ever needful to proclaim that neither the virtue nor the happiness of individuals can rest upon any other sure foundation,—all else is fleeting, all else is mutable, all else is insecure. This is the only permanent good, a good which will endure through life, and in death, and after it. This it is which should be the Alpha and Omega of our existence. Here is the right basis of education; here we have an unerring principle of conduct; here we have
safety

safety in temptation, consolation in sorrow, support in infirmity, and hope and joy in death. Weak and frail and fallen as we are, here we have our strength and our salvation. And not only the welfare, but the very existence of the state depends upon the same cause. It was truly remarked by Lord Clarendon that 'there can be no possible defection in the hearts of the people, whilst due reverence is paid to the church:' and it has been with equal truth observed by Burke, that a predominant inclination toward Jacobinism appears in all those who have no religion, when otherwise their disposition leads them to be advocates even for despotism.

Let us pursue the picture of what might be the condition of a parish, well regulated under the existing laws. The maintenance and education of the poor children, and the religious instruction of all the rising race, has been provided;—there remains the more difficult task of correcting and improving the existing generation, which is to be effected by the steady administration of good laws. And here the proper means would be to bring the public-houses into good order, and reduce their numbers wherever it can be done; to repair the stocks; and to put an end to those habits of Sabbath breaking, such as gambling in public places, which are offensive to public decency, and disgraceful to the magistrates wherever they are suffered to prevail. A notice that these offences would be punished would prevent the greater part of such assemblages; a reprimand on the second Sunday to those who were found offending, would probably preclude the necessity of ordering any person to the stocks on the third; but if an offender should afterwards be apprehended, one such exhibition would be an effectual cure.

Mr. Vivian was asked by the Poor Law Committee, whether he thought that limiting the number of public-houses in parishes generally, would be a measure that would tend to diminish the poor-rates. This gentleman, whose opinion is entitled to great weight, replied,—

'I think very much. I think the difference between three public-houses and six would turn many drunken men into sober. When publicans are poor, from being numerous, they are supposed to do anything to get men into their houses. Cockfights, and other riotous and barbarous amusements, often originate in such motives, a cause of corruption which was long since pointed out by the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor.'

In the Reports of that meritorious Society, it is observed, that a law which should give to the women the complete disposal of the earnings of their own labour, would add a considerable increase to the industry of the kingdom.

'It is an ancient maxim, says the old author of "England's Wants," *interest Reipublicæ ut re sua quisque bene utatur*; it is the interest of the commonwealth that every subject should make a right use of his own

estate. Wherefore, amongst the fundamental laws of the ancient Romans, (those laws of the Twelve Tables, observed by them almost as sacredly as the Two Tables or Ten Commandments of the Jews,) it is especially provided, that a guardian should be set over the person and estate, not only of idiots and madmen, but of all prodigal persons. This law hath been derived from them to all our neighbouring nations, and enjoyed by them ever since they enjoyed civility, even to this very day. To England only this law is wanting; not that England is without such unreasonable creatures, for it hath been observed, that the English nation is naturally as much or more addicted to prodigality than any nation in Europe, the sad effects whereof are everyday before our eyes,—wives that have brought great estates left poor needy widows; children of noble illustrious families, brought to a morsel of bread, and to do base ignominious things, unworthy of their noble ancestors, and dishonourable to the very degrees of honour which their fathers purchased by their merit, and maintained by their laudable frugality. Where this forementioned law is in use, the prodigal person is thus defined—*is qui neque modum neque finem habet in expensis*—one that spends without limits or bounds. Any man being proved to be such, is declared incapable of managing his own estate, or of making a will, or of entering into bond, or of being a witness, &c.; and thereupon a guardian is put over him and his estate, to allow him necessities out of his own estate, and to preserve the rest to his next kindred. Now the king of England hath his *breve de inquirendo de idiotia*, and his *breve de inquirendo de furioso*; and can any solid reason be produced why his majesty should not have also his *breve de inquirendo de prodigo*, directed in like manner to the escheator of the county, to be tried by a jury of twelve men?

Blackstone, when he notices this provision of the Roman law, says that the propriety of the practice seems very questionable, 'for although it is doubtless an excellent method of benefiting the individual, and of preserving estates in families, it hardly seems calculated for the genius of a free nation,* who claim and exercise the liberty of using their own property as they please. *Sic utere tuo ut alienum non ladas*, is the only restriction our laws have given with regard to economical prudence.' Perhaps Blackstone has not regarded the provision in its true light; it is not designed for the benefit of an individual, whom it treats in some degree as a criminal, and on whom it fixes a mark of reproach and public shame, but for the protection of his helpless family, who are dependent upon his mercy; and if in consideration of them the maxim of our own law which he cites had been extended to em-

* While we are writing this, the newspapers copy from the American paper a proof that such a law is not thought 'inconsistent with the genius of a free nation' in republican America.—Notice is hereby given, that the subscribers have been duly appointed guardians of Hezekiah Allen, yeoman and a spendthrift—and all persons are hereby forbidden from trusting or dealing with the said Hezekiah.—Josiah Sandford, Robert Wilson, Guardians.

brace such a restriction, there are instances enough in the common practice of our courts, which would have justified a more violent strain of its construction. The law which the Society requires for the purpose of protecting the earnings of industrious women from their wasteful husbands, is precisely in the spirit of the Roman law, to which Blackstone objects. The most obvious objection is, that it would occasion domestic discord, and introduce into a family two independent wills where on the one side obedience has been declared a duty;—but this is greatly or wholly invalidated by the circumstances under which alone it would be applicable. Whether the evil be sufficiently frequent to require a correcting law, may perhaps be justly questioned; though few persons can have been conversant with the lower classes without having observed some cruel examples. There is, however, this argument to be urged in its favour, that the legal condition of those women for whom this relief is desired, is at present worse than that of their superiors; and certainly it appears a hard injustice, that while the fortune of a portioned wife is secured by marriage settlement from the husband, the earnings of one whose whole means of support are derived from her own industry, should not have an equivalent protection. On the other hand it is to be remembered that no laws can protect us against our own imprudence; and that they who make an ill choice in marriage, hastily entering into an engagement which is to last till it be dissolved by death, must take the consequence of their election for better for worse, and know that they must do so, for it is in the bond.

But the establishment of Saving Banks will create frugal habits, as well as encourage them. Opportunity may be expected to make economists,—not perhaps as often as it makes a spendthrift,—yet more readily than it makes a thief, though it be proverbially noted for teaching larceny.

‘The grand object,’ says Mr. Colquhoun in his evidence before the Committee upon Mendicity, ‘is to prop up poverty, and to prevent persons falling into indigence. Indigence is a state wherein a person is unable to maintain himself by his labour: poverty is that state where a man’s manual labour supports him, but no more; the other is when there is a surplus from his labour. But I conceive the Provident Banks would give the community at large what would be most invaluable in society, provident habits;—that the pride of having money in the bank, and the advantage arising from having their interest, would induce many persons to put in small sums, that would otherwise spend them. This has been found to be the practical effect; and a very slight knowledge of human nature will shew, that when a man gets on a little in the world, he is desirous of getting on a little farther. This is an object of the first consideration for ameliorating the condition of the poor.’

So certain indeed is the growth of provident habits, that it has

been said, if a journeyman lays by the first five shillings, his fortune is made. Mr. William Hale, one of those persons who have bestowed most attention upon the state of the labouring classes, and exerted themselves most for their benefit, declares that he never knew an instance of any one coming to the parish who had ever saved money.

‘Those individuals,’ he says, ‘who save money are better workmen: if they do not do the work better, they behave better, and are more respectable; and I would sooner have a hundred men who save money in my trade, than two hundred who would spend every shilling they get. In proportion as individuals save a little money, their morals are much better; they husband that little, and there is a superior tone given to their morals, and they behave better from knowing they have a little stake in society.’

In agricultural parishes, where the children of the indigent should be properly educated and instructed in their duties, the public-houses strictly superintended, the dissolute corrected, and the best encouragement given to industry, by affording it ready and safe means of placing its earnings to account, it would seldom happen that those who are able and willing to work would be in want of employment. A remarkable example of the effect that one of these remedial means is by itself capable of producing was stated in evidence to the Committee. A school was established a few years ago at Hoxton, where there were a great number of very depraved poor; since that time, the moral improvement in the neighbourhood has been visible to all the inhabitants, and it is asserted that many instances have been pointed out of the most complete reformation in the morals and conduct of the parents, arising from the circumstance of the children having been introduced into the school;—some of these children have actually taught their parents to read,—a fact, which if it be less picturesque than the story of the Grecian Daughter, is not less affecting. As a branch from this school, another was established at Haggerstone, a place inhabited chiefly by bricklayers of the very lowest class of society, and some of them, it is said, perhaps of the very worst character. So proverbial was this place for depravity, that no man or woman in the dusk of evening would walk across to Hackney that way, though it was the nearer path; and if a thief was pursued and ran to Haggerstone, no constable or runner would go beyond a certain line;—so that with reference to ruffians and criminals of every description, it was called the ‘city of refuge.’ It is affirmed, that the face of this neighbourhood has been completely changed in the last year or two, and the change is ascribed by all to the establishment of the school there. The benevolent persons by whom these schools have been instituted have formed societies for visiting children that are sick,
and

'and the poor have expressed such surprize at the interest taken in their welfare, and the welfare of their children, that it has had the best possible effect.' These facts are stated to the Committee as 'positive proof of the good resulting from such institutions.'—If so much has been effected under circumstances the most unfavourable, the good effect may be calculated upon with certainty in places where there is no concentration of wretchedness and guilt.

How much then in this good work of reform, of real radical reform, that reform which beginning in the root of the state would be felt through the trunk and all its limbs even to the minutest ramification, in every leaf and germ,—how much might be effected by individuals exerting themselves in their own sphere, for the immediate good of others, and for their own almost equally immediate advantage! And how encouraging is it to perceive that all this may be accomplished so easily, and with so little change in the existing Poor Laws! Lord Falkland used to say, that all great mutations are dangerous, even where what is introduced by the change would have been very profitable upon a primary foundation. The greatest and most beneficial of all changes may be produced gradually and surely with the least possible innovation, and by the easiest and most unobjectionable means. It is for the minister to look well to the religious instruction of all his youthful parishioners, and for the gentry to assist him, as Sir Roger de Coverley aided his chaplain in the performance of this office. It is for the magistrates to enforce the observance of the Sabbath, to diminish the number of alehouses, and to insist upon good hours and orderly conduct in those which are suffered to continue. It is for the more respectable class of inhabitants to establish Saving Banks, and to see that the sums raised for the relief of the aged and helpless poor be not perverted to the support of idle and dissolute persons. It is for parents and masters to perceive the consequences of letting out-door apprentices live without restraint; and to alter a practice so certainly productive of evil. It is for the benevolent and religious, (and here it may confidently be expected that the higher class of women will not be found wanting,) to form societies for administering to the wants of the sick, and the consolation of the aged.

Is there any thing impossible in this?—is there any thing difficult?—is there any thing visionary?—Yet wherever these things were done, the poor-rates in a few generations might be farmed for a groat in the pound. And nothing more is required for effecting this in any parish throughout the whole agricultural part of the country, than that one person in the proper sphere of life should lead the way. Only let an impulse be given to this will, and the power will be found surely to follow it. There is benevolence enough

enough in the world—there is activity enough—there is zeal enough. ‘Old impossibilities,’ says Burke, ‘are become modern probabilities, and the extent to which evil principles may go when left to their own operation, is beyond the power of calculation.’ Two-and-twenty years have added woeful proof in confirmation of this opinion! But although evil principles are, generally speaking, more active than good, because they are in their nature restless, the good are found strongest when they are brought out, and in their nature they are the more enduring;—this is as certain as that there is a God who hath made heaven and earth. And to restrain evil principles, that they may not be left to their own operation; and on the other hand by every means of aid and encouragement, to foster good principles, and bring them fairly into action, is one of the main ends of civilized society, and ought ever to be one of its first objects. In large cities, and more especially in the metropolis, there is much to be done which cannot be accomplished without parliamentary assistance; but throughout the country the means of lessening the quantity of misery by removing some of the causes and most of the occasions of vice, are in our own hands. Hercules will help us, if we put our shoulders to the wheel.

To work the same reformation in the metropolis, indeed, is a task that might dismay Hercules himself,—a huge Augean stable, which whole Thames hath not water enough to cleanse! Yet the greater the evil, the more urgent is the necessity and duty of setting about the great business of removing it as far as we may. The points to be considered are, in what manner we may hope to effect the greatest alleviation of human misery, to mitigate the sufferings of the poor, to amend their morals, and to redress their wrongs. Let no man think the expression is overcharged. If any human creatures, born in the midst of a highly civilized country, are yet, by the circumstances of their birth and breeding, placed in a worse condition both as physical and moral beings, than they would have been had they been born among the savages of America or Australia, the society in which they live has not done its duty towards them: they are aggrieved by the established system of things, being made amenable to its laws, and having received none of its benefits: till this be rectified, the scheme of polity is incomplete,—and while it exists to any extent, as it notoriously does exist at this time, in this country, the foundation of social order is insecure. The sagacious Berkeley asked long since, ‘whether the lowest of the people are not to be regarded as the extremities and capillaries of the political body, and whether, although the capillary vessels are small, yet obstructions there do not produce great chronic diseases?’

‘Give us funds,’ said Mr. Walmsley to the Committee on the
Education

Education of the Lower Orders; 'Give us funds, and I will undertake to say, that in three years there shall not be a child in the metropolis to whom the benefits of education shall not be offered.' What then may be the amount of the funds necessary for this great purpose, taking the number of children who are at present destitute of these benefits, as stated by the committee, at 130,000? One master in the school upon the Madras system is fully competent to the superintendence of one thousand children. Suppose the annual expense of each school to be £200, which is making a liberal allowance for the master or mistress, (persons whom it would be miserable economy to under-pay,) the yearly sum required for educating every poor child in London would amount to £26,000. If it were necessary to raise that sum by a specific tax, is there man or woman throughout England upon whom it might be levied that would not cheerfully pay the assessment for this specific purpose? Against such a grant there would be no dissenting voice, not even from the most rigid economists, not even from the most acrimonious opposers of every ministerial measure. In a few years it might be reasonably expected that a sum equal to the annual charge would be saved in the expenses of criminal justice; it is even more than likely that there might appear a positive saving to the state.

'We spare neither expense nor pains,' says Lord Sheffield, 'to meliorate the bread of our cattle of every sort; surely it would be a nobler object, and worthy of our utmost diligence, to meliorate, by education when young, the character of the most depraved of our own species. At present, a great part of all the rent of the land is employed in rearing the offspring of improvidence and vice;'—it may be added, and in rearing them to be as improvident and as vicious as their parents. But the remedy is obvious—Dr. Bell's discovery for the multiplication of power and division of labour, in the great business of education, has been so timed, that it may hereafter be appealed to as one among the many impressive facts which prove that as new circumstances of society occasion new wants, provision is always made for them in the order of Divine Providence. Schools might be established throughout the whole kingdom upon his system, with the utmost economy. Nor is there any difficulty now in forming arrangements, nor any hazard of delay, and loss from inexperience. The mechanism is ready, tried, proved, and perfect. There exists a society under whose auspices it may immediately be put in action with an absolute certainty of success; and the benevolent inventor, never weary in well doing, is yet able to direct the machine, and see the consummation of his long labours,—the reward and final triumph of his most disinterested and honourable life. It has not unfrequently been observed that

minds

minds which have laboured under long derangement have had an interval of sanity vouchsafed them before death, the bodily disease whereby reason was overpowered disappearing as the bodily powers gave way. If the education of the poor be provided for without delay, upon a national establishment, the well known wish of our Sovereign may so soon be accomplished,—that he may possibly yet live to understand its accomplishment, and bless God before he dies. Truly may it be said of that statesman, whoever he may be, by whom this great object shall be carried into effect,

‘Beato è ben chi nasce a tal destino.’

A national establishment of such schools might be made serviceable in another way, by licensing the school-room for a place of worship,—as is done at the central school of the National Society in Baldwin’s Gardens. It has been forcibly said by Sir Thomas Bernard, that it is ‘mere mockery to give the name of accommodation to the space which is left for the poor in the aisles of our churches in London and Westminster,’—an accommodation, as he elsewhere observes, ‘improper, indecent, and unfit for the sacred and solemn service thus attended, and such as, even if decent in itself, would not be adequate to the admission of one hundredth part of those who ought to have seats in their own parish church.’

When, therefore, we spoke of the *wrongs* of the poor, the word was neither lightly nor unwarrantably used. It is said among the precious fragments of King Edward, that ‘when prayers had been with good consideration set forth, the people must continually be allured to hear them;’—instead of this, a great proportion are actually excluded, for all the churches in the metropolis, with all the private chapels and conventicles of every description added to them, are not sufficient to accommodate a fourth part of the inhabitants, upon the present system of conducting public worship. This great evil has at length been taken into consideration by the legislature, but in aid of the legislative measures which have been so properly provided, it is evident that a considerable diminution of it may be effected by licensing the proposed school-rooms, and it might perhaps be advisable that some regard should be had to this consideration in their dimension and structure.

Supposing that government should take those comprehensive measures for educating the poor, which they are called upon by every motive of duty and policy * to delay no longer, there appear only

* If any, says Sir Henry Wotton, shall think education (because it is conversant about children) to be but a private and domestic duty, he will run some danger, in my opinion, to have been ignorantly bred himself. Certain it is, that anciently the best composed estates did commit this care more to the magistrate than to the parent;—and certain likewise, that the best authors have chosen rather to handle it in their politics than in their economics,—as both writers and rulers well knowing what a stream and influence

only two obstacles to be overcome. A great number of the children belong to Irish parents, and perhaps the futility of attempting to conciliate religious differences by courting with concessions those whom it is hoped to soothe, was never more completely evinced than by the evidence which has been given concerning the Irish Free Schools in St. Giles's. These schools were founded by the exertions of Mr. Ivimey, a distinguished minister among the Baptists, a body of Christians having among their ministers both at home and in the East, men of such true zeal, piety, erudition, and eloquence, that they may justly be considered as doing honour not to their own denomination only, but to their age, their country, and their Christian profession. The schools were established upon what is called the liberal principle of introducing no creed, catechism, or confession of faith,—and the children were left to attend such places of worship as their parents might profess, and to be instructed in their peculiar modes of worship by their own clergy. What has been the effect? The Bible is used in the schools, and the Roman Catholic clergymen will not allow this.

'The parents,' says the master of the school, 'entirely approve of it, and wish their children to be taught to read the Scriptures; but the Catholic priests oppose it, and threaten the parents to deprive them of their religious privileges, if they suffer them to read the Scriptures;—and they have done so in many instances. The violence of the priests is incessant—they go from room to room, endeavouring to persuade the parents not to send their children. As soon as the plan and design of the schools were made known, their opposition immediately commenced. One of the priests entered the school room, and demanded permission to teach the Roman Catholic catechism in the school. This was objected to. The Sunday following he preached against the schools, addressing a Roman Catholic congregation, and the effect of the sermon, says the master in his evidence before the Committee, was, the windows of the school house were broken, my wife and I pelted with mud, and a few days after my child so beaten as to become a cripple, and remain so to this day. The usual epithet whereby we are designated is, the Protestant Bible * School, as a term of reproach.'

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influence it hath unto government.—'That which must knit and consolidate all the rest, is the timely instilling of conscientious principles and seeds of religion.'

* The Roman Catholics in London have an Association for Sunday Schools,—and the reader may be edified by the title under which it has been instituted, and by some of its rules. It is called, 'A Spiritual Association in honour of the Most Holy Trinity, and under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for the Relief of Souls in Purgatory, and Instruction of the Ignorant.'

'All monies acquired by this Charity, from subscriptions or otherwise, shall be destined to provide that the holy sacrifice of the Mass be offered for the intentions of the Society, and for the support of the School.'

'At the death of any member, Mass shall be said three times for the repose of his (or her) soul: Masses shall be said every month for the deceased members of this sodality

If the circumstances of this case be strictly as they are stated, (which there appears no reason to doubt,) the conduct of the Catholic priests will be censured by every discreet member of their own communion. There seem, however, no means of removing the obstacles which such bigotry presents : but it relates only to the children of Irish parents, and whether the intolerance of the priests, or the interest and common sense of the parents, shall preponderate, must be left to themselves. All that could be done by positive law would be to provide, that no parents shall receive relief for a child above a certain age, unless it were certified that such child was in regular attendance in some school or other. The shallow arguments for leaving out the national faith in a system of national instruction have been already exposed in this journal;—this fact alone might confute all declamation in behalf of that insidious scheme. A school is established, wherein expressly in condescension to the Roman Catholics, no catechism is taught, and the Roman Catholic priests insist that their catechism shall be introduced. It is not because of their zeal for their own tenets that we condemn these priests, it is for the manner in which that zeal is displayed, and their intolerance of all other communions; this indeed is the indelible character of their corrupted church, though undoubtedly there are some among its members who have emancipated themselves from such bigotry, and are men of true Catholic charity, in the true Catholic sense of the expression.

The matter of religious instruction is settled, as it ought to be, in the schools of the National Society: the principles of the national church are taught there, but no question is ever put to any children concerning their religion; the consequence is that they are strictly and truly *schools for all*; 'many are dissenters, and dissenters of every description; one third,' says Mr. Johnson, in his evidence concerning the Central School, 'if not one half; and at this time we have seven Jews.' Upon this point there is no obstacle to be apprehended from any quarter except the Roman Catholics. There is one of a different kind arising from the habits of the depraved poor. In the parish of St. Clement's Danes, the rector says, where there are a great many mendicants, the children of these wretched people cannot be got to the Sunday Schools, because they get more by begging on Sundays than on any other day

lity in general. The standing intentions of this Society shall be—1st. The soul most in need.—2d. The deceased members.—3d. The welfare of the living subscribers.

'A member may enter the names of his departed parents or friends on the books of the Society, and such deceased persons shall be deemed members of the same, and partake of its spiritual advantages, as long as their subscriptions continue to be paid.

'The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary shall be said daily for the intentions of the Society, and on no account whatever be omitted.'

The Association was formed in 1810!

in the week : ' the more children they have, the more success they meet with in begging, and they keep them in that way.' Two children employed in begging about Great Russell street were recommended to a Catholic free-school in St. Giles's; they were soon removed, and when the master inquired of the mother why she could not let them attend, she made answer, ' God bless you, sir, these children earn eight shillings a day for me.' It appears by other evidence that some children are let out to beggars at half-a-crown a day, and others sent out by their parents, and punished if they return without bringing home a certain sum.

The notorious existence of this evil is another proof how totally the Poor Laws have failed to produce the object for which they were enacted. The parents are receiving relief from the parish for every child who is thus miserably employed, and the children are kept in a state ' dirty beyond description,' wilfully made loathsome and wretched, for the purpose of imposing upon the charitable; many of them undoubtedly perish in consequence of diseases produced by the cold and sufferings to which they are thus inhumanly exposed,—and they who perish in childhood by this slow murder are happier than those who live through their hardships to be trained* up in filth, falsehood, blasphemies, obscenities and crimes of every kind. The greater part of the money which their parents obtain both from the parish, and the humanity of individuals, is generally spent in spirits. ' I have known them,' says an overseer, in his evidence, ' come up to the table at the workhouse and take a shilling, when we were sitting there to relieve them, and just as they were going out they would say, " I will drink your health with this!" to the officers as they were sitting round the table.' From this abuse of the funds which were intended to alleviate human wretchedness,—this waste of private and public charity, it has followed as a natural, but not therefore a less lamentable consequence, that adequate relief is not and cannot be bestowed in cases of real misery; the meritorious sufferer receives no more than the worthless and culpable, and sometimes is confounded with the impostor. Hence those shocking instances of persons dropping down in the streets, or crawling to brick-kilns, and dying from inanition, cases which make us shudder when we read of them, which can scarcely be regarded

* ' About two years ago,' says Mr. Finnigan, in his evidence before the Committee, ' there was an old woman who kept a night-school, not for the purpose of instructing children to spell and read, but for the sole purpose of teaching them the street language—that is, to scold; this was for females particularly. One girl, according to this curious declaration to me, would act the part of Mother Barlow and the other Mother Cummins; these were the fictitious names they gave. The old woman instructed the children in all the manœuvres of scolding and clapping their hands at each other, and making use of the sort of infamous expressions they use: this led them into the most disgraceful scenes. When these children met, if one entered into the department of the other the next day, they were prepared to defend their station, and to excite a mob.'

otherwise

otherwise than as a national disgrace and sin whenever they occur, and which could not happen in a country where so many laws have been enacted, and such heavy imposts are raised for the relief of poverty, unless there were something radically erroneous in the system of administering that relief, something that increases the very evil that it was intended to remove.

Human beings could not thus expire from mere want in the streets of the most populous, the most wealthy, and (it may be added) the most charitable city in the world, if a proper system had been established for the suppression of mendicity. For this evil is completely within reach of a well regulated police, and if impostors were deterred from the trade of begging, by the certainty of a due allotment of hard work and low diet as a corrective, they who deserved compassion would, by the same system, be assured of finding inquiry and relief. While alms are indiscriminately bestowed, it is certain that they produce more mischief than good in the distribution; but it is not less certain that as long as mendicity is suffered, it will be thus encouraged; for though the cases of imposition may be most numerous, there are very many of real and deplorable distress, and it is neither to be expected nor desired that we should harden our hearts. 'Better relieve twenty drones,' says Sir Mathew Hale, 'than let one bee perish.' If the Society which has been formed for the removal of this evil should persist in its meritorious undertaking, with that zeal which, from the known activity and beneficence of its conductors there is reason to expect, a great step will be taken toward the reformation of the lowest and most degraded class. Any aid from the police, and any legislative assistance which might be required would surely be granted. How large a portion of the rising generation in the metropolis may be saved from physical suffering, guilt, and destruction by this institution, and by the general establishment of schools—too long delayed and now so generally desired, and so easily practicable!

The increase of youthful criminals (which these measures more than any other would effectually prevent) has of late years excited considerable attention; though perhaps it is not more than may naturally be explained by the growth of the metropolis, in the utter want of any preventive care. The larger the vessel, the greater will be the quantity of the lees. The enormous increase of murders is a more frightful feature of the age, for that this crime is much more frequent than it was formerly is notorious. Forty or fifty years ago, murder was so rarely committed in this country, that any person who has amused himself with looking over the Magazines or registers of those times, might call to mind every case that occurred during ten or twenty years, more easily than he could collect

collect those of the last twelve months; for now scarcely a weekly newspaper comes from the press without its tale of blood. And as the crime becomes more frequent, it has been marked, if that be possible, with more ferociousness, as if there were not only an increase of criminals, but as if guilt itself was assuming a more malignant and devilish type.

To what must we impute this frightful symptom of the age? Perhaps the newspaper press, which is guilty of so much direct and intentional mischief, may indirectly and unintentionally have contributed to this. Every murder is now laid before the public at length, with its minutest circumstances in shocking detail, when it were better on every account that all memory of such deeds should, if it were possible, be blotted out. Publication of them can do no good. Right minds shudder at the recital; tender ones turn from it with fear and loathing; to them it is painful and revolting, but there are others upon which it excites a contagious influence. It operates as example rather than warning upon those who, according to Dr. Spurzheim's philosophy, have the organ of murder strongly developed,—in wiser language, upon that disease of the heart and the soul which renders it possible for man to perpetrate this dreadful crime. In that state, the guilty imagination feeds upon examples of horror, and assimilates the poison which it extracts. These are not merely fine-drawn speculations, the gossamer threads of theory. The man who is possessed with an appetite for guilt finds the same aliment in such things as the hypochondriac for his malady in treatises upon medicine, or as the books of Aretine minister to a thoroughly depraved imagination. However unwillingly it may be acknowledged, crimes as well as madness are contagious. Mr. Godwin, who delights in the morbid anatomy of the heart, might produce a novel in illustration of this psychological fact. It is, we fear, in vain to express a wish that less publicity should be given to such cases: for while any thing is to be gained by making them public, that consideration will prevail over every other. Looking however to those causes which are within reach of discipline and law, certain it is that the increase of crimes is attributable in no slight degree to the abominable state of our prisons, which, for the most part, have hitherto been nurseries of licentiousness and schools of guilt, rather than places of correction, so that the young offender comes out of confinement in every respect worse than he went in.

A frightful picture of the state of Newgate has been laid before the public by Mr. Bennet. That gentleman, by his exertions upon this subject, and in behalf of those miserable children who have been called the white-negro slaves of England, is entitled to the thanks and the respect of all good men: the more is it to be re-

gretted that one whose feelings are so good, and whose intentions are so benevolent, should blindly pursue a course in politics which, if it were successful, would revive in London and Manchester the prison-scenes of Paris and Lyons. There are men whom it is better to have against us than with us,—men whose hearts and understandings are so tainted, that some evil motive may reasonably be suspected whenever, by any apparent eccentricity, they happen to take the right side. But it is a melancholy thing when benevolence is duped into an alliance with that principle of evil which is at work night and day for the destruction of laws, monarchy, religion, and social order.

It was very long before the prisons attracted any of that charitable feeling with which England has at all times abounded; nor is this to be wondered at, for the innocent and the meritorious have assuredly a stronger claim in their misfortunes upon sympathy and benevolence, than those who have drawn their wretchedness on themselves by chusing the evil part, and attempting to prey upon society. The first persons in this country who appear to have felt any compassion for the sufferings of guilt were the Methodists. Their founders at the beginning of their career visited the prisons. Afterwards one who had been connected with them was condemned for some petty robbery, and sent for a woman, remarkable for enthusiastic charity, to assist him with her prayers. Her name was Sarah Peters, and it deserves to be honourably recorded; for though the jail-distemper was at that time raging, she attended him and the other poor wretches who were under sentence of death, regularly for about three weeks, till they went to execution rejoicing in a full belief that their sins were forgiven; then she sickened and died of the infection to which she had exposed herself. Silas Told, a credulous and weak-minded but well-meaning man, accompanied her on these visits, and as long as he lived, which was about five and twenty years, he used to preach and pray with the condemned malefactors and accompany them to Tyburn. Since that time the Methodists have occasionally followed these examples, but it has not been a part of their economy to visit the prisons, and no institutions analogous to the *Misericordia* of certain Catholic countries has ever been formed in this. Indeed this kind of charity when confined to condemned criminals, though eminently meritorious in the individual, dies with its object, and effects little or nothing by example. It is at once the most painful and most unprofitable manner in which charity can be employed; the zeal which expends itself upon cases thus lost to society has frequently strayed into indiscreet and mischievous language, both in administering consolation, and in boasting of its success.

Of that charity which, tending directly to amend the guilty, is beneficial

neficial to the public as well as to its immediate objects, a memorable example has been given in Mrs. Fry and those other generous Quakers who have effected so great a change in the condition of the female prisoners in Newgate. Their zealous and well-directed benevolence is beyond all praise, and as it proceeds from the most exalted of all motives, true Christian charity—so beyond all doubt it carries with it the highest of all rewards. An army officer, one who was what the world calls a man of pleasure, was asked by some of his free companions what was the greatest pleasure he had ever felt. After pausing awhile, he replied—‘When we were on our march in Ireland, in a very hot day, I called at a cabin by the road side, and asked for a little water. The woman brought me a cup of milk. I gave her a piece of silver—and the joy which that poor creature expressed gave me the greatest pleasure I ever had in my life.’ ‘Now,’ says Wesley, by whom this story was related in one of his sermons, ‘if the doing good gave so much pleasure to one who acted from natural generosity, how much more must it give to one who does it on a nobler principle, the pure love of God and his neighbour!’

But as heroic virtue will not always supply the want of military discipline in war, so neither should it be depended upon for remedying the defects of civil institutions; nor indeed ought there to be a call upon the sublimest charity for a purpose which may be perfectly well effected by the machinery of good regulations. Separate the prisoners, according to their different degrees of criminality and hardihood in evil; provide instruction for all, with more or less of solitary confinement, according to their deserts; let no spirits or fermented liquors enter the prison; suffer no gambling there, or sports of any kind;—it is a place of penance,—a lazaret-house of guilt,—a hospital for the treatment of moral diseases. Toward those who evince a desire of amending their lives, let there be as much kindness and encouragement shown, as is consistent with their situation. Let the prison-fare be a penitentiary regimen, any improvement of which the patients must deserve by good conduct, and earn by their labour; and let a portion of their earnings be carried to account, and paid them when their confinement is at an end, and they leave the prison with habits of industry, regularity, sobriety, and temperance. However unpleasant their abode may have been, the greater part of the persons who have had these virtues forced upon them will look back upon the infirmary with gratitude, and will respect those laws by which they have been chastised in mercy, and saved from wretchedness and utter destruction. The prison at Philadelphia affords a model for such regulations, and they may be introduced wherever they are needful, with little difficulty, and sure success.

When the measure of punishment exceeds the offence, the laws are in contradiction to our natural sense of equity, and a hostile feeling towards them is excited, innocent and even honourable in its origin, but dangerous in its consequences. On the other hand, the laws are brought into contempt when they neither tend to reform the offender, nor in the slightest degree to prevent him from repeating the offence. It is not our present intention to inquire how far our laws are faulty in either respect, but we will venture to point out a very easy, and at the same time a very necessary and material reform. We venture to ask whether it be absolutely necessary that so many loop-holes should be left for the escape of guilt? Whether the purposes of justice are not sacrificed to the technicalities of law, which is sacrificing the end to the means? and whether the weight which is allowed to flaws and informalities in the practice of our courts, and the importance which is attached to things so utterly insignificant in themselves, be a whit more honourable to the profession of the law, than the grossest quackery is to the science of medicine?

The evil will be more clearly understood by general readers, and may perhaps strike professional ones more forcibly, if a few cases be stated to exemplify it. Some years ago a man was tried for forgery; the fact was proved against him, and his condemnation would have been certain, had it not been perceived just in time that his Christian name, which happened to be Bartholomew, had been abbreviated in the indictment. It was one of those cases, we believe, in which no person, not even the prosecutors themselves, could be sorry that the prisoner escaped; this however was merely accidental, and matters nothing to the point before us. There was no doubt of the man's identity, there was no doubt of his guilt; and what did it signify in the eyes of justice, or of common sense, whether his Christian name were written at full length or not? In a more recent case, a flaw of the same kind, and if possible still more contemptible, sufficed to save an offender from punishment, where there was certainly no room for compassion. The crime was the odious one of writing letters to threaten the life of a timid and defenceless woman, for the purpose of extorting money from her, and that too under circumstances of peculiar aggravation; and the guilty party was acquitted because the phrase *by-nights* in the letter had been written *by night* in the indictment! It might be expected that so flagrant an instance as this would have excited the attention of the legislature, and that paltry pedantries would no longer have been suffered to disgrace our courts by frustrating the very purpose for which laws were instituted. It is not long since an attempt was made to invalidate an indenture, because, though perfect in all its parts, the paper upon which it was written

written was straight at the top! The judge, upon hearing the objection, desired to look at the deed, and taking his scissors from his pocket, he quietly zigzagged it, and returned it to the party by whom the quibble had been started, as a valid instrument. Is there any imaginable reason why such flaws as those which we have instanced, should not in like manner be amended upon the spot, or overlooked, as unworthy even of the expense of time in amending them? Let us also be permitted to hint, as an additional reason for correcting this abuse, how possible it is that such flaws may not always be accidental.

Connected with this subject, there is another point which requires notice. Any person who can invent a new method of defrauding either individuals or the public may, in the present state of things, enjoy the fruits of his ingenuity with perfect safety, till a law be made, declaring the new invention to be criminal. The reader will recollect the case of Mr. Aslett. A more recent one is that of a stationer who prepared paper of extreme thinness in such a manner that when it was stamped, one stamp sufficed for three sheets, and the sheets being afterwards separated, the revenue was thus defrauded of two parts in three: when the trick was detected, it could not be punished, because no such fraud had been foreseen. And in the case of that nefarious manufactory of tea which has lately been brought to light, the persons upon whom the wholesale stock of this poisonous preparation was found, were liable to no punishment, because it could not be proved that they traded in the article. Surely such cases might be reached by some general provision. Nice points of casuistry are entrusted to our juries, such as were never contemplated when juries were instituted; cases of fraud are too palpable to be mistaken by them; and all minor degrees of punishment might safely be left to the discretion of the judge.

These indeed are not the reforms by which popularity is to be courted, and which the professors of humanity are ambitious of bringing forward; but they are among the means by which the only real reformation is to be effected; they are among the means by which the laws may be made more effectual, and criminals more sure of conviction and correction. Nor can it be doubted but that real reformation would be facilitated by the preventive measures upon which we have enlarged, and which it is in the power of the magistrates, the clergy, and the parochial officers to execute. From such measures, simple and easy as they are, the greatest good may be expected;—but more especially from general education, and most of all from careful religious instruction, without which education will be worse than useless. It is our business to sow the seed, and weed the ground well; we may then look with full assurance for the harvest. Let us do our duty in enacting new laws

where they are needful, and enforcing those which the wisdom of our ancestors has provided: we may then, to use the happy language of an old chronicler, trust 'that all things may continually amend from evil to good, from good to better, and from better to the best.'

ART. IV. *Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq. from the year 1736 to 1770.*

WE have here another volume of Letters, from an author who may decidedly claim pre-eminence for ease and liveliness of expression, terseness of remark and felicity of narration, above almost all the letter-writers of Britain. The peculiarities and even the foibles of Horace Walpole's character were such as led to excellence in this style of composition; and, although his correspondence has not always taught us to respect the man, the writer seldom fails to amuse us.

We know little of Horace Walpole's character but what his works and his letters lead us to infer, and these present extraordinary and strangely blended features. He was in politics, by principle, personal and hereditary, a determined Whig; yet no man seems to have held the profane vulgar in such sacred and aristocratic horror. In this particular, as in some others, he seems rather to have felt like a French noble than like an Englishman of rank. This contempt for the vulgar would naturally have been associated with the corresponding ambition of a man of family and fashion to distinguish himself at court; and it may be esteemed a contradiction, that Horace Walpole, the son of a prime minister, vain of his rank in society, should have spent the greater part of his life in the lists of opposition. Here, however, his Whig principles thwarted a strong natural propensity to breathe court air; for while he expatiates with ill-concealed complacency on the necessity of attending the Princess Amelia, and receiving the Duke of Cumberland or Duke of York, he finds it necessary to veil the glow of satisfied vanity with an affectation of ruffled philosophy and disturbed retirement.

'I will tell you how the calamity befel me, though you will laugh instead of pitying me. Last Friday morning, I was very tranquilly writing my *Anecdotes of Painting*—I heard the bell at the gate ring—I called out, as usual, "Not at home;" but Harry, who thought it would be treason to tell a lie, when he saw red liveries, owned I was, and came running up, "Sir, the prince of Wales is at the door, and says, he is come on purpose to make you a visit!" There was I, in the utmost confusion, undressed, in my slippers, and with my hair about my ears; there was no help, *insanum vatem aspiciet*—and down I went to receive him. Him was the duke of York. Behold my breeding of
the

the old court; at the foot of the stairs I kneeled down, and kissed his hand. I beg your uncle Algernon Sidney's pardon, but I could not let the second prince of the blood kiss my hand first. He was, as he always is, extremely good humoured; and I, as I am not always, extremely respectful.—p. 210.

Upon reading these and similar details, we are tempted to doubt the latter part of the author's assertion, that his behaviour at court consisted in mixing 'extreme politeness with extreme indifference,' and that, instead of the manner of the ancient philosophers, who knew not how to be disinterested without being brutal, he piqued himself on founding a new sect, who 'should tell kings, with excess of attention, that they don't want them, and despise favour with more good breeding than others practise in suing for it.' Notwithstanding protestations so earnestly and ostentatiously repeated, it requires but little knowledge of the human breast to observe that the 'royalties,' as he calls his intercourse with those illustrious persons, came much more home to his bosom than he was willing his correspondents should perceive. To this indeed it may be replied, that Walpole's rank, as well as the society in which he lived, made this intercourse with royalty both a natural occupation of his time and a fitting subject of his correspondence. But he was not satisfied to mention these things simply and without affectation, assigning them just the weight and importance which they deserve, but by labouring to persuade his correspondents that he regarded them with contempt, he took the strongest mode of shewing that he set too high a value on them. We think, too, that his principles of liberty would have been as purely illustrated without his perpetual and cold-hearted sneers at the death of Charles I. or that of Mary Stuart, for the last of which the warmest apologists have only rested their plea on that foundation of all political crimes, state-necessity.

There is something similar to this inconsistency in the affected contempt in which Walpole pretended to hold authors and men of learning, while he himself panted to share the honours they aspired to, and was perpetually on the stretch to obtain them. In this struggle he made great exertions, and evinced respectable talents. But the same affectation of contempt for what he really valued, which we have already noticed in another part of his character, prevented him from giving them fair play. He appears to have longed to step on the stage like Nero, clothed in purple, and holding a harp wrought with gold and ivory, and to have desired to arrogate the prize as due to the condescension which induced *un homme tel que lui* to give himself the trouble of making an effort to obtain it. Vanity, when it unfortunately gets possession of a wise man's head, is as keenly sensible of ridicule, as it is

impassible to its shafts when more appropriately lodged with a fool. Of the sensitiveness arising out of this foible Walpole seems to have had a great deal, and it certainly dictated those hard-hearted reproofs that repelled the warm effusions of friendship with which poor Madame du Deffand (now old and blind) addressed him, and of which he complained with the utmost indignation, merely because, if her letters were opened by a clerk at the post-office, such expressions of kindness might expose him to the ridicule of which he had such undue terror.

The same sensitive vanity dictated his conduct as a literary character. He affected to whistle his fugitive pieces down the wind to take their fortune, while in fact he watched their fate with all the jealous feelings of authorship. His correspondence with David Hume, on the subject of his 'Historic Doubts,' as he modestly entitled his curious remarks on the History of Richard III., is a remarkable example of this duplicity. He commences by inviting strictures and commentaries with an air of the most insidious modesty and gentlemanlike indifference for literary character; but when his hypothesis is impugned, he defends it not only with vigour but with obstinacy, and manifests considerable irritation at the opposition of the historian. In short, his predominant foible seems to have been vanity—a vanity which unfortunately required to be gratified more ways than one, and the appetite of which for popular applause was checked by a contrary feeling, similar to that ridiculed by Prince Hal, when he asks Poins whether it doth not shew vilely in a prince like him, to thirst after the poor creature small beer? It was perhaps in order to indulge both his love of rank and literature, without derogating, (as Cloten has it,) that he wrote his 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,' a work which might have diminished one article of his vanity, for to no equal number of writers, selected upon any other given principle, can there be ascribed such abundance of *platitude* and *inanity*.

Vanity is generally selfish, and we cannot altogether acquit Horace Walpole of this additional foible. As he loved learning, with a contempt, real or affected, for those who make it their pursuit, so he admired art without any wish to befriend or encourage living genius. The present work, as well as the former volumes, present too many instances of narrowness on this subject. In the following passage there appears a whimsical struggle betwixt the desire to possess a copy of a picture in enamel of the Duchesse de Grammont and the wish to screw it out of an artist of eminence at as low a rate as possible:—

'I am disposed to prefer the younger picture of Madame Grammont by Lely, but I stumbled at the price; twelve guineas for a copy

in enamel is very dear. Mrs. Vezey tells me his originals cost sixteen, and are not so good as his copies. I will certainly have none of his originals. His—what is his name? I would fain resist this copy; I would more fain excuse myself for having it; I say to myself, “it would be rude not to have it now Lady Kingsland and Mr. Montagu have had so much trouble.”—Well, *I think I must have it*, as my Lady Wishfort says, *why does not the fellow take me? Do try if he will not take ten.*—p. 282.

This wretched haggling did not, we believe, arise from general avariciousness of disposition. Horace Walpole seems to have been far from penurious; and when called upon to make some sacrifices to the necessities of the country at the expense of his patent offices, he met the investigation with a liberal and independent spirit. In his correspondence with General Conway, in which his character is seen to greater advantage than in any other series of his letters, he evinces himself to be capable of the most generous exertions, and repeatedly insists upon his friend's accepting a portion of an income certainly not more than sufficient for a person of his rank and habits. The paltry spirit which he frequently suffers to appear, when about to purchase the productions of modern art, the harshness and unkindness which he sometimes shows to Bentley, whose pencil and genius had rendered him so many services, place him almost in the anomalous situation of a man who, liberal to all others, was only penurious towards a beautiful and beloved mistress.

It is natural to suppose that the habits natural to celibacy and solitude may have increased this disposition towards the conclusion of his life. But in truth it was less the parting with the money than the jealousy and dislike which he entertained towards the actual professors of those arts of which he himself was an *amateur* practitioner, which closed, on this occasion, his hand, his house, and his heart. Upon his quarrel with Muntz, a painter of merit, whose talents he had engrossed at a butler's wages [100*l.* a year], and whose sole offence seems to have been discovering that he could do better for himself, he observes,

‘Poets and painters imagine *they* confer the honour when they are protected, and they set down impertinence to the article of their own virtue, when you dare to begin to think that an ode or a picture is not a patent for all manner of insolence.’—p. 183.

If we are tempted to inquire why ‘sharp-judging Adriel, himself a muse,’ did not complete the character as given by Dryden, and be ‘the muse's friend,’ we may find the reason in the fantastic aristocracy of Mr. Walpole's character. He would willingly have rendered genius and learning as dependent upon fortune and rank as in his day they existed in France; characters for whom the notice of the great and of the fashionable was sufficient reward—

oranges

oranges whose rind was worthless when the juice was sucked—wranglers to whom, when disturbed by the paltry squabbles of which he complains, an earl's brother, who had a Gothic plaything of a castle and six acres of ground, might cry, like the French officer to the Parisian pit, *Accordez vous, canaille*—danglers to be kept in attendance in the anti-chamber, and called in, at the intervals afforded by music and cards, to make sport, like Sampson before the Philistine nobles. He lived, however, to learn by experience that Sampson might pull down the temple on the heads of the lordly audience; and that there is no child's play in confining the power of a steam-engine to turn a lathe for a toy-shop, or in barring the powers of intellect from aspiring to their proper rank in the system of society.

In Britain the opinion of an individual, however distinguished, can be of little consequence, save to himself; and it is accordingly upon Mr. Walpole's own genius that his narrow and jealously-aristocratic feelings produced their natural effect. He was born with talents to have distinguished himself in the higher departments of literature, of which the 'Mysterious Mother,' however disgusting the subject, must always be a splendid monument. It is true, to use one of his own expressions in the volume before us, that when chusing a topic so dreadful it seemed as if he had loved melancholy till it palled on his taste, and was obliged to dram with horror. But the good old English blank verse, the force of character expressed in the wretched mother, and in several of the inferior persons, argue a strength of conception and vigour of expression capable of great things, and which involuntarily carry us back to the earlier æra of the English drama, 'when there were giants in the land.'

This composition however is the principal, if not the only proof which Walpole has bequeathed us of the great things which he might have performed, had he been left at liberty, instead of being immured within the imaginary Bastile of his rank, the airy yet impassable walls of which, like the operation of a magician's spell, condemned him to such a mincing pace, and trifling tone, as suited the petty circle to which he was limited by his imaginary consequence. His *Castle of Otranto*, notwithstanding the beauty of the style, and the chivalrous ideas which it summons up, cannot surely be termed a work of much power. In his *vers de société* we perpetually discover a laborious effort to introduce the lightness of the French *badinage*, into a masculine and somewhat rough language. His *Lives* are in the style of French *Mémoires*, and the criticism much of the same superficial and slight cast. In short, all the writings published in his lifetime were such as in Charles the Second's time might have suited 'a man of wit and pleasure

pleasure about town; or rather a French marquis of a later period, to whom it might indeed be permitted to take up a pen for an idle hour, but not to retain it until it soiled his fingers. And, we say it with some regret,—except in his letters, of which we shall presently speak,—our author seems, in these occasional compositions, to have ceased to possess the strong and sound feeling of an Englishman, without acquiring the light and graceful elegance of the rival country. What he would have wished to be thought may be conjectured from the following passage:

‘You cannot imagine how astonished a Mr. Seward, a learned clergyman was, who came to Ragley while I was there. Strolling about the house, he saw me first sitting on the pavement of the lumber room with Louis, all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar; then found me in his own room on a ladder writing on a picture; and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in my slippers and without my hat. He had had some doubt whether I was the painter or the factotum of the family; but you would have died at his surprise when he saw me walk in to dinner dressed and sit by Lady Hertford. Lord Lyttleton was there, and the conversation turned on literature: finding me not quite ignorant added to the parson’s wonder; but he could not contain himself any longer, when after dinner he saw me go to romps and jumping with the two boys; he broke out to my Lady Hertford, and begged to know who and what sort of a man I really was, for he had never met with any thing of the kind.’
—160.

Walpole probably wished Mr. Seward to infer that this versatility of employment indicated a man who only needed to give himself the trouble of study to become a second Admirable Crichton, but whose rank and station rather inclined him to ‘daff the world aside and bid it pass.’ But most of our readers will regret to see a man of real genius frittering away his time in trifles to ‘astonish the natives,’ and say of the passage, with Sir Hugh Evans, ‘Why this is affectations.’

It must however be allowed to Horace Walpole, that if he was so much deceived by his imaginary importance as to rest his literary ambition on becoming rather the Hamilton or Saint Simon, than the Fletcher or the Massinger of the age, he has fully attained his end, and left us one, and only one literary name to oppose to those of France

‘Who shine unrival’d in the light memoir.’

His *Reminiscences* of the reigns of George I. and II. make us better acquainted with the manners of these princes and their courts, than we should be after perusing an hundred heavy historians; and futurity will long be indebted to the chance which threw into his vicinity, when age rendered him communicative, the accomplished ladies to whom these anecdotes were communicated.

eated. In this point of view, his character, as given by Madame du Deffand, is likely to prove as true in the future as in the past. 'Vous avez du discernement, le tact très-fin, le goût très-juste, le ton excellent; vous auriez été de la meilleure compagnie du monde dans les siècles passés; vous l'êtes dans celui-ci, et vous le seriez dans ceux à venir.'—His certainty of success with posterity indeed will rest upon his letters and his Reminiscences. The last partake of the character of his correspondence, being written without study, arrangement, or that embarrassing constraint which usually attends an express purpose of publication, especially in a character like that of Walpole, who was internally solicitous about the general opinion of the public, which he affected to despise, and would at any time rather have struck out a beauty than have hazarded the encounter of a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. In his epistolary correspondence he was under no controul—he wrote to his selected friends without fear of derogation—that miserable apprehension which haunted him on other occasions, and which he endeavoured to propitiate by the use of the limited edition and the private press, like amateur actors who secure a favourable audience by taking no money at the door.

The Letters of Horace Walpole accordingly are master-pieces in their way. He never indeed touches upon important subjects of discussion either in science or in the fine arts; he was too much of a gentleman to take the trouble of it; neither is he so superfluous as to trouble himself much about the right and wrong in national measures. He only details the political changes of the times to indulge the curiosity of his correspondents, or his own talent for acute and satirical observation. Far less are we to look in his letters for any traces of deep or agitating passion, for fashion frames as many stoics as ever were trained by philosophy. The sorrows for a friend's death, or for the robbery of his pond of gold fishes, as they are expressed in his letters with becoming philosophy, may be read without violent sympathy. But that in which Walpole's letters shine unrivalled, is their accurate reflexion of the passing scenes of each day, pointed by remarks equally witty and sarcastic. A new Democritus seems to have assumed the pen, to sneer at the grave follies of the human species.

The variety of these letters, as well as their peculiar and lively diction, renders them very entertaining, and as the correspondence extends from 1736 to about 1770, it embraces many changes of scene both political and fashionable. The narratives of remarkable historical events, told without the form of history, and with those circumstances which add an interest and authenticity which history, dignified and fastidious as Walpole himself, sometimes discards too readily, come upon us unexpectedly, with an air of
novelty

poverty and veracity which reminds us that we hear the testimony of an eye-witness. We should look in vain to history for such traits of character as those which our author records of stout old Lord Balmerino when under sentence of death. When the death warrant came down he was at dinner, and his lady fainted. 'He said, "Lieutenant, with your d——d warrant you have spoiled my lady's stomach!"' In the same tone of resolution, 'at getting into the coach he said to the jailor, "take care, or you will break my shins with this d——d axe!"'—p. 31.

We have also an odd illustration of the truth of the first line in the following couplet, which begins an epigram ascribed to Johnson.

'Pitied by *gentle* minds Kilmarnock died,
The brave, Balmerino, were on thy side.'

'It will be difficult to make you believe to what heights of affectation or extravagance my lady Townshend carries her passion for my lord Kilmarnock, whom she never saw but at the bar of his trial, and was smitten with his falling shoulders. She has been under his windows, sends messages to him, has got his dog and his snuff-box, has taken lodgings out of town for to-morrow and Monday night; and then goes to Greenwich, forswears conversing with the bloody English, and has taken a French master. She insisted on lord Hervey's promising her he would not sleep a whole night for my lord Kilmarnock, "and in return," says she, "never trust me more if I am not as yellow as a jonquil for him." She said gravely t'other day, "Since I saw my lord Kilmarnock, I really think no more of Sir Harry Nisbett, than if there was no such man in the world." But of all her flights yesterday was the strongest. George Selwyn dined with her, and not thinking her affliction so serious as she pretends, talked rather jokingly of the execution. She burst into a flood of tears and rage, told him she now believed all his father and mother had said of him, and with a thousand other reproaches flung up stairs. George coolly took Mrs. Dorcas, her woman, and made her sit down to finish the bottle: "and pray, sir," said Dorcas, "do you think my lady will be prevailed upon to let me go see the execution? I have a friend that has promised to take care of me, and I can lie in the Tower the night before." My lady has quarrelled with Sir Charles Windham for calling the two lords malefactors.'—p. 35.

George Selwyn's passion for attending executions is as well remembered as his wit. Mr. Walpole has preserved many ludicrous instances of both.

'You know George never thinks but *à la tête tranchée*: he came to town t'other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal.'—p. 39.

This reminds us of another story of the same facetious person. When upbraided by a lady with the barbarity of going to see Lord Lovat's head cut off, he replied, that if he had been guilty
of

of impropriety to his lordship in that respect, he had done what he could to make amends, for he had gone to see it sewed on again.

The characters of those who played remarkable parts in the political drama during this correspondence are marked with characteristic touches. The *hubble-bubble* Duke of Newcastle, who, by dint of endless shuffling, cutting, and dealing, contrived, betwixt greatness and meanness, and without one atom of merit, to hold a conspicuous station in almost every administration of the period, is admirably sketched in one or two passages.

‘Those hands that are always groping, and sprawling, and fluttering and hurrying on the rest of his precipitate person; but there is no describing them but as Monsieur Courcelle, a French prisoner, did t’other day. *Je ne sçais pas, dit il, je ne sçaurois m’exprimer, mais il a un certain tatillonnage.* If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one should have a comparative idea of him.—p. 17.

The conduct and appearance of the same personage at his old master George the Second’s funeral is also admirably described; we are tempted to insert the whole passage, which is very striking, the grave part as well as the comic.

‘Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t’other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The prince’s chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaro scuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *man that is born of a woman*, was chaunted, not read; and the anthem,

anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected too one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance.

'This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of N———. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and, turning round, found it was the Duke of N——— standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble.'—pp. 222, 223.

The description of the figure and demeanour of our revered monarch when he first appeared as sovereign among the circle of his nobles, we now read with a natural feeling of the melancholy contrast. He was the first of the Brunswick line who united with the dignity of his situation the frank manner of an English gentleman. How his example has been followed since his retirement reminds us of the lines which Shakspeare places in the mouth of the gallant and graceful Henry V.

'This is the English not the Turkish court,
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry.'———

'For the king himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy every body; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about and speaks to every body. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well.'—p. 222.

There are readers to whom Henry Fielding may be a more interesting personage than princes, or statesmen, or men of fashion. The following anecdote of his *vie privée* is more remarkable than pleasing. Rigby and Bathurst had carried a servant of the latter, who had attempted to shoot him, before poor Fielding in his degrading vocation of a trading justice.

'He sent them word he was at supper, that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they

they found him banquetting with a blind man, a w——, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilized.'—pp. 58, 59.

In the account of his own pursuits in the minor branches of antiquity, landscape-gardening, and literature, which Walpole made the subject of his study, these letters are equally lively and instructive. He had indeed in these particulars, as in others, lowered and restrained his natural taste and genius by drawing a tacit comparison between his own labours and improvements upon the Liliputian scale of Strawberry Hill and the gigantic productions of nature and art elsewhere, and giving a preference to the former out of habit perhaps, as much as personal vanity. His taste was exquisite, but degraded and narrowed by the limited sphere in which it was exercised; he lost sight of truth and simplicity, and by imitating in little that which derived its character and importance from existing on a grand scale, his buildings have come to resemble the 'make-believe' architecture of children. Thus he lost his sense of the magnificent, and saw in Blenheim only Vanbrugh's quarries, 'a place as ugly as the house, and the bridge that, like the beggars at the Duchess's gate, begged but a drop of water, and was refused.' We own, therefore, we tremble at the consequences of his transformations when he describes himself as a travelling Jupiter at Philemon's cottage, at a friend's family seat, where he demolished the paternal intrenchments of walls and gardens, to substitute Kent-fences and white rails of his own designing, and completed the landscape with the transformation of a cottage into a church, by the elevation of a steeple upon one end of it!

Yet with this acquired rather than natural incapacity of estimating the picturesque *sublime*, Walpole's descriptions of the old mansions which he visited, with his enthusiasm for their towers and turrets, halls and battlements, chapels and china-closets, wainscot cabinets and enamelled pairs of bellows, 'for such there were,' (p. 322,) place every scene he chooses to represent in a lively manner before the reader's eyes.

The reader will easily conceive that it is not in the letters of Horace Walpole engaged either in the whirlwind of fashionable dissipation, or in the limited and somewhat selfish enjoyment of his own trivial though elegant pursuits, that he is to look for moral maxims. His observations on human life, however, whenever such happen to drop from his pen, are marked by strong sense and

and knowledge of mankind. When he tells us that 'moral reflexions are the lively one likes to wear after real misfortune,' or cautions us 'against beginning a course of civility with those who are indifferent to us, because at length we cannot help showing that we are weary of them, and consequently give more offence than if we had never attempted to please them,' we recognize the keen penetrating man of the world. But our most useful lesson will perhaps be derived from considering this man of the world, full of information, and sparkling with vivacity, stretched on a sick bed, and apprehending all the tedious languor of helpless decrepitude and deserted solitude.

'I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures, but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever stoop to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! let the gout do its worst as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs.'—p. 363.

There still remains another view, in which these letters may be regarded as the entertaining and lively register of the gay and witty who have long fluttered and flirted over the fashionable stage, till pushed off by a new race of *persifleurs* and titterers. The following is a diverting instance of the *tale of the day*, narrated by one man of fashion for the benefit of another.

'You must know then,—but did you know a young fellow that was called handsome Tracy? He was walking in the park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty; they followed them, but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. (There are now three more guns gone off; she must be very drunk.) He followed to Whitehall gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them—he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven-street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters, and in the last offered two hundred pounds a-year to her, and a hundred a-year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. "Aye," says she, "but if I should; and should lose him by it." However the measures of the cabi-

net council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing: she would go no where. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him, that if he would accept such a dinner as a butter-woman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven-street; the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May-fair. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the king, but that he had a brother over the way, who perhaps would, and who did. The mother borrowed a pair of sheets, and they consummated at her house; and the next day they went to their own palace. In two or three days the scene grew gloomy; and the husband coming home one night, swore he could bear it no longer. "Bear! bear what?"—"Why to be teased by all my acquaintance for marrying a butterwoman's daughter. I am determined to go to France, and will leave you a handsome allowance."—"Leave me! why you don't fancy you shall leave me? I will go with you."—"What, you love me then?"—"No matter whether I love you or not, but you shan't go without me." And they are gone! If you know any body that proposes marrying and travelling, I think they cannot do it in a more commodious method.—pp. 51—53.

The revels of the gallant and the fair are described in such lively colours as lead us to believe that our own period has gained something in decency, if not in virtue. No wit of the present day would, like George Selwyn, set down Mrs. Dorcas, to assist him with her conversation when the lady had left him in a pet. And the scene of the stewed chickens at Vauxhall, where three or four women of fashion and their gallant attendants call in Betty the orange-girl to sup at a little table beside them, is much too scandalous for modern decorum.

The names of the performers in these gaieties are in the published work only marked by initials. A key, however, with the names at length, is in private circulation, not unnecessarily certainly, since without it posterity might find some difficulty in explaining the innuendo. Even in the present day, it would seem, the interpretation of several initials is doubtful or erroneous. Thus the 'little B——,' mentioned p. 81, is explained to be *Booth*, whereas upon looking at the context, which refers to the improvement of Warwick Castle, it appears plainly to stand for *Brooke*, the second title of that family. Alas! Oblivion has already laid him down in the houses of the fashionables of the eighteenth century! The *dandies* and the dowagers commemorated in these letters, 'the apes and the peacocks from Tarsus,' to borrow a phrase from Yorick's sermons, 'are all dead upon our hands,' and little

is preserved of them, even by the report of those who mingled in their society. Of the person to whom the letters are addressed it is only remembered that he was a gentlemanlike body of the *vieille cour*, and that he was usually attended by his brother John, (the Little John of Walpole's correspondence,) who was a midshipman at the age of sixty, and found his chief occupation in carrying about his brother's snuff-box. On the present occasion this lesser Teucer may be compared to the black and white cur with one ear, by whose constant attendance some persons of strong memory were enabled to recal to mind the important 'P. P. clerk of the parish,' almost five years after he was dead. The same may be said of many other heroes and heroines mentioned in these epistles. To these persons, and to their forgotten loves, foibles, and intrigues the genius of Walpole has given a kind of reminiscence, and enabled them to float down to posterity with the belle Stuart, the Warmesters, the Jennings, and the Wetenhalls of Grammont. Like the stag of the fable, he mistook the qualifications which did him most honour. That he lived in the first fashionable circles, or rather that he set an undue value upon his advantages in this respect, was a decided obstacle to his success as a man of literature: but that he was, notwithstanding, still distinguished by literary talent will be the means of preserving the names of that worshipful society on which he prided himself, and which would otherwise have been long since forgotten.

ART. V.—*A Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia, in the year 1817.* Fourth Edition. pp. 208. London. 1818.

THERE are some spirits so strangely constituted, that though zealous and able allies in the hour of danger, they cannot bear to witness a too complete success of the cause in which they have laboured. If we desire to retain their friendship we must submit to be always in need of their help, since the first moment of our triumph will be the last of their good-will, and we may think ourselves fortunate if they do not thenceforth seek to pull down the edifice which they themselves have toiled to raise. Like the Brownies of rural superstition, they will clean a dirty house and arrange disordered furniture; but, if nothing good or useful is left for them to do, their morbid activity begins to seek for aliment in the work of subversion and defilement.

To this description of goblins, or something like it, we are inclined to refer the gallant and ingenious person, whom, on authority which his present predilections render decisive, we are instructed

to consider as the author of the present treatise. There are some, indeed, of his new political connexions, who (by their elaborate recapitulation of his ancient services, and their strictures on the supposed neglect which those services have met with) would seem to insinuate another and a less amiable cause for the singular turn which his politics have lately taken. *Robin Goodfellow*, it seems, (to preserve the parallel of Milton's 'drudging fiend,') when he had swept the house and helped to thrash the corn, did not find 'his cream-bowl duly set' in the chimney corner; and has, therefore, not only deserted his ancient post, but sends forth these doleful shrieks which alarm the peaceable neighbourhood. '*While covered with orders from all the foreign sovereigns who had been the eye-witnesses of his exploits, he never once received a simple knighthood from the dispensers of honours in his own country.*' Of such an omission (which we, perhaps, regret) we cannot pretend to know the cause. But it is morally impossible that a ribband more or less can have so weighed with a British major-general, as that the fancied or real ingratitude of his country should have rendered him thus envious of her laurels, and transformed him from the zealous and faithful advocate of her good name into the prophet of her approaching fall, and the public accuser of her supposed injustice and tyranny. Of Sir Robert Wilson, above all, we hope far better things; and great as is the change which has taken place in his sentiments and conduct, we would willingly ascribe to no worse cause than energy deprived of its natural and accustomed vent, that disease of the soul whose unfortunate symptoms it is our present duty to consider.

The present volume professes to be a review of the political and military power of the Russian empire, and it was occasioned, as its author tells us, by two anonymous articles in a German and an English newspaper; the one extolling the strength of Russia at the expense of all the other states of Europe: the other contending that, great as she doubtless is, she has not the means, even if she should hereafter manifest the disposition, to reduce Austria, Prussia, France and Britain to slavery. Sir R. Wilson is too well read in journals to let such important documents escape his attention. He invests, forthwith, these squabbles of editors with an official and national character; he is apprehensive that 'Russia must regard this *gratuitous* publication' (why *gratuitous*, when, on his own shewing, the article in the English newspaper was in *answer* to an attack commenced in the Frankfort periodical work?) 'of opinions hostile to her professions, and admonitions insulting to her power, as a proceeding *indecorously* expressive of jealousy and apprehension.'—(p. 5.) And, accordingly, he not only republishes, at full length, the obnoxious article, so as to give it all the increased

increased circulation which his work could obtain for it, but subjoins two hundred pages of commentary, of which the whole purport is to let loose again the dogs of war, and to sow dissension between nations which hitherto have fought side by side, and each found cause for joy in her comrade's glory and prosperity! A commentary in which he tells Russia that England is a helpless and easy prey; and England, that Russia is already gaping wide to devour her; in which the one is animated to aggression, and the other goaded on by the strongest motives of despair and indignation, to what Sir Robert himself regards as useless distrust and hostility! And all this because an English journal has expressed itself with better hope of the final safety of our country! How many people are there in Europe who have seen the article in question, except in Sir Robert Wilson's pages? In the recollection of how many of those who had seen it would it have been preserved for a week, if he had not thus embalmed it?—How can the greater part of the European or English public be confident that such an article has ever existed except in his work—or that he has not himself contrived it as a peg to hang his treatise on; like the garrulous hero of the well-known tale, who pretended to hear a gun go off, that he might the better introduce his gun-powder disquisition?—We do not say this as thinking disrespectfully of the passage which Sir Robert has thus rescued from oblivion, but the positions maintained in which he has by no means succeeded in refuting; we say it to prove how absurd, even on his own principles, the gallant officer's conduct has been, and how little suited to the character of a practised statesman or an enlightened patriot.

It is true that he has subjoined some observations, of which the professed purpose is to deter us from provoking Russia, by telling us that she is above our match. The purport of his Essay is not to *recommend war*, (marry, heaven forbid!) nor is it to point out any other means of escaping ruin. He only writes to tell us that we have sealed our doom; that we have ruined ourselves beyond redemption, and that the orb of our glory is gone down for ever, amid the hatred and curses of mankind. With these agreeable suggestions he comes to comfort our last moments, as the ordinary of Newgate consoled Jonathan Wild by the assurance of his final reprobation! or, at best, for, to do the gallant general justice, he has dropped some hints of the nature of that extreme unction which he would yet prescribe to us,—we have only to bring back Napoleon from St. Helena,—to re-establish him in all the possessions which he occupied in 1810,—and begin the work anew which we have now done so much *too thoroughly*. Thus, indeed, with Sir Robert Wilson's friends in the cabinet, and himself, instead of the Duke of Wellington, at the head of our army, it is highly probable

that we shall not, a second time, depress France so much, as to be again in danger of the overwhelming power of Russia. All this he seems to hint, for we do not know how to explain his expressions of 'restoring France to Europe,' unless it be that Europe is to be restored to France. But he hints it in a manner which implies that he has little confidence in his own *nostrum*,—that the patient, in his eyes, already wears the '*faciem Hippocraticam*,'—and that the only renown which a physician can derive from her is to have foretold her approaching dissolution.

Is, then, the gallant author ignorant of the effect which such prognostications ordinarily produce on an individual or a community of high spirit and no contemptible remains of vigour? If he were himself roused from his slumber by the agreeable intelligence—'A strong man is breaking into the house to bind you,—but, lie quiet for your life!—do not attempt to cock your pistols or to draw your sword!—do not venture so much as to bolt your chamber door, or lift your head from the pillow,—for he is very strong,—and his intentions are alarmingly hostile!—Hark!—he is coming up stairs,—and shortly it will be a mere joke to think of resistance.—But, I would not advise you to resist even now;—for he is very strong,—and you are a weak and pitiful fellow, without a friend in the world!'—would the Sir Robert Wilson whom we once knew have been lulled into acquiescence by such an harangue; or would not every word which called in question his powers of preserving his honour and freedom have inflamed him with fresh desire to encounter his vaunted adversary? And is a high-minded nation like ours to be told of plans now gradually maturing for her overthrow; and to be exhorted, at the same time, to hold herself still, till those plans shall be fully developed and irresistible? or is there any British officer who would refrain from the exclamation of our ancient warrior on an occasion almost similar—

'What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be said!—Forage and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh!

As a lover of peace, then, this author's conduct is sufficiently inconsistent and absurd. But there are, we grieve to say it, anomalies still more revolting and still less consistent with his former self, in the volume now before us. A transfer of affections from one political party to another, is an event too common to excite surprise, and may be so completely justified by a man's change of opinions, that it can with still less reason be made a subject of bitter censure. But there are some changes of sentiment to which no extenuation can apply, inasmuch as they do not refer to the persons
by

by whom our country is governed, but to the country herself, and her national renown and prosperity; no less than to the eternal distinctions of right and wrong, and the principles of justice and humanity. We can understand and tolerate the feelings of those Englishmen, who, while they sincerely rejoice in Buonaparte's fall, and in the laurels won by their country, have felt a wish that the guidance of measures so successful had rested with their own political favourites. We can tolerate those old-fashioned whigs

'Who greatly venerate our martial glories,
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.'

But we, certainly, were somewhat surprized, to find an English historian of Napoleon's overthrow, omitting all mention of the British army and the Duke of Wellington among the causes which led to it. We did not anticipate the possibility that a British soldier, of whatever political party, could have mentioned or alluded to the field of Waterloo in terms of depreciation and indifference; or that Sir Robert Wilson, above all, should become the eulogist of Buonaparte, and the apologist of those very actions which his own pen was the first to point out to general horror and execration!

For a change like this last no tolerable excuse can be pleaded. It is not a change in *opinion* occasioned by the discovery of *facts* before unknown; it is not the amends which an honourable mind is ever forward to make to a person whom he had unknowingly *misrepresented*. The *facts* remain the same, now that he seeks to extenuate them, as when he roused, against the massacre and poisoning of Jaffa, the indignation of the civilized world. Yet it *then* never occurred to him that Buonaparte was justified in the murder of those prisoners from whom he could apprehend no possible danger, because, in a barbarous age,—amid the confusion of a doubtful victory, and the alarm of a renewed attack on his already exhausted army,—our Henry the Fifth issued (but, be it recollected, immediately *recalled*) an order of the like bloody character.—p. 68. It is the *heart*, not the *opinion*, which has been, in this instance, changed; the feelings which are perverted, not the judgment which is convinced;—he is angry with his own country; he mourns for Buonaparte; and to sentiments of this kind, his sentiments (for what reason he best knows) of right and wrong are accounted but a trivial sacrifice.

Over infirmities like these it would be the part of ancient friendship to draw a veil, and we owe so much to Sir Robert Wilson's former exertions in the cause of freedom and civil government, that we should have gladly passed over the present work in silence, did not the degree of notoriety which it has excited, and the momentous importance of the questions discussed in it, compel us to examine more closely what, in itself, deserves but little attention, and would

hardly have outlived the monthly packet of 'Tristia' from St. Helena, if it had not been universally ascribed to the historian of the Egyptian war.

It is not unworthy of notice that, while these observations are addressed to England, in English, against the exorbitant power of Russia, the Abbé de Pradt (to whose former work on the Congress of Vienna, Sir Robert Wilson is very much obliged) is deafening Russia and the other continental powers with outcries against the irresistible navy and intolerable monopoly of England. We once thought of bringing these worthies face to face, and allowing them to confute each other. But on the Abbé de Pradt we have already bestowed enough of our time, and, in truth, but little would be gained by exposing the inconsistency of clamours intended for different ears, and calculated to stimulate the evil passions of opposite parties. What do the jacobins care for the agreement or disagreement of those authors, who, whether intentionally or not, are serving their cause, and giving currency to their malignant insinuations? It is enough for them to make Russia and England hate and distrust each other,—but it would be glorious indeed if they could persuade the watchman to let in the wolf for fear of being bitten by the mastiff, or induce the guardians of St. Helena, out of pure regard for the peace of mankind, to recall those good old times and that approved detester of bloodshed, under whose gentle rule the nations were gathered together, till the flowery band was broken by Blucher and Wellington!

Sir Robert Wilson, having explained the motives for his publication, begins by certain awful truisms with which every one was previously acquainted, such as that Russia is comparatively a new power in Europe,—that Peter the First was the founder of her greatness,—but that the Empress Catherine made considerable conquests,—and then proceeds to state with equal confidence, that the partition of Poland was a contrivance of Russian policy, and that Prussia and Austria were only panders to the ambitious views of their mighty neighbour.

'Poland was a central bulwark, which, by connecting Stockholm and Constantinople, and indenting itself into the Russian military line of defence, rendered successes obtained still precarious, and a subjugated people restless subjects. Favourable moments were seized. The most important position in Europe for her preservation was occupied (two great European powers assisting, whilst the others remained supine spectators), and a warlike independent nation, which formed the garrison, was partitioned as lawful spoil amongst the pretended guardians "of her safety and tranquillity."

Now all this is the mere vulgar error of those coffee-house politicians of Paris, and those borough patriots of Southwark, who have

have never ceased to hate and calumniate Russia as the most formidable antagonist of their idol Buonaparte; and who, even now, can hardly forgive Sir Robert Wilson his former exertions in her favour. Poland, at the time of its partition, was *not* the bulwark of Europe; she was not even, in any thing more than name, an independent nation. For twenty years before she had been as effectually under the tutelage of Russia, as Holland and Spain, notwithstanding their nominal kings, were under that of Buonaparte. The 'warlike' spirit of Poland was only formidable to her own citizens; the republican party was dispersed or dispirited; the king was surrounded by Russian guards; the leading members of the diet were awowedly in the interest and the pay of Russia; Stanislaus Poniatowsky was the creature of that court, and a discarded minion of the Empress Catherine; and the real effective sovereignty resided in the person of the Russian ambassador. Under such circumstances, of which it is absurd to suppose Sir Robert Wilson ignorant, it is something strange to maintain that Russia could desire the partition of a country of which the whole was, to almost all necessary objects, at her disposal,—or the extinction of a nominal kingdom which she has since taken the earliest opportunity of reviving. And it is a fact, we believe, as well known as any other in the modern history of Europe, that the plan of partition originated *exclusively* with Prussia, that it was proposed to Russia in the last instance, and after the concurrence of Austria had been obtained; and that Russia was induced, with great reluctance, and by the pressure of the Turkish war, to an arrangement obviously intended to raise a stronger barrier to her influence than was afforded by the mock independence of Poland. That all the three powers behaved most infamously, there can be no question; but, so far from accelerating, it is probable that the partition has retarded the subjection of the entire Polish kingdom to Russia. What Sir Robert Wilson has written, however, on this subject, is no insufficient specimen of the historical accuracy and political reasoning of the present volume.

There is one fact, which Sir Robert Wilson has mentioned in this stage of his treatise, and which, though not new, (indeed which of his facts are new?) we shall beg our readers to bear in mind, namely, that 'Suvorof never could bring into the field an army of 40,000 effective men.'—p. 8.

Sir Robert Wilson proceeds to furnish us the important intelligence that the Emperor Paul had laid a plan of marching to India—that he was assassinated by his nobles and soldiery—that the Emperor Alexander was brought up by La Harpe, and was a prince of great promise—that the battles of Austerlitz, Jena, &c. were gained by Buonaparte,—and all this idle prattle, which might have been heard in every bookseller's shop, and read in every newspaper

paper on the continent, is plentifully interspersed with *italics*, as if the facts disclosed were of momentous interest and novelty.

We are now, however, advancing to more recent times, and times in which the information of the author might, if ever, be expected to be really original and valuable. And here, we confess, we were a little surprized to learn that, in the campaign of Moscow, Buonaparte was really successful!—that his ‘gigantic project was executed in all those parts which opposed, as had been presumed, insurmountable obstacles to his success;’—that ‘he had rendered the re-establishment of Poland an optional measure;’—that ‘his advance on Moscow, which vanity dictated, to commemorate the glory of the conquest, could have been attended with no disaster or even inconvenience, if political speculations had not induced a continuation in that capital beyond twenty days;’—and that, after all, ‘the French army would have regained their position on the Dwina and Boristhenes without any serious injury, had it not been for a sudden intense frost, and a total neglect to provide *horse-shoes suitable to the climate*, excepting for Napoleon’s own horses!’—pp. 23, 24.

If Buonaparte had really, as is here supposed, the option of re-establishing Poland, it is manifest that the half measures which he pursued, and the manner in which he trifled with the expectations of that unfortunate country, were unworthy of a great and liberal politician,—no less than an advance to Moscow, dictated by vanity only, was unworthy of an experienced captain. Again: to advance to Moscow without an object, and with the previous intention of *retreating* immediately, was a strange way of administering to the *vanity* of his troops; since the world, we believe, is generally apt to suspect some ulterior views in all such forward movements,—and to construe a return of the kind contemplated by Sir Robert Wilson into something like defeat and discomfiture. When Mas-sena retired from Portugal, we believe the *vanity* of his soldiers was not very greatly elevated by their having advanced to the neighbourhood of Lisbon,—nor did he venture to tell the world that, when he commenced his invasion of that country, he had never calculated on doing more. There was an ancient king of France, whose prowess to this effect is celebrated in the songs of our childhood. But, to ‘march up a hill’ with the express and sole intention of marching ‘down again’ was surely far less absurd than the act of conducting an army three hundred miles, from Wilna to Moscow, for no better reason than to say that he had been there. Nor do we think so meanly of Buonaparte’s abilities as to suppose that, if he had really set out from Poland with the intention of returning thither before the winter shut in, he would have neglected to provide magazines for the support of his retreating army; or
that

that so obvious a precaution as *proper horse-shoes* would have been forgotten, if his retreat, when it took place, had been an expected or even a *voluntary* measure. Of course we cannot contest, with an officer of Sir Robert Wilson's experience, the question how far an army, *infantry and all*, may be destroyed for want of being rough-shod;—we will not even stay to inquire, whether the author would have himself suggested King Lear's 'delicate stratagem,' of using *felt* for that purpose, over icy roads. But it is somewhat strange that, if the want of horse-shoes had been so total and calamitous in the French army as he supposes, not one of the different military writers, who were partakers in its sufferings, should have enumerated this among the causes of its exemplary destruction.

To a sudden, though not, as Sir Robert Wilson supposes, an unusually *severe* or *early* frost, we are as fully disposed as he can be, to ascribe the completion of that ruin which overthrew the hopes of the mighty. But we must also persist in joining to this awful interposition of Heaven, the infatuated and overweening confidence of Buonaparte in his own power and destiny, an infatuation which led him to aim at the overturn of Russia when he ought to have applied all his efforts to the renovation of Poland, and which induced him to linger in a dismantled city, at a season when every hour was valuable, and when at every moment that frost might be looked for which found him, at last, unprepared.

There is yet another cause of Buonaparte's overthrow, to which Sir Robert Wilson attaches less importance than we do—we mean the admirable discipline and bravery of the Russian army; backed, as it was in the whole extent of country which the invader traversed, by the loyalty and zeal of a hardy and, on the whole, (as Sir Robert Wilson truly states,) a happy and prosperous peasantry, with whom his troops found it impossible to establish a friendly communication, and who were as warmly interested for the honour of Russia as the proudest nobles of Moscow. Where our author picked up his rumour of proposals made to Napoleon, and refused by him, for exciting a servile war, we cannot tell. No doubt there are, in all countries, men of disappointed hopes and desperate characters, who are ready to undertake or suggest any scheme, however wicked or preposterous, in behalf of a public enemy. But, we will venture to say, the author of this proposal (if such a proposal were really made) was as ignorant as the French themselves were of the Muscovite character, if he believed that their peasants, even the most oppressed and discontented among them, would join the cause of a *Niemetsky* invader.*

As

* '*Niemetsky*,' a term of reproach applied to all who cannot speak Slavonian.—We cannot

As to the various anecdotes which follow of misconduct on the part of the Russian commanders at that period, we are inclined, for the following reasons, to attach but little weight to them:—As, by the author's own statement, they were pretty nearly counter-balanced by the oversight of the horse-shoes, and various other blunders in the French army,—they can prove, and are, apparently, intended to prove nothing more than a position which we are not called on to combat,—that Sir Robert Wilson himself is a more skilful commander than either Kutusoff or Buonaparte. Nor, allowing to the utmost extent, the facts alleged, can we think it by any means unusual or extraordinary that, in operations so extensive and so hurried, many opportunities may have been lost, and many errors committed, which, though they might not escape the eye of an acute bystander, would not very materially affect the issue of the war, or the military reputation of either general. We are, too, a little in doubt whether a bye-stander is always a competent judge of the details of a campaign, or the movements of armies, with whose wants and the obstacles with which they have to contend, he is often imperfectly acquainted. We are men of peace ourselves, but we are not so ignorant of the usual chit-chat of head-quarters, as to attach any implicit faith to all the *curious facts* which a foreigner is sure to pick up there, or to be blind to the extreme difficulty with which authentic information is to be obtained even by those best qualified to make inquiries. Sir Robert Wilson is, we believe, himself acquainted with an officer of high rank and of considerable reputation as 'an able partizan,' who, nevertheless, thought fit to enliven a period of inaction during the Spanish war, by dispatching to head-quarters a false report of a victory gained by the corps under his command; a circumstance which, to say no more of it, has had a considerable effect in making us incredulous as to military details derived from extra-official sources.

We are next presented with an idle story of a *private conversation* between the Emperor Alexander and the Crown-Prince of Sweden, in which the former is said to have expressed himself favourably to certain views of the latter on the succession to the French throne. (p. 38.) We call this an *idle* story because, if true, it is nothing to the purpose of the present volume:—it does not shew either ambition or treachery on the part of Russia, since it amounts to no more than that, if the will of the French people had called Bernadotte to the throne, Alexander would not have

not agree with our author in stating the comforts of a Russian peasant to be greater than those usually enjoyed by an Englishman. But he was, certainly, given a more accurate representation of their condition than Dr. Clarke, and we would wish him, therefore, to reflect, how improbable it is that they whom he speaks of as the happiest clowns in the world, should yet be eager to adopt the wildest schemes of a revolutionary war.

opposed

opposed their choice. But where was Sir Robert Wilson when these words were spoken, or from what better authority than the booksellers' shops of Paris and Vienna has he received them?—or how is it to be endured that a conversation in its nature most private, and which neither of the parties concerned were, for their own sakes, likely to communicate to an Englishman, an accredited bookmaker and a retailer of secret histories, should be as confidently given between inverted commas, as if it were extracted from their published correspondence or avowed state-papers?

Due praise, and no more than due is given to the admirable firmness and unwearied activity of Alexander, during the invasion of his territories and his subsequent advance into Germany; and a fact is stated, respecting the amount of the Russian forces, which we must again request the reader to bear in mind—namely, that the whole number of troops which, under circumstances peculiarly stimulating, the undivided energies of their empire could supply to act in Germany, was, including Cossacks and Bashkirs, a hundred and forty thousand men. (pp. 41, l. 4—42, l. 7.)

On the account here given of the battle of Lutzen we have no observations to make. In speaking of the operations which followed, Sir Robert's zeal for Buonaparte's reputation has, we conceive, outrun his knowledge:—thus he tells us (pp. 45, 46) that the allies had been completely unsuccessful in all their enterprizes down to the 16th of October inclusive; and that the retreat and concentration of Buonaparte's troops, *in the neighbourhood of Leipzig*, was only in consequence of his having learned, through General Meerfeldt, that Bavaria meditated defection. But (p. 54) we are also told, that, at the time of his retreat from Dresden, and the concentration of his troops near Leipzig, he was '*ignorant of the Bavarian defection*,' and therefore '*left St. Cyr in Dresden with nearly thirty thousand men.*' To such strange inconsistencies are those idolaters of Napoleon reduced, who will not allow that their deity has experienced defeat, and must yet account for measures which defeat only could render necessary or advisable.

Still more remarkable, however, are Sir Robert's lamentations for the treatment which his favourite received from the government of Switzerland, who permitted the allied troops to advance through their territory. '*That a free people,*' he exclaims, '*the descendants of William Tell, enjoying their independent neutrality, allowed to preserve it, and in a position to maintain it, should abandon, yield, or negotiate away a right so important for their country, and so solemnly declared to be inviolable, was only to be conceived by those who hold that public virtue is but an Utopian theory.*' (p. 59.)

How strangely can faction and a few months' conversation with the Jacobin coteries of Paris corrupt even the best understanding!

The

The Sir Robert Wilson of former days would have been himself the first to reply, in answer to such idle cant as this, that it was precisely because the Swiss *were* the countrymen of William Tell that they exulted in the deliverance of Europe from a far heavier yoke than that which Austria had in former times endeavoured to impose on their ancestors. He would have shewn that it was because they really desired to be 'in a condition to *maintain* their independent neutrality' in the quarrels of Europe, and not merely to be '*allowed* to preserve it' at the pleasure of an overbearing neighbour; that they rejoiced to see that conqueror humbled whose gigantic empire girt in their small domain. He would have shewn that it was because the Swiss had not forgotten the recent heroism of Reding and his fellow-patriots that they were anxious to see the consummation of that great work in which those brave men had shed their blood, and to shake off that subjection to the dictates of France which their author calls independence. Does Sir Robert Wilson seriously believe that, if the government of the Swiss confederacy had ventured to oppose the passage of the allies, the Swiss nation would not have behaved as the Saxon and Prussian nations had already done, and either compelled their rulers to a change of policy, or, in spite of those rulers, have followed the bent of their own enthusiasm? Is he not well aware (however it may now suit his purpose to forget the fact) that in all these countries, and in every country of the continent, it was with *the people*, not with their government, that the spirit of opposition to the French power began?—or what Lethe has washed out of his brain the many circumstances of aggravation and injury, the extinction of commerce, the suppression of public feeling, the undesired interference, the intolerable protection, which in Switzerland, as in Holland and Germany, made the great body of the commonalty detest Buonaparte and his empire with a degree of bitterness which no former conqueror has provoked from the victims of his ambition?

Of the days which followed, and which ended in the capture of Paris and the treaty of 1814, 'the transactions,' as Sir Robert Wilson observes, 'are familiar to the public recollection;' and he has therefore thought fit to give a view of them, not only entirely at variance with the general impression of Europe concerning them, but, we will venture to say, with the impressions of some of the best informed military observers of the time, and who, instead of receiving their details from the orators of the Palais Royal, were really with the armies, and sharers in their glory and anxiety. The following is Sir Robert Wilson's statement of Buonaparte's conduct of that memorable struggle:—

'With *sixty thousand* brave and indefatigable men he baffled the operations

rations of two hundred thousand for more than six weeks; obtained victories which obliged Alexander to seek the Austrian commander in his bed, at four o'clock in the morning, "*to desire he would instantly expedite a courier to Chatillon, with orders for the signature of the treaty of peace, as agreed to by the French negotiator,*" until he heard, unfortunately for his master, Napoleon, of those very successes, which made the *Emperor of Austria*, with one nobleman and one servant, fly, in a German droska, for safety to Dijon, and remain there thirty hours virtually a prisoner, and strictly one if any Frenchman had done his duty—victories, which threw the allied army, then only one hundred and twenty thousand strong, with the sovereigns between the city of Paris and his cannon, without any line of communication with the Rhine, or any intermediate magazines, &c. without any ammunition, and without any stores, except such as were in movement with the army itself—victories which screwed them, as it were, in a vice, from which, if defection had not extricated them, they were unable to secure their escape, and yet obliged to make the attempt.

'The measures, which it was believed had been long in preparation, were consummated at the very instant Napoleon's success seemed beyond the power of misfortune; and the movement on St. Dizier, which merited empire, lost him his crown.

'Ten thousand men of the allies had been killed or wounded in the attack on Montmartre, chiefly from the artillery served by the boys of the polytechnic school. The acquisition of this post assured only the destruction of buildings, if the experiment of bombardment had been made. The army was too weak and too ill-provided to attempt a forcible occupation of the city, which must have expended so many men and so much ammunition, as to have rendered the possession untenable, when Napoleon approached with his army to its relief, and the sallying force too weak to hazard battle in the open field.

'Such was the conviction on the minds of those charged with the conduct of the allied army, that a retreat *was already resolved on*, in case the promised co-operation in the city had not been accomplished.'—pp. 60—62.

Now we have not the smallest desire (as indeed the attempt would be ridiculous) to deny that Buonaparte has shewn himself a consummate captain, both in the general course of his campaigns, and more particularly in that of Paris; but it so happens that the facts on which this author chuses to ground his fame are almost all of them incorrectly stated. As to the idle anecdotes, in italics, of Alexander's alarm, and the manner in which Francis fled to Dijon, we know nothing of them, and are extremely incurious concerning their truth or falsehood. But what does the gallant author mean by 'victories which threw the allied army between the city of Paris and his cannon—which screwed them in a vice,' &c. &c.? If he means the movement of Buonaparte towards St. Dizier, in the beginning of February, when he attacked Marshal Blucher at Brienne, we must beg him to recollect that at that period Buona-
parte

parte carefully covered his capital, and that the allied armies, so far from being 'thrown between Paris and his cannon,' never could get into such a position. If he means the final movement at the end of March, his account is equally fallacious. Buonaparte's success had arisen from the separation of the allied armies, and from the bringing his whole force on one point, so as almost to ruin them in detail: But, from the moment that their armies were in communication with each other, the same manœuvres were no longer practicable; and it was then that he resolved on the desperate and ruinous expedient of a movement in their rear. What might have been the result of this movement had the allies remained quiescent, we certainly cannot say. But, from the moment that these last commenced their march on Paris, Buonaparte saw and confessed that the game was over. From that moment he displayed nothing but irresolution. While it might have been yet possible, by an immediate countermarch, to save the capital, he still continued to draw off his troops to greater distance; and, before any single good effect had resulted from this movement, but when all the evil had happened which might have been apprehended, he again returned, by forced marches, with his guards to Fontainebleau; and this is what this author thinks proper to describe as 'screwing the allied armies in a vice'!

It is equally incorrect that the allies, after their arrival in front of Paris, ever meditated a retreat, or that Paris can be defended after the fall of Montmartre; we might say, that it can be defended at all, for we have the experience of 1815 to prove, that, even without losing Montmartre, a larger army than Marmont possessed in 1814 found it impossible to save Paris from the flames, except by capitulation.

There was one region of the war which was indeed of an importance only secondary, but on which Sir Robert Wilson, from his situation with the Austrian army, might have been reasonably expected to furnish us with accurate and interesting information; we mean the campaign against Eugene Beauharnois in Italy. Against the accuracy of his information we have nothing to object,—but as to its novelty or interest,—inasmuch as we have had the pleasure of reading the very same details in a pamphlet published by an officer of the French staff,—we certainly see but little reason for the tone of importance which is here assumed in communicating facts already known, and not, so far as we have heard, contradicted. We will only say, that General Beauharnois acted with the same good sense and moderation which has always distinguished him, when he declined the foolish parade of garrisoning Mantua after the fall of Buonaparte.

But, if the narrative of the Italian campaign abounds in *truisms*,
this

this is certainly not the case with the account which our author furnishes of the restoration of the Bourbon family.—

Talleyrand, on being asked to name the *government* and *governor* most agreeable to the French *senate* and *people*, answered, "A constitutional monarchy and Louis."

Alexander had for some time been obliged to relinquish the proposed arrangements in favour of Bernadotte, who had loitered at Liege, and who in fact had done too much for his *character* in France, and too little for his *interests* with the allies.

Alexander, personally, as it was believed, ill-disposed to the Bourbon family, reluctantly acquiesced in the proposition. The King of Prussia did not object; but Schwartzberg, for a few instants was silent, and Talleyrand was uneasy if not alarmed. Schwartzberg, however, probably unwilling to charge himself with the responsibility of a refusal, (his sovereign and Metternich being absent,) did not finally withhold his assent: and thus by two *foreign* sovereigns, a *foreign* marshal, and an *ex-minister*, was Louis *chosen*—King of France!—pp. 63, 64.

Now, it is not too much to say, that there is no single anecdote in Sir Nathaniel Wrexall's ingenious romance more egregiously mis-stated or misconceived than this is.—The fact was simply, that, in a council held at the quarters of the Emperor Alexander, on March 31st, (the day on which the allies entered Paris,) the opinions of Talleyrand, Baron Louis, and several others were asked as to the wishes of the French people. *They*, not Talleyrand *only*, distinctly stated that France was weary of war and anxious for a restoration of the ancient dynasty, but that the royalists were prevented from declaring themselves by the apprehension of fresh conferences like those of Chatillon. A declaration was in consequence issued, in the name of the allied sovereigns, for the express purpose of allowing public opinion to shew itself, stating that they could not again treat with any branch of the Buonaparte family. From that moment the royalists came forward; in three days the déchéance of Napoleon was carried through by the senate and the legislative body, and in a week the restoration of the Bourbons was decided by the same assemblies, and hailed, as Sir Robert Wilson well knows, with the utmost joy through all the departments of France; and this proceeding, than which we challenge even the philosophers of the Palais Royal to point out any thing more rational, more candid, more liberal, Sir Robert Wilson describes as chusing a king for France 'by two foreign sovereigns, a foreign marshal, and an *ex-minister*.' Verily, the hardihood, no less than the understanding of the gallant bookmaker has been augmented by the society with whom he has lived in Paris.

We have no time nor inclination to follow Sir Robert Wilson step by step, through his various lamentations, over every measure which has been adopted by the several powers assembled in the

Congress of Vienna. His objections, such as they are, may be more advantageously considered when we examine that which, though it occupies the least part of his work, is the avowed object and theme of the whole,—the present state of Europe, and its alleged dangers from the power of Russia. There is only one circumstance in the proceedings of the congress on which we shall say a passing word. For the story of the unfortunate and vacillating Murat we are referred to Count Macironi. As this is not the only occasion on which the authority of that gentleman has been quoted for the purpose of vilifying England, it may be well to see to what degree of credit he, on his own shewing, is entitled. Mr. Macironi acknowledges himself to have been empowered by the Emperor of Austria to offer Murat a retreat 'if he agreed to reside in the Austrian states as an individual.' To this effect he was furnished with a passport for *himself* as envoy of the allied powers, and a passport for Murat under the name of Count Lipona. Mark the conduct of this 'Englishman:' (Mr. Macironi too, it seems, is an Englishman:) he arrives in Corsica, General Murat declines his proposal, and confides to him his desperate project on Naples,—and this honest envoy, thereupon, furnishes him with that very passport to be used against the allies which the allies had confided to him in case Murat should accede to their terms! For Murat we cannot feel respect, but we feel very considerable pity. Of Mr. Macironi we are tempted to predict that he has little reason to apprehend the honourable mode of death which was inflicted on his master. *His* vocation seems to be to another kind of exit.

Buonaparte at length returns, and the following is the manner in which an English major-general describes the short campaign which hurled him a second time from his throne.

'The arrangements of Napoleon were so well made that he obtained all the advantages of a surprise. Victorious over the Prussians, he would, on the same day, have gained a success decisive of the fate of Belgium, if the corps destined to support Ney had not been withdrawn to join the grand army, *without orders*, from a mistaken zeal of the commander, who conceived, by the weight and continuation of the cannonade, that Napoleon stood in need of succour.

'The battle of Waterloo, fought with only *eighty thousand* men, and the loss of which may be attributed to the non-arrival of Grouchy with *thirty-six thousand*—to the *revivifying* powers of the Prussians—and the obstinate valour of the English army, annihilated all his military projects and political negotiations.'—pp. 87, 88.

It is really amusing to find so many misstatements included within so few lines.

1st. Sir Robert Wilson is not correct in supposing that if Ney had compelled the Duke of Wellington to retire from Quatre Bras, that success would have decided the fate of Belgium, since the
Duke

Duke of Wellington, as is well known, would equally have taken up the position of Waterloo.

2d. He is not correct in stating that Grouchy had 36,000 men. Nor, even supposing that this general had actually joined Buonaparte with that number, would the event of Waterloo have been different, since, in that case, the Prussian army of double the force, which Grouchy kept in check, would have, on the other hand, effected an earlier junction with their allies.

3d. He is most incorrect in saying that '*the revivifying powers*' of the Prussians *won* the battle of Waterloo. We appeal to the brave men who fought on that great day whether the enemy were not beaten back on every point before the Prussians appeared; but we confess, with joy, that to their gallant and well-timed advance Europe is indebted for the total rout of the French army, and for the wonderful results of that unparalleled victory. The author has also omitted *one cause* of that victory which, we trust, few Englishmen besides himself have yet forgotten;—that the British army was commanded by one who never knew defeat,—whose heroic example stimulated the zeal no less than his tried abilities conciliated the confidence of the soldier,—whom all loved and all were, therefore, 'swift to follow.'

From the specimens which we have already given, our readers will not be surprized to find the restoration of the Royal Family of France, and the other measures of the allies, exclaimed against in the wildest terms of jacobinical fury. They will not be surprized to find the honourable names of 'the French senate,' and 'representatives of the people,' given to the old revolutionists whom Buonaparte collected round him during the hundred days; the restitution to their right owners of the works of art which France had accumulated by the most flagrant injustice, designated as 'the plunder of the Louvre;' and Alexander himself described as 'no longer the Alexander of the year 1814;'

'but as a member of that confederacy, which has at length converted this quarter of the globe into one common prison, where innocence can command no safety, and misfortune find no *inviolable* asylum—a confederacy, which seems to propose by inquisitions, standing armies, censors, prevotal courts, police ministers, spies, informers, proscriptions, alien bills, laws of suspicion and suspension, to extinguish the spirit of liberty in *each* hemisphere, and brutalize mankind.'—p. 111.

Oh wicked confederacy! But what 'inquisitions' has the said confederacy either established or countenanced? or what has it done towards extinguishing the spirit of liberty in America? Would Sir Robert Wilson have had the allies go to war with Spain in order to reform that system of religion which, he himself well knows, the majority of her people prefer? On what grounds of justice or hu-

manity would he have wished them to interfere in that colonial war which the belligerent parties may reasonably expect to be allowed to settle for themselves, and where both have behaved so ill that a lover of liberty can wish success to neither? What but *non interference* in such a quarrel can he lay to the charge of the allies; and by what rare alchemy can he extract, from the fact of *doing nothing*, a design 'to extinguish the spirit of liberty?' But the confederacy is charged with all 'the standing armies, censors, prevotal courts, police ministers,' &c. of Europe!—Mild and peaceful Napoleon! In thy reign such things were unknown! What '*innocence*' is that which can now-a-days '*command* no safety?' What is that *misfortune* to which 'an inviolable asylum' is denied? Because some half-dozen of those who were most active in driving the King of France from his throne have been brought to a legal and open trial; because the greater part of his most inveterate enemies have been allowed to retire to foreign countries, and meditate there fresh plots and vent fresh libels against the friends of peace and rational liberty, they sigh, it seems, for a different system of proceeding. We should rejoice to know what precise system they would prefer. Would they rather be tied face to face and flung into the Loire or the Seine, as they themselves served the emigrant priests and nobles? Do they wish for an ambulatory guillotine after the manner of that government of which M. Carnot was a member? Will a fusillade please them? Do they prefer to an open trial, with the choice of their own counsel, and every advantage which public sympathy and the sympathy of a *jury* can bestow, the being executed by the sentence of a *foreign court-martial* like Palm or Hofer, and by torch-light like the Duke d'Enghein? Shall we furbish up for their use the *rack* which tortured Captain Wright and Madame Toussaint, or the tourniquet which put an end to Pichegru? Is a residence in Belgium, Russia, or St. Helena, with or without '*surveillance*,' worse than being deported to Cayenne; than being confined for life in a dungeon, *without trial*, like Toussaint L'Ouverture; without the *possibility of guilt* like the unhappy Dauphin? God in his mercy forbid that the revolutionists should be '*rewarded* as they have themselves served others.*' But God forbid also, in his mercy

to

* There is another mode of gaol-delivery which is not unworthy notice. The readers of Miss Baillie's admirable tragedies have all of them shuddered at the '*witty cruelty*' of the prelate in '*Ethwald*,' who by executing, every day, one out of a large number of captives, prolonged the fear and suspense of all the rest, and multiplied the bitterness of death to the last survivor in proportion to the number of times that death had been brought near to him. But they will be surprised to learn that so closely has that great mistress of the passions followed nature, that what she only ventured to represent as the cruelty of a barbarous age, was really put in practice in our own times by the general of a civilized army. The fact itself is abundantly curious, and we particularly recommend it to Sir Robert Wilson for insertion in the *next edition of his Egyptian narrative*. It was related,

to the loyal and peaceable part of mankind, that we should be gulled a second time by their pretence to moderation and philanthropy, or forget what manner of men those are who now presume to talk to us of their 'innocence' and their 'misfortunes'!

But there is one charge brought against the allies to which a more formal answer is required;—the charge, we mean, of having suffered Ney to be executed in defiance of a treaty entered into by the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher. As we believe that the work before us is the first which has ventured to record so gross a calumny, we are the more anxious to take this opportunity of replying to an opinion which was first taken up in the spirit of party, but which, we verily believe, has, in many instances, received an undue degree of countenance from those who were actuated by something much better than a party feeling.

The fitness of Marshal Ney's condemnation (not the character of his crime—for of that there can be no doubt) depends solely on the question whether the King of France was or was not a party to the convention on which Paris capitulated, and whether the assurance therein contained, that individuals were not to be molested on account of their political conduct, were or were not confined to those military securities which a victorious army has it in its power to inflict. If the allies were right in their construction of this article there is no one, we apprehend, who can deny that Ney suffered justly. He had, beyond all doubt, been guilty of an act of atrocious treachery in abandoning a king whom he had just sworn in the most public and ostentatious manner to serve faithfully; he had drawn his sword and led an army against that king and his allies; and it is merely absurd to plead, that Ney may have been induced to commit this act of perfidy and rebellion by weakness or vanity more than by worse motives, or that, in the history of the world, other revolutions have offered instances of similar treason. It is no excuse, either in law or morality, for a glaring

related, at the table of an eminent banker in Paris, by a gentleman who, for many years, held a high place in the service and confidence of Napoleon, and who gave it, in the simplicity of his heart, as an instance of the address and inflexible firmness of his late master. Several persons, both French and English, of the first distinction, heard him, and, we have no doubt, will bear testimony to the general correctness of the minutes which follow.

General Buonaparte, while in Cairo, had succeeded in quelling a very formidable insurrection, the signal for which had been given from the minarets of the city by the Muzzeeins, while professing to call, in their usual manner, the faithful to their devotions. The great body of insurgents were driven into one of the chief mosques, and obtained quarter on surrendering to punishment 600 of their ringleaders. These last were immediately conducted to a spacious court, where they were guarded by French soldiers. At midnight Buonaparte visited them in person, and selected fifteen for execution, who were bound up in sacks and thrown into the Nile. For forty successive nights these visits were repeated! 'Prince Eugene and myself,' said the narrator, 'teli on our knees night after night, imploring the lives of these wretches, but he said it was absolutely necessary, and remained immoveable.'

and acknowledged crime, though it is one to which popular advocates are somewhat too fond of reverting, that other men may be found as bad as the criminal before us, or that men of reputation, otherwise illustrious in the course of their lives, have been betrayed into an equal baseness. We do not even conceive that it was in the power of the King of France, as guardian of the public justice, (supposing Ney to have been justly tried,) to pardon him, inasmuch as it was high time to put some check on that monstrous and shameless principle or abandonment of principle, which held that a soldier might change his allegiance as a servant does his livery, and that no government had any further hold on the fidelity of its subjects than it had power to reward their duty or punish their defection—a principle which would have been finally established if such men (however otherwise estimable or pardonable) as Labedoyère, Ney, or Lavalette had been pardoned, and which, if once established, would have made every ruler a tyrant, and fear alone the basis of civil authority. But, indeed, we do not conceive that the allied powers, as such, are either answerable for the precise manner in which the sovereign whom they have restored may exercise his legal and constitutional authority, or that they can be justly blamed because the French court does not think fit to pardon whatever criminals may excite the benevolent interest of Sir Robert Wilson. The question is simply whether the allied sovereigns had a right to interfere, which they only could have if the case of Marshal Ney fell within the provisions of that capitulation which they had concluded with the people of Paris.

Now we conceive that the real meaning of every treaty must be decided by the acceptance of the contracting parties, not as collected at a distant period, when other interests may have thrown a veil over the truth, but as proved by those actions which closely follow and immediately relate to it. What then was the acceptance in which those who signed the convention of Paris appear by their actions to have understood it? If Ney, Labedoyère, &c. had believed that a convention had been signed which was equivalent to an amnesty, which was sanctioned by their offended sovereign, and guaranteed by the faith of Prussia and of England, and by the presence of a general who is respected by, at least, all his foreign enemies, would they not have seized the first moment of the entry of the allies to claim the protection of the Duke of Wellington, especially if, as this author says, they suspected the intentions of their own government? Yet the fact was that Ney and Labedoyère both left Paris with passports under false names, furnished them by Fouché. Fouché was himself a party to the convention. Would he have taken this indirect method of saving his friends had he conceived them to be protected by the twelfth article? But, still more,

Labedoyère

Labedoyère was arrested, tried, and put to death. Had he no friend, no counsel, no acuteness of his own to discover or plead such an amnesty? or does not his silence on the subject, no less than the silence of his numerous and zealous advocates, sufficiently prove that neither he nor they ever supposed such a pledge to have been contained in the article under discussion? Ney, too, was many weeks in prison; was brought before a court-martial; was the theme of conversation in all societies; yet until the moment of his last trial before the house of peers, neither he himself nor any one for him thought of claiming the benefit of the convention. We believe, indeed, that we could ourselves (if it were necessary) communicate to Sir Robert Wilson the name of him who at length discovered the new version of that state paper, and turned its language to the purpose of his political friends. But surely that could not be the real intention of a treaty which, like the secret of a riddle, was so long overlooked by the parties most concerned to understand it?

Marshal Davoust, however, and the other French commissioners who signed the convention, are reported to have declared, on their examination before the house of peers, that they considered the twelfth article as binding not the allied armies only, but any future government which might be established. That, at the time when they thus spoke, they had adopted the new explication of that article we must, on their asseveration, believe; but that such was the sense in which it was originally dictated we have already given some cogent reasons for doubting; and, we confess, when we recollect the strong esprit de corps which was called forth, throughout the French army, in favour of the brave and unfortunate traitor in whose behalf they were then giving evidence, we can easily believe (what might be pardoned without much difficulty) that the opinions of these officers were somewhat warped by the desire of saving a comrade.

But it was also urged that the allies could have neither right nor inclination to punish political opinions or conduct; and, therefore, that the 12th article could not possibly be intended to prevent any persecution at their hands. Now, in answer to this objection, let us inquire what had been the conduct of the French army in whose favour that convention was concluded.

In Spain, Sir Robert Wilson is well aware, the most arbitrary measures were invariably pursued, and the most studied vexations put in practice towards those whose opinions or conduct were supposed to have been hostile to King Joseph. We have heard instances of *women* who had soldiers quartered in their houses to be maintained at their expense, for having failed to attend a ball or fête given by the French general. We have heard instances of

persons in civil capacities who were arrested, or put under surveillance, for having carried a very little farther their dislike to the new order of things. In Prussia, it is well known, the same system was pursued to a much greater extent, and a still harsher controul was exercised by the French military over the politics and predilections of individuals. In Swabia, the bookseller Palm was shot, by sentence of a French court-martial, for political papers published in a city of which, at the time of the alleged offence, the French armies had not even military possession, while, in Moscow, Buonaparte had put some hundred persons to death for *having obeyed the orders of their own government in setting fire to that city on the entrance of the French army.*

Is it possible then to imagine a more natural cause for the insertion of the 12th article into the capitulation of Paris, than the approach of a Prussian army with all their long arrears to receive of public and private vengeance? Is it not plain that the first precaution of a French army, conscious of their own conduct on similar occasions, would be to guard against the operation of the '*lex talionis*,' and protect their own capital against the being obliged to drink of that cup which the other cities of Europe had drained to its very dregs of bitterness? What good reason, then, have we for supposing that the French nation understood the article in question to provide for any other than military forbearance?

But, further, it is well known that, after the signature of the capitulation, a meeting of several distinguished persons was held, at which the ministers of the King of France attended, and among them M. Fouché himself, who had signed the treaty in question, to deliberate whether or no an amnesty should be granted by the King. And, is it not plain that this would not and could not have been done if they *then* conceived that the king had already granted an amnesty? Yet this he must have done had he been considered as a party to the capitulation of Paris. What further proof can we require that the opinions of all parties concerned, at that time, coincided with that of the Duke of Wellington, whose honour no man has yet ventured to call in question, and who has publicly declared, that he regarded the convention as wholly military?

But, says Count Macironi, '*Talleyrand, the minister of Louis, was present on the morning of the 4th of July, when the Duke of Wellington, Sir C. Stuart, and Pozzo di Borgo were assembled in council; and Talleyrand, turning to the Duke, requested him to read to the Count the capitulation which they had just concluded.*' p. 102. On the degree of respectability, which, on Count Macironi's own shewing, attaches to his character, we have already spoken; and Sir Robert Wilson may judge how far a man of honour may think his assertions worthy of a direct 'contradiction.'

But,

But, whether true or false, this anecdote goes a very little way to prove that Talleyrand was a party to the convention, inasmuch as, 1st, Even supposing that Talleyrand, while in the camp of the allies, had spoken of himself as a part of their army, the word '*we*,' thus used in conversation, could not with any degree of fairness be quoted as implying his official participation in an instrument to which neither *he* nor any one else *for him* signed his name. 2dly, Macironi's statement does not even go this length; since, for all that appears, the word '*they*' in his narrative may apply to the plenipotentiaries of the allied armies. And that it did thus apply is plain from the simple fact that this conversation is said to have taken place at *Gonesse*; and since we know that the capitulation was signed not at *Gonesse*, but at *St. Cloud*; neither by Talleyrand nor Pozzo di Borgo, but by General Muffling, on the part of the Prussians, and Colonel Hervey, on that of the British. The '*on*,' or '*vous*,' or whatever other word M. Talleyrand employed, had clearly, therefore, reference to the abovementioned officers and the generals by whom they were deputed. The question, in fact, may be said to lie in a nutshell. In whose name was the capitulation concluded? Can any prince or power be a party to a capitulation in which neither he nor any one deputed by him has joined? And till Sir Robert Wilson can give an answer to these questions favourable to his present views of the subject, we shall continue in our opinion, that the English and Prussian armies only were bound by the Convention of Paris.

But these are not the only crimes of the allied powers. Those powers are accused, in general, and, as we gather from certain expressions in Sir Robert Wilson's work, more particularly the British government, is accused of injustice and perfidy, in adding Norway to Sweden, a part of Saxony to Prussia, Dalmatia and a part of Italy to Austria, and Genoa to the territories of Sardinia. They are accused of gross tyranny in supporting by their army an unpopular and oppressive government in France; and they are accused of folly and weakness in having consented to and forwarded the increase of Russian greatness to a degree which must inevitably overpower the weak, and disjointed, and mutually disaffected confederacy, which Prussia, Austria, England, and France can now oppose to her. On all these points we shall say something, inasmuch as they are connected, (as far as any connection can be found,) in Sir Robert Wilson's reasoning, which adduces the misconduct of the allies to the states under their controul, as one principal cause of that weakness and inability to resist an invader, which he thinks proper to ascribe to them.

That the case of many of those regions which have been united to foreign states was sufficiently unfortunate and pitiable we have
not

not the smallest inclination to deny. Their connection with France, which was thus severely punished, had been, in almost every instance, compulsory; and it seemed hard that they who had been among the principal sufferers from French preponderance, should be involved also in the disasters of that country. Hard, however, as their fortune was, it was the common fortune of war, in which no distinction can be made between the different degrees of heartiness or reluctance, with which the allies of our enemy have served him, so long as their power has been applied to his service and our detriment. If the men and money of Norway, Saxony, and Italy, had been employed by France for the ruin of Russia and England, they unquestionably exposed themselves, if unsuccessful, to whatever punishment the victors might impose on them, whether to take them themselves, or to use them as means of rewarding their own allies or dependents. It might have been very generous if the victors had entirely forgiven them, and it would have been wise to have observed such a generous line of conduct, if it had been compatible with the future tranquillity of Europe, and the future safety of the victorious nations themselves. But this was a question, not of justice, but of expediency on the one hand, and feeling on the other; and both generosity and feeling were necessarily to give way to that which can be postponed to justice only, the law of self-preservation, and the duty which every government owes, in the first place, to its own subjects, and their future happiness and security.

Now, in the case of Norway, there is no doubt that the general interests of Europe, and more particularly of England, called for its union with Sweden, inasmuch as it would give to the latter power a compactness and strength which no other measures could have given it, and by which alone the Baltic could be preserved from being in reality what such writers as Sir Robert Wilson have sometimes called it, a bay in the Russian dominions. It is easy to say that Russia influences Sweden, and that, therefore, every accession of power which Sweden receives is an addition to the power of Russia. The question is, was not Sweden without Norway more completely at the feet of Russia, than Sweden now that she is strengthened by a million of fresh subjects, and by getting rid of an enemy in her rear? Is it not easier for England or France, in case of a future rupture with Russia, to defend Sweden *and* Norway against their colossal neighbour, than it would have been to defend Norway singly, with its enormous length of frontier and its numerous passes, against Russia with Sweden at her disposal? And was it not perfectly evident that, had the politics of Russia been so ambitious and interested as this author supposes, she would have preserved a more absolute controul over *both* Norway and Sweden, by keeping them distinct states and playing off the resources and jealousies of each

each against the other than she can do now that the whole peninsula is united under the same sovereign? It follows that the sacrifice of Norway, however painful, was necessary; and, as its brave inhabitants have already experienced, *beneficial* in its consequences to their own country no less than her new found sister. The same arguments, both of abstract justice and political necessity, will apply with still greater strength to the case of Saxony. No matter how Saxony had first been dragged into an alliance with Buonaparte—his ally she was—the entire resources of her government, her revenue, the produce of her rich soil, and her valiant and admirably disciplined army, had been expended in the invasion of the Russian empire, and in covering the retreat of Napoleon. Her sovereign had adhered to the last to his cause with a steadiness which merits respect, indeed, but of which the foreseen and necessary tendency was to commit his own crown to the same hazard with that of his liege lord. And what right has the King of Saxony to complain that, when all his states were overrun in open war, a portion of them only was returned to him? That it was *wise* to strengthen Prussia, Sir Robert Wilson cannot deny, since, according to his own statement, she is even yet so weak as to be at the mercy of Russia. And from what quarter but Saxony was an accession of strength attainable, unless by a measure which our author would surely not have recommended—a fresh partition of Poland?

As to Italy, it is still less apparent what right she has to complain of injustice on the part of her conquerors. Our author himself extols the laurels which her troops had previously gained at their expense. Her provinces were not the allies only of France, but actually appendages of her empire, and the worst which has befallen them is simply a change of masters. It has been usual, indeed, with the admirers of Buonaparte, in recapitulating the benefits which he is supposed to have conferred on this fine country, to speak of the '*Kingdom of Italy*' as an '*independent*' state, to lament, as Sir Robert Wilson does, her return to a state of '*provincial dependence*;' to remind us that the kingdom of Italy, though '*a fief to Napoleon*,' was '*not to France*,' and that '*the two crowns, after his decease, were never to be placed on the same head*.' Now it is, in the first place, evident from this very statement, that the vaunted '*independence*' of Italy was *prospective* only, not *actual*; that, however it might hereafter be destined to become a free state, it was, for the present, as much a province to France, as '*the kingdom*' of Bohemia is to Austria, or the '*kingdom*' of Algarva to Portugal, inasmuch as it was subject to the French emperor, protected and controlled by French armies, and administered by a French viceroy. But it was a little too much to call on Europe to recognise an independence which existed only in reversion, and
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whose solidity, when the farce of a separate government should at any time interfere with the ambition or caprice either of Buonaparte or his successors on the throne of France, might be calculated from the fate of Holland, Berg, Etruria, Piedmont, and Liguria, all 'independent' states, all carefully '*guaranteed*' from subjection to France, and all shortly after *incorporated* with France with no other formality than a decree of the French senate, and an expression of the pleasure of the French ruler. But, what is meant by 'the kingdom of Italy,' which was hereafter to enjoy this glorious independence? There are those, we verily believe, among Buonaparte's admirers, who understand, by this well-sounding term, that all the fertile and populous regions from Venice to Monaco, and from Duomo d'Ossola to Rome, were united by Buonaparte under one powerful government, able to maintain its own liberty, either against Austria or France, and which it might, therefore, have been not only generosity in the allies to have spared, but wisdom to have preserved entire. Those persons will be more accurately informed as to the nature and extent of Buonaparte's *benefits* to the Italians, when they learn that Piedmont, Liguria, and all the west of Italy, as far as Rome, were not parts of 'the kingdom,' but absolutely *departments of the French empire*, whose frontier was thus extended to within a few leagues of Milan, the capital of that feeble remnant which was subject to 'the King of Italy.' That the provinces united to France were, on the whole, energetically and wisely administered, that those over which General Beauharnois was viceroy experienced, in the mildness and good sense of his character, no small abatement of the necessary evils of dependence; that Buonaparte himself had patronised some men of letters, and commenced some handsome buildings, (at the expense, be it remembered, of the Italians themselves;) that the youth whom his conscriptions dragged to foreign and distant wars, were well-drilled and manufactured into tolerable soldiers; that the pictures and statues, which he took away from a people who almost adored them, were placed in good lights at Paris, and were accessible to all those Italians who chose to journey thither; and that the military roads, by which he rivetted their subjection to his power, are exceedingly convenient to gentlemen and ladies making the grand tour: all this we readily allow; but all this is something very different from making Italy free and independent.

When, therefore, Sir Robert Wilson so feelingly laments the '*dismemberment*' of Italy, we can join with him in his concern; but we cannot refrain from asking him, at what time, since the fall of the Roman empire, Italy has been *united*? When he speaks of her being reduced to a *provincial* dependence, we share his indignation; but, for the sake of common justice, let him place the burthen

burthen on the right shoulders. It is a lamentable thing, no doubt, to see a country so well calculated to make one great nation divided into many petty and feeble governments: but was it the *allies*, or the Heruli and Lombards, who thus divided her? It was a shameful oppression which destroyed the independence of Genoa, Lucca, Venice, and that poor little Ragusa,* which 'even the Turks had spared.' But who was, in these cases, the *destroyer*?—that very Napoleon to whom Sir Robert Wilson 'gives' so much 'honour;' and who 'must and always will be remembered by Italy with affection.'

The countries in question were gained by France under circumstances of unprovoked aggression and audacious perfidy; of this we hear nothing: they were reconquered from France by fair fighting; and because they are not restored to an independence which experience had shewn them unable to preserve, the crime of their subjugation is laid on Austria, Russia, and England. And this is justice, this is candour, this is an impartial and philosophical review of the conduct of the allies and the present state of Europe! If, indeed, the viceroy of Italy had imitated his royal Bavarian connexions by seceding from a cause the success of which was incompatible with the safety of Europe;—if his subjects, like those of Prussia or Spain, had risen with one accord against the common enemy of mankind,—there would then have been a strong plea for respecting the integrity and providing for the future safety of his dominions. But what claim on the justice or forbearance of the allies had General Beauharnois, whose whole military life had been spent in active and inveterate, though (doubtless) honourable hostility against them?—What claim had his subjects, of whose 'laurels' gained at the expense of the allies, Sir Robert Wilson speaks so highly?—What claim had the Genoese, whose injuries are loudly complained of, but whose good-will to the cause was no otherwise shewn than by a little popular murmuring?—Or where would have been the wisdom in suffering a French party to remain at the head of the Milanese government, or in suffering Genoa to become once more what in former days she always had been, the tool of France and a thorn in the side of the king of Sardinia?

It might indeed have been possible to do that which Buonaparte did not do, to unite the whole of Italy into one powerful state, under a common sovereign. It might have been done without injustice to any party, and there is certainly a possibility that its consequences would have been beneficial to Italy. But before we blame the allies for not having done this, let us candidly consider whether it was not more important to Europe that Austria should resume her

* We join Ragusa with Italy, both because her manners and language were the same, and because she formed a part of Buonaparte's Italian kingdom.

ancient rank and power, than that an experiment of this sort should be tried for the advantage of those who had literally no claim upon us—and whether Austria, who had lost so much in the contest with France, and to whose timely defection from France the cause of Europe is so much indebted, had not some reason to expect from the gratitude of her allies permission, at least, to reconquer, for her own benefit, territories of which all had been once guaranteed to her, and of which the greater part had been, for many centuries, her hereditary property? Will these gentlemen, who deafen us with their fears of Russia, deny the policy of reinforcing, by all just and honourable means, that state which is, from its situation, the advanced guard and barrier of Europe on the side whence the danger is anticipated?—or, was not the future *possible* advantage of Italy, on every principle both of policy and self-preservation, to give way to that general peace and prosperity of Europe in which Italy itself must always be a partaker?—And, after all, are we sure that either the Italians themselves or their advocates would have been satisfied with such an union of the different states as we have mentioned?—Would Genoa, which is said to have been so ill used in being assigned to the king of Sardinia, have been a whit better pleased if she had been handed over to a central government at Rome or Milan?—Is a distinct sovereignty, the want of which is said to have ruined Venice, no advantage to Turin or Florence?—Is it not evident that, whatever course had been adopted, there must have been many complainers? Or had not these *frondeurs* better candidly confess at once that they themselves would have been satisfied with no possible arrangement of which their idol Buonaparte was not the contriver and the administrator?—We, certainly, do not think ourselves called on to maintain the absolute perfection or pervading consistency of every arrangement adopted by the congress which has settled the divisions and international policy of Europe. But it is sufficient for our present purpose to have shewn, in opposition to Sir Robert Wilson and his party, that the measures then pursued were not of a nature to call down on their authors the execration of posterity, or to brand the sovereigns of Great Britain, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, as the enemies and oppressors of the world.

As to the charge of supporting, by force, an odious government in France, we have already, on former occasions, answered it.—If it were even true, which we are persuaded it is not, that the dynasty of the Bourbons was odious to the majority of the French people,—yet would the allies, as guardians of the common peace of Europe and of the safety of their own subjects in particular, have been justified in maintaining it as the most effectual way of excluding those men and those measures which had been found, by

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sad experience, so dangerous to all around them. But are there any fair and reasonable people who still doubt that 'a constitutional monarchy and Louis' was really the wish of the nation; who, with the debates of the Chambers before their eyes, can still deny that 'a constitutional monarchy,' a system of genuine and national liberty is established in that country, or assert that, in any single instance, the army of the allies has been employed to influence the votes or discussions of the legislative bodies?

But where, it may be said, if the government of the king were really parental and popular, was the necessity or the propriety of supporting it by a foreign army?—is it not a contradiction in terms to call that the choice of a nation, which requires an armed force to induce them to accept it?—We answer—1. That the maintenance of the house of Bourbon on the throne was not the only, perhaps not the principal object to be secured by the continuance of the allied troops on the French frontier.—They who hold a contrary language forget, as it should seem, the absolute necessity of providing, till the Flemish fortresses were restored to a defensible state, for the safety of the new kingdom of the Netherlands. It would have been worse than idle to have reconquered Belgium from France if its frontier had been immediately left naked and exposed to the violence of a too powerful neighbour; nor could any measure be more just than the calling on France to pay the expense of a guardianship which her own aggressions and spoliations had rendered necessary.—But, 2dly. For the sake of France herself, and to defend her peaceable majority against the violence of a faction which had long oppressed them, the measure was as consistent with reason and justice as it was with policy. It is not necessary that a party should be the most numerous to render it the most powerful in the state.—It is enough that it should be the most active, the most clamorous, the most vindictive, the least scrupulous and conscientious,—that it should be in possession of the usual channels of public information,—that it should hardly call itself the majority, and, by the careless, the cowardly and the ignorant, be taken at its word.—What proportion did the adherents of Sylla or Marius bear to the great body of the Roman citizens?—What proportion did the assassins and atheists of the French Revolution bear to the people whose name they assumed and rendered infamous?—No state of society can be conceived where such a minority as this may not be formidable,—but if any one state of society exists in which it is more dangerous than another, it must be where, as in France, a single great and licentious city has exercised for ages a despotic influence over the whole public mind, itself liable to be influenced by all the groundless fears and jealousies, all the vain impressions of external show and ill-regulated ambition

ambition and perverse and capricious favouritism to which every mob is liable.—Nor, even if we should allow, what we are not very willing to believe, that, both in France and in other countries where the power of Buonaparte was established, the conduct of the allies is the subject of loud complaint, and the English, in particular, regarded with an evil eye,—should we be reduced to admit that these complaints or this unpopularity are evidences of our national misconduct, or of the excellence of that system in the destruction of which we have borne a principal part.—We should account for it from that disappointment which, in all human affairs, is the natural result of hopes raised high; and which is attendant on every change, even when that change is decidedly for the better.—We should account for it from the unavoidable private suffering which every disorganization of established forms must produce, and which renders even the most beneficial and popular revolutions the source of murmurs and misery to thousands.—Whoever had travelled through the highlands of Scotland, or through many counties, which we could name, of England and Wales, during the first half century after our own revolution, would have met with loud and deep lamentation for the events which established our liberties; and bitter regret for those unfortunate Stuarts who, while seated on the throne, had been so misguided and unpopular. At Rome, the memory of Nero himself was held in honour, after his decease, by the rabble and the soldiery.—A pretender to the empire gained adherents by assuming his name; and Suetonius tells us of unknown hands who, during half a century after, and under the best princes that Rome ever saw, continued to deck with flowers the tomb of this worst and most contemptible of mankind.—What wonder then that Buonaparte should retain, after his fall, the regrets of many of his ancient followers;—of many who, either directly or incidentally, were gainers by his power and losers when he was deposed; of many of that unthinking herd who are swayed by a blind and instinctive hatred of all existing authority, and are accustomed to cry out, even in times of the greatest prosperity, that ‘the former days were better than these.’—There are others, too, of a better spirit, who are swayed, nevertheless, by the recollection of those events by which the pride of a warlike and ambitious people was so severely humbled; who cannot look back without pain on trophies defaced, though those trophies had been purchased by their own blood and misery; or on days of defeat, though that defeat had saved them from worse evils. It is hard to forgive those by whom we have benefited in spite of ourselves; and years must pass away before such persons as we have described can entertain a kindly feeling towards their conquerors.—To all these causes of irritation in which

which the allies were sharers, but in which England bore a principal part as the ancient rival of France and the leading member of the European confederacy,—we must add the peculiar reasons for disgust and dislike which the imprudence of our countrymen has furnished; we must add those wretched specimens of English vulgarity and insolence with which the mercantile speculations of some, and the idle curiosity of others, have inundated the cities of Europe; we must add the general distress which, though a mere visitation of Providence, was ascribed by the starving manufacturers of the continent to English monopoly, with as much reason as the starving manufacturers of England ascribed it to parliamentary corruption; we must add, above all, the activity with which the zealots of English faction have filled every coffee-house in Paris, Rome and Brussels, with abuse of their native land, and misrepresentations of her motives and actions. Nor can we wonder that so many concurrent causes should have produced their natural effect, and that a nation whom all envy should be the subject of frequent calumny, and unjust dislike.

The first step towards the recovery of the general complacency of mankind was, without doubt, that which has already begun to operate:—the return of more genial seasons,—and the restoration of comfort and industry. The next will be found in the more general diffusion of political knowledge through France; in the intercourse and good-understanding which will daily increase between the people and their representatives; in time itself, the great medicine for political disorders, and, eventually, perhaps, in those very foreign dangers to which Sir Robert Wilson looks forward with so much alarm, but which will do more than any thing else to tranquillize the public mind; by giving a legitimate vent to the morbid activity of some, and a rational object to the fears and jealousies of others.

In the mean time, however, (for all these remedies are of slow operation,) it is idle to deny that a great mass of mischievous fermentation was to be expected in France; and, till the king had been able to reproduce, under better auspices, that military force which the dignity and tranquillity of his people required,—and till the peaceable and well-disposed among his subjects had begun to feel their proper strength, and understand their natural interests,—so long the continuance of the army of occupation was a benefit to France and to the world.

But it may seem vain to defend the justice of that policy which the allies have pursued, if the fabric they have reared be exposed, as Sir Robert Wilson apprehends, to inevitable and speedy ruin;—if, while engrossed in providing against the ambition of France, they have allowed one among their own number to attain a yet

more formidable supremacy, and, like the horse in the fable, submitted to be bridled and saddled, in order to glut an inconsiderate revenge on their ancient antagonist.—Let us, then, examine what real cause we have to fear the power of Russia, or to regret the issue of the contest which laid France at the feet of her rival.

And here it will not be necessary for our purpose to examine at length the accuracy of those details, (derived, it must be owned, from sufficiently common sources, the journals and statistic writers of the continent,) which the gallant author has given us of the military and political resources of Russia.—We shall admit that she possesses an empire the most extensive which the world has yet seen, and a territory singularly defensible against foreign enemies. We admit that she has *one* port on the White Sea, *three* on the Black, and in the Baltic no less than *five*, with several thriving stations for the fur-trade on the Northern Pacific Ocean. We admit that her power has been rapidly progressive, and that she has, within the last seventeen years, made some very important acquisitions on the sides of Turkey, Sweden, and Poland. We cheerfully agree with our author in bearing testimony to the rapid internal improvement of her states, to her judicious, mild, and liberal system of government, and, to the talents and the goodness with which the Emperor Alexander conciliates the affections of those whom his arms have subdued.—We allow her a population of more than 40,000,000, and an army latterly consisting of not less than 600,000 regular troops.—We are well aware of all those bearings and distances, from Astrakhan to Teheran, and from Tiflis to the Red Sea which Sir Robert Wilson has traced out on his map to frighten the proprietors of India stock.—We will even concede the probability that Russia has not yet attained the summit of that political greatness to which she is destined,—and yet we will not despair of the future safety of Europe, and yet we will not join the author in lamenting the issue of our late contest, and yet we will continue to believe that this country has, of all others, least cause to regret the present greatness or to deprecate the further increase of the Russian power!

We must, in the first place, not forget, while estimating the dangers to which we are exposed, to pay some degree of attention to those from which we have been just delivered, when Italy, Germany, Holland, and Spain were groaning under the yoke of our most implacable enemy;—when Prussia was the most wretched and down-trodden of his slaves;—when Austria, broken in heart, in revenue, in renown, in battle, submitted to the necessity of a degrading connexion, and lent her remaining strength to the ambitious projects of the conqueror;—when the might of Russia was

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unknown even to herself, and studiously depreciated by those whom Sir Robert Wilson now considers as models of political wisdom!

It was, then, no future and distant possibility against which we had to guard.—The continent was already groaning under the weight of despotism:—the whole coast of Europe, from Cattaro to Dantzic, was armed against the commerce and liberties of England,—and fleets were to spring up, wherever a fleet could swim, to carry over to our shores the infection of military slavery. And England!—single-handed as she was in her contest with the world,—who then of our author's present friends anticipated her success or her safety?—what was the language held, what the advice given? That we should husband our resources,—that we should crouch and temporize, that we should wait for better times, and conciliate the forbearance of our enemy!—We have not husbanded our resources, but we have laid them out to the best advantage. We have not bent before the blast or waited for better times, but we have braved the one and brought about the other. We have not conciliated our enemy's forbearance, but we have deprived him of the means of injuring us.—And, are we now to have our laurels tarnished with grief,—and are we now to murmur at the prosperity of that ally by whose aid we have triumphed?

But the evil which Sir Robert Wilson seems to apprehend is, from us, at least, incomparably more *distant*, than that from which we have rescued ourselves. We, of all others, should have reason to rejoice that the source of alarm was transferred from Paris to Petersburg. It is plain that the lion in the street is less formidable than the lion in the lobby; that so far as our national existence is concerned, we shall, at least, have the privilege of Ulysses in the Cyclops' cave; and that Prussia, Sweden, Austria, Turkey, and France are to be devoured before our turn arrives to glut the imperial maw. And is another century's lease of freedom nothing? Or, if we ourselves and our children are to be free and great and happy, is it too much to entrust our remoter posterity to Providence?

Nor is the danger, on Sir Robert's own shewing, more *distant* only; so far as we are concerned, it is *less*. The same remoteness of our island from Petersburg and Moscow which would make us the last object of Russian cupidity, would, in the event of our being assaulted, operate as our effectual ally. The impulse communicated through a long chain of conquests would fall with little force on its intended victim. Had *Cræsus* triumphed when he crossed the Halys, there can be little doubt but Athens and Sparta would have eventually become parts of his empire. But the divan of *Persepolis* was never able to subjugate Greece; and though France and Flanders should experience the fate of Lydia and Ionia,

our own more fortunate land might still hope to boast its Marathon, its Plataea, its Salamis!

But before we talk of Russia's conquering Europe, let us be quite sure that her means, even as represented by Sir Robert Wilson, are equal to so great a task. Russia, we are told, has 600,000 troops and above 40,000,000 of subjects. But Sir Robert Wilson is too good a politician not to be aware that many considerations not usually expressed in a statistical table must enter into and materially affect the estimate of a nation's offensive power; and such, in the case of Russia, are the smallness of her population in comparison with her extent of territory and the poverty of her exchequer.

On the first of these points we are anxious not to be mistaken. We are well aware that the ancient and central provinces of the Russian empire are as well peopled as the average of the North of Germany, and by a population little less industrious and thriving. It is here, in fact, that the genuine Muscovite character is to be sought for, no less than the deep-rooted power and ancient wealth of the country, while the whole of the Asiatic and a very considerable part of the European territory can be regarded in no other light than as rising and improveable *colonies*. The colonies of Russia indeed are not, like those of England and Spain, divided by an ocean from the mother-country; they are more advantageously placed on the same continent with her, and bounded within the same ring-fence. But these, like all other colonies, though they contribute very largely to the general wealth and prosperity of the mother-country, add little, directly, either to her revenue or her armies; and in many instances are actually a drain on her resources by the garrisons which they require and the expenses of administration. Thus while the fortresses on the Black Sea, the Araxes, and the Pacific Ocean are defended by troops from Old Russia, neither the Crimea, nor Caucasus, nor the vast extent of Siberia, furnish (we believe) a single regular soldier to the parent state, any more than, in our own empire, is done by Canada or New South Wales. As the population of all these countries is reckoned in that general census to which Sir Robert Wilson refers; a very considerable deduction must be made from the total of 40,000,000 in estimating the effective and disposable population of the Russian empire; and, however vast her army list, a similar deduction must be made of all the troops which are necessary for remote garrisons and for watching over the allegiance of wild and predatory tribes, before we can form any probable conjecture as to the numbers which she may send on foreign service. A government which does little or nothing by the civil power; which employs a serjeant's guard, where the western states of Europe employ

ploy a constable, and has no other justices of peace than the nearest colonel or captain,—has ample employment for its troops in the interior of its provinces; and this, Sir Robert Wilson must doubtless be aware, is, except in a few great towns, the condition of all Asiatic and no inconsiderable part of European Russia. It is true that an army thus dispersed through a country may be collected to any conceivable amount, and act, as has been proved, with gigantic power against an invading or domestic enemy, but the Russian army, however great, however invincible at home, is not so constituted as to give any serious disturbance to the liberty of her neighbours. Nor is it to be forgotten that the enormous extent of her empire operates in another way against her foreign expeditions. Her capital (at least the residence of her sovereign) is two or three hundred miles from the provinces where her ancient and central strength is found, and whence her recruits are levied in the greatest numbers; her principal fabrics of arms are removed to a still greater distance; and from all these to her western frontier is a march but little shorter than the march between that frontier and Paris, while to her southern boundary, on the Danube and the Araxes, the distance is half as great again. We do not deny that a very perfect and admirable system of communication is kept up between these several points; but it is evident that with all these aids, (which in themselves are very costly to the government and the people,) to collect any very great army for the subjugation of Turkey or Germany, would be a laborious, an expensive, and a tedious operation.

And this brings us to the last obstacle which we mentioned,—the smallness of the Russian revenue. We do not mean that it is small when compared with that of its immediate neighbours; nor do we deny that an army may be levied and fed in Russia for less money than in any other country of Europe. We only assert that, taking all this into consideration, the income of the state is notoriously so small as to have been productive of the greatest inconvenience during every war in which Russia has been engaged. We further assert that this revenue is not to be increased without great discontent and difficulty; and that, though to maintain a great army at home is not beyond her means, yet that such great foreign expeditions as Sir Robert Wilson speaks of, are not to be fitted out unless at an expense which the exchequer has hitherto been very ill able to encounter.

In proof of this proposition, we recal the recollection of our readers to certain facts stated by Sir Robert Wilson, which we requested them to bear in mind, and which we now oppose to his gigantic computation. The armies which Russia has sent beyond her frontier, have been *smaller*, in proportion to her population and the total of her army list, than those of any other power in Europe;

of the many victories which she has gained in Poland, in Turkey, in Italy, and the North, we do not call to mind a single one in which she has had a superiority of numbers on her side; and we have Sir Robert Wilson's testimony that Suvorof reaped all his laurels with no more than 40,000 men, and that, more recently, when at peace with all the world but France, and assisted, to a considerable extent, by the gold of England,—at a time too when every feeling of pride and patriotism and hope and revenge conspired to stimulate her to efforts beyond herself, the greatest number of troops which she could supply to the allied armies before Dresden was (including Cossacks and Baschkirs) 140,000. That her means are now somewhat greater than they were then we allow; but it would be a waste of time to shew that, though increased, they are certainly not *doubled* by the accession of the duchy of Warsaw, and that we must wait some time before she is likely to send out half a million of regulars to subdue the remnant of Europe. To those, on the other hand, who know the burden of the conscription in Russia, not only on the individuals levied, but on the great body of landed proprietors, who are deprived, in their serfs, of their most valuable possession; it must seem more probable that the wise measures of retrenchment and economy which the Emperor has introduced into his navy will extend (as the circumstances of Europe shall permit) to his land-forces also, and that the number of these last will be gradually suffered to decline to the old and, certainly, sufficiently ample establishment of 400,000 men. At all events, it may be easily shewn that, with the drawbacks already mentioned, even the war establishment of Russia affords no reasonable ground to despair of the liberties of Europe.

We begin with Scandinavia, which Sir Robert Wilson has represented already prostrate at the feet of her colossal neighbour; and from whose Norwegian harbours, fleets are to sail to dictate the will of the Muscovite autocrat at the mouth of the Humber or the Thames. Now here it is certainly true that, by the possession of Åland, the Russian frontier is only separated from the Swedish coast by a strait twenty-four miles wide, (*being one mile more than the distance between Dover and Calais,*) and that at certain periods of the year this strait is ordinarily frozen over. It is also true that a more certain though circuitous communication between the two countries may be found through the woods and wilds of Torneo. But Sir Robert Wilson, we apprehend, will not maintain that either of these routes affords any great facilities to an invading enemy, since, as he truly states, it was in a great measure the difficulty of communication which lost Finland to the Swedes, though they were then in possession of the whole coast on both sides of the Gulph; and, through the co-operation of the British navy, in full command

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of its waters. Nor, even if this frontier were past, and except our own a stronger does not exist, would an invading army be greatly at its ease in the Gothic peninsula, whose poverty of soil would render numbers an incumbrance, and whose ample territory, and rivers, woods, lakes, and mountains, afford the most advantageous field in the world for that guerrilla warfare, for which her hardy and valiant peasantry are so peculiarly calculated. We know that the Swedes are poor; we know that their army does not exceed 60,000 men, of which, indeed, the greater part are nothing else than a well-organized militia. We know too that Stockholm, though easily defensible, might yield to a vigorous attack, and that for such an attack the possession of Aland is an important preliminary. But we know that, in a popular cause, the Scandinavian levy en masse might be calculated at 200,000 excellent marksmen: we are sure that the possession of Stockholm would be a very trifling step indeed towards the subjugation of the country; and we are tempted to suspect that, in the event of Sweden being supported against Russia by the naval power of Great Britain, it would be *Aland* not *Stockholm* which would be most likely to change masters. After all, however, we will not deny the abstract possibility of Russia subduing Sweden, but it is evident that the obstacles which have been mentioned to such an event will always be felt by both nations so as to give confidence to the one, and repress the unreasonable pretensions of the other; and we speak the opinion of the best informed persons in *both* countries, when we assert that, on this side at least, the Russian terminus will probably be stationary; and that Sweden, by the exchange of Finland, which she held at the mercy of her neighbour, for Norway which is absolutely invulnerable, has done more towards establishing her future independence than any of her kings have accomplished since the days of the great Gustavus.

On the western and southern frontier of Russia, we confess the case is different. She has there very strong inducements to covet the remainder of Moldavia, the Prussian provinces within the Vistula, and the re-union of Galicia to the restored kingdom of Poland; and we do not apprehend that Sir Robert Wilson has greatly exaggerated the probability that these objects will, sooner or later, be attained by her. This danger, such as it is, was foreseen in the conferences at Vienna, and it was certainly not the English ministry who are chargeable with having prevented its being obviated:—for ourselves, however, we confess that it is on account of Prussia only that we deprecate the fulfilment of this prophecy. We have been taught by a writer, for whom it would be well if the author of the present work entertained more respect,—that

‘England, least of all nations, has cause to be jealous of Russian acquisitions

quisitions on the shores of the Baltic—‘that it is not from the Baltic or the Euxine that the British trident can ever be disputed’—and ‘that indeed it is the real interest of England to encourage those establishments which must render maritime objects and intercourse of more essential importance to the prosperity of Russia.’—*Sir R. Wilson’s Remarks on the Russian Army*, p. xix.

As to the mysterious fears which this author expresses of danger to Austria should Russia approach the Carpathian mountains, we confess we do not understand them. We cannot perceive that a nation’s means of defence are *weakened* by having a natural and, except in the neighbourhood of Bartpha, an almost impenetrable frontier. That the Slavonic descent and language of Russia would favour her aggressions on Hungary can only have been asserted in the profoundest ignorance of this latter country, or, which is the same thing, in that spirit of sinister prophecy, which, like the pigs of Hudibras, ‘can see the wind;’ inasmuch as, first, it is absurd to suppose that the Slavonian language has a charm sufficient to overpower the natural feelings of ancient independence; and, secondly, whoever has been in Hungary knows that four-fifths of its inhabitants are not *Slavonians* but *Magyars*, with language, and manners, and prejudices as completely opposed to those of Russia as the language, and manners, and prejudices of England are to those of Spain and Portugal. Equally unfounded is the assertion that the government of the house of Austria is generally unpopular in the countries under her sway. It is true that her 28,000,000 of subjects have not the advantage of speaking one single language, and being linked together by one loved and sacred name, like that which sinks all the differences of Gascon, Picard, and Norman into the common feeling of attachment to *France*. Such an advantage is indeed possessed by France alone, and they who have heard the Cossacks, Poles, and Malo-Russians speak of the ‘Moscofsky,’ will confess that Russia herself, united as in many respects she certainly is, can lay but little claim to it. But that the house of Austria is unpopular in the subject territories is disproved by the well-known regret which both in Belgium and Silesia is still expressed for their separation from her sceptre. It is disproved by the splendid and hopeless devotion of the Tyrolese, by the warm and unflinching attachment of Bohemia, and last, not least, by the voluntary and most effectual assistance which, while Buonaparte was in Vienna, the Hungarian nation furnished.

In the case of Turkey—though Russia has, by the reduction of the greater part of those wild nations who inhabit Caucasus, obtained, beyond doubt, a more easy access to her eastern provinces—we are very far from thinking that the conquest of those provinces will be an easy or even a desirable task for her. The example of Spain

Spain is a pretty strong admonition to sovereigns how they rashly meddle with warlike, and populous, and fanatical countries; and, in Anatolia, the Muscovite arms would find, instead of a peasantry friendly to their cause, as in the Christian countries of Moldavia and Wallachia, a land where every cottager would be animated with religious fury against them, and where every city, every village, every mountain, pass, or ravine would be a fortress defended to extremity. Nor is the enormous waste of blood and treasure, which the invasion of such a country insures, the only reason why Russia should be contented with the frontier of the Danube and the Terek. The same author, whom we have already quoted, has observed that

‘those who are acquainted with the Turkish nation well know that there are embers which the genius of one man might kindle, and powers to support the enthusiastic excitement. Turkey is an impoverished not an exhausted country, and the Mussulman banner may yet wave in a career of victory and ambition beyond the Ottoman boundaries and the calculations of many European politicians.’—*Wilson's Remarks on the Russian Army*, p. 62.

As to the European provinces of Turkey, (we may, perhaps, be singular in our opinion, but it is not lightly taken up,) it is not, as we conceive, from the arms of Russia that the Sultan is in the greatest danger. The Greeks have, in a great measure, been cured by repeated disappointments of the folly of relying on the interested assistance and worthless promises of the European powers. If there is any power to whose help they would gladly cling it is *France*, not *Russia*.—But they will free themselves.—They already know their strength, and the wisest and most certain means of increasing and directing it; they already are becoming a commercial, a wealthy, and, by degrees, an enlightened people, and but little more is necessary for them to cast off, by a single effort, the clumsy yoke which weighs them to the dust, and establish a Panhellenic confederacy of all the tribes between Thermopylæ and Maima. But from this event it is not Russia which would be the greatest gainer.

But, though we have thought it right to shew how greatly Sir Robert Wilson has exaggerated the expectations of Russia, even in those quarters where her force is supposed most pre-eminent, it is not necessary for our argument to deny that, over any one of her immediate neighbours, the concentrated force of so great an empire would, in time, be triumphant. It has not been the practice of Europe to suffer, without interference, any one of her states to be oppressed by the ambition of an overbearing neighbour; and, if a counterpoise be found to that power which fills him with alarm, it is plain that Russia, so far from being dangerous, may be necessary to the liberties of the world. And it is remarkable that, in all Sir

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Robert Wilson's calculations, he leaves out of the account that power from whose chains the continent has only just escaped, and to repress whom, within something like her ancient limits; the united strength of Europe was no more than barely necessary. He even affects to speak of her as existing no longer in the quality of an independent and powerful state; he whines out his wishes that France might 'be restored to Europe;' and deplores her as a departed friend whose worth was never known till it was missed. Yet it might perplex the author to point out in what circumstance of population, or wealth, or valour, or ambition, that kingdom is now worse off than at the commencement of her late career of conquest and usurpation—a career which the powers of Europe, as then constituted, were so utterly unable to arrest or balance. Had France *more* than her present means of offence when her armies first entered Italy and Flanders? or at what moment of her history (except the short and calamitous period of her empire) had she, as she now has, a population of 29,000,000, an exchequer unencumbered with debt, and a conscription-law which places at the disposal of her government any conceivable number of excellent soldiers? 'Restore France to Europe!' Where is France now? Is she not in the midst of us, in possession of her ancient commerce, her ancient colonies, and more than her ancient territory? 'Restore France to Europe!' Has not Europe more reason to apprehend that she may be once more made painfully sensible of the existence, and that (so soon as those forces are withdrawn which are the guardians of feeble Belgium and equally feeble Germany) the demon of ambition will again run *amuck* to Naples, Cadiz, and Berlin?

There are those, we know, for whose patriotism and talent we entertain the highest respect, though we differ from them in many of their opinions, who were so far impressed by the greatness of this danger, and those melancholy lessons which the experience of the last hundred years has taught the world, that they objected in the first instance, and have never ceased to object to the line of policy pursued by the allies, as rather calculated to irritate the pride than to curb the power of France, as compressing, for a short time, by an external force, that spring which would, therefore, at length, react with greater violence. Such counsellors as these, instead of 'scotching the snake,' exhorted us to deprive it, once for all, of its fangs, by the restitution of Alsace and Lorraine to their ancient proprietors, or by a still further reduction of those means which had been found injurious to the peace of mankind. But, besides the danger and impolicy of driving a valiant and high-minded enemy to despair, if there had been any intention (as Sir Robert Wilson insinuates, but, as we believe, without the least ground for his calumny) among the allied powers to dismember France; a sufficient argument to the contrary

contrary may be found in that gigantic power of Russia which, however exaggerated by the author now before us, is doubtless such as to make it desirable that the greatness of France should be eclipsed, but not extinguished. We will not assert, indeed, nor is it necessary to the safety of Europe, that France, with her present territory, is exactly equal in strength to her colossal rival. That, in the essential circumstances of power, there is a less difference between them than is generally imagined; that the superior wealth, and more concentrated population of France, must, in some measure, compensate for the smaller numbers in her *census*; and that the possession of numerous harbours on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, with prodigious facilities of forming and supporting a naval force, must more than counterbalance an alliance with Holland, or the command, however absolute, of seas either covered with ice one third of the year, or removed from the ordinary politics of Europe, are facts so plain that they are hardly worth discussion. Sir Robert Wilson himself, indeed, appears to be aware of their truth, since he has incidentally let slip a fact which is of itself almost fatal to his theory. If France takes up arms, he tells us, against Russia, England will be alarmed for the safety of—what? those very Netherlands which he had before stated to be entirely dependent on Russia, and which, in the hands of Russia, are, he tells us, to be dangerous to our maritime supremacy! But is it not plain that, if the power of Russia were so terrible as he supposes to ourselves and to the world, our jealousy of France must abate in proportion as our danger augmented from an opposite quarter? Is it not plain that if Russia had become the common enemy, it would be the interest of Britain and Austria to support themselves on France against Russia, in the same way as that (according to Sir Robert Wilson himself, before he was transformed from the advocate of Russian aggrandizement into a counsel for the jacobins) it was once the interest of the states of Europe to seek a support in Russia against France? or is not that balance pretty equally suspended whose equilibrium would be destroyed by a transfer of the Netherlands? But it is by no means necessary, in real life and practical politics, to employ, like John Bull in Swift's satire, the steel-yard to regulate the comparative bulk of nations; to 'vomit Peter Bear whenever he is overfed;' or to administer (even if the remedy were at hand) 'gold-cordial' to all whom a long course of 'steel-diet had rendered consumptive.' It is not necessary for Europe that the two great combatants should be precisely equal in weight and size, provided the difference be not so enormous between them, but that the independent states, by throwing themselves into the balance, can make which scale they please preponderate; and, so far as England herself

herself is concerned, it is obviously her interest that the superiority should be on the side of that power which is most remote from her: from whom she has, therefore, a less immediate danger to apprehend, and with whom her good understanding is less likely to be interrupted. It is even desirable for her that this more distant strength should be so great and alarming as to draw the whole jealousy and fear of Europe into one direction, and to confer on England the inestimable advantage not only of having a most powerful ally against the envy of her immediate neighbour, but of having her friendship courted by that neighbour. It is far better for her that, instead of being called on to succour and subsidize the German states against France, she may leave it to the interest and fears of France herself to support, with all her power, the independence of those states against the encroachments of the Russian Eagle. It would be even desirable for England (so far as her private interests are concerned) that this necessity should become still more urgent and apparent; that the Vistula, or even the Oder, should, with the Carpathian Mountains, be the boundary of the new Polish kingdom, in order that the impossibility of reciprocal advantage should shut up the avenue to that too good understanding between Russia and France, which would infallibly end in a partition of the continent. And the advantage to us is still more evident of that policy and those connexions which unite the former monarchy to the Netherlands, and not only bring her in contact with our ancient enemy, but assign to *her*, and not to *us*, the defence and patronage of Belgium.

On the whole, we look forward with a pleasing hope, founded, in some degree, on the personal characters of the sovereigns of Russia and France, and still more on the obvious advantages which both their kingdoms must derive from a continuance of tranquillity,—to a far longer respite from bloodshed and aggression than Sir Robert Wilson seems to augur.—But let the storm come when it will,—it is obvious, we think, that the present position of Great Britain is singularly favourable either to a happy neutrality or an efficient interposition. There never was a time when this country enjoyed a greater share of peace and glory, and political estimation, than when the House of Austria, in possession of one third of Europe and of all the treasures of America, occupied a situation in many respects resembling that of modern Russia; when Naples, the Milanese and Genoa, were the Poland, the Netherlands and the Switzerland of our present politics, and the larger states of Italy played a similar part to that which is now assigned to Prussia, Austria and Bavaria.—The only difference is that the naval power of Spain and the pretensions of Philip to the English throne, conspired, with the prejudices of religion, to give us a greater jealousy
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of his power, and to involve us in a more complicated and vacillating policy than we shall be now tempted to adopt in the future disputes between France and Russia.

To this more favourable picture of the present state and future prospects of Europe, we are only aware of three objections which may be made.—The first concerns this country alone, which is called on to anticipate from Russia, attacks on our commercial pre-eminence and our East Indian colonies, in which she would be so far from meeting any effectual opposition from the other continental powers, that, it is probable, they would many of them rejoice in seeing her successful at our expense.—We know there are many in England who entertain such fears as these,—and those nations on the continent who believe our territory to consist in nothing else but bales of cotton, and sugar, may reasonably conclude that our greatness essentially depends on what they are pleased to call our monopoly.—Let us see, however, in point of fact, what Russia has done, and what it is in her power to do, to prevent our selling a single yard of broad-cloth for which we have now a regular customer; or to prevent our market extending itself with the growing prosperity and luxury of mankind.—It is not, we conclude, apprehended that she will fit out fleets to burn our merchant ships,—that she will make a descent on the Commercial Road and send in a horde of Cossacks to our West Indian warehouses.—It is said that she will prohibit our commerce from the ports under her influence.—This experiment she has tried, (not indeed for her own pleasure, but for the amusement of Buonaparte,) and we have a tolerable guarantee that she will not do so again, because after all which has been said of our advantages in that intercourse, the fact is that the balance of trade is now and always has been in favour of Russia herself, whose landed proprietors can have no vent for their hemp and tallow, if they do not take some proportion of our marketable commodities in return.—That she will trade with any other nation, in preference to ourselves, is certainly to be expected in every instance (but in those instances only) where other nations can supply her wants cheaper, and offer her a greater reciprocal advantage.—And that she will encourage her own manufactures and her own merchants rather than ours, is a measure of which we, certainly, cannot complain, and which, in the present situation of affairs, need not fill us with any great apprehensions.—The worst which can befall us, (and it is an event which is no longer contingent, but has for some time taken place,) is that she will raise as much revenue as possible from the merchandize which we send her, and that the custom-house duties will be only limited by a sense of her own interest; but we are greatly mistaken if this is not a treatment which we may expect from every nation upon earth,

earth, whether great or small, and for which, therefore, the enormous power of Russia is by no means to be accounted answerable.

On the probabilities or possibilities of an Indian invasion, we have already said enough in our remarks on Sir J. Malcolm's History of Persia.—Even, if successful, we have not, we confess, so much of the usual continental prejudices as to believe that the safety of our native land is bound up with the authority of the Honourable Company in Bengal, or to suppose, as Sir Robert Wilson may perhaps have heard from his foreign friends, that (instead of England advancing money for the defence of India) they were the annual millions derived from thence which enabled us to carry on the war. Supposing our armies driven from Bengal and Surat, it is evident that Bombay, Pulo-Penang and Ceylon, would give us the command of the sea and the commerce of the East; the Emperor Alexander's Dutch allies might have some reason to apprehend that we should indemnify ourselves in Batavia; and it would be in our power, if not able to rule ourselves over Hindostan, at least to take good care that no other European power had any firm authority there. But, in good truth, the more is known of our real situation in the East and the difficulties of the intervening country, the less will such an enterprize be contemplated as 'a party of pleasure,' or as a speculation of pecuniary advantage. It has never, in fact, been seriously contemplated in either of these lights, by those who knew any thing about the matter. It was regarded by Buonaparte as a means whereby an effectual blow might be aimed at our interests, and it was projected by the Emperor Paul in the same spirit of resentment against us. But, whatever may be the anxiety of young and hot, and needy adventurers to enrich themselves with the spoils of Bengal, no wise government can ever meditate an expedition to India *for its own sake*; and though the attempt, as a *war-measure*, is certainly not impossible; yet, where no other interests interfere, a war on this account is not to be reasonably apprehended; and, as we shall presently shew, so wide and advantageous a field is opening itself *in another quarter* to the ambition of Russia, that she will daily have less leisure and less inclination to interfere with us in that heritage which our right hand has won, and which, thank God, is not yet likely to be an easy prey to any invader.

Another objection to the continuance of that European system which was established in the late congress is taken from the present state of the public mind in France.—'If France,' it is said, 'were under a stronger and more popular government, it might be possible that she would take the part which we have described in the common defence of Europe. But, it can never be the interest of the present dynasty to awaken her armies from their slumber,

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or, by uniting her strength to that of Austria, to renew, in the minds of her soldiery, those dangerous recollections which are connected with the younger Napoleon.' On the state of the public mind in France, we have already spoken. It may here be enough to remark, 1st. That he knows little of that which is the peculiar excellence and in some degree, the weakness of the French character, who does not know how mere a trifle with them is domestic faction, or even domestic happiness and freedom, in comparison with the public greatness and foreign renown of their country.—And 2dly, he is still more ignorant of the bent of men's passions and prejudices, if he does not know that the present bias of the disaffected in France is not towards an *Emperor* but a *Republic*.—The king, then, may with perfect safety, raise an army to any amount in a popular cause, and he may send this army where he will, without the least apprehension that a boy bred up in Austria will ever again become the favourite of the French people and soldiery.

The last objection, and, we will own, by far the most plausible, is that, though the actual strength of Russia may not greatly exceed that proportion which is desirable as a counterpoise to France, yet, from the principles of improvement and increase which are at work in her provinces, and which have a wider field for their development than any other country can shew, except, perhaps, America,—this proportion must soon be lost between her and regions which, like France and Austria, are already densely peopled, and whose internal wealth and external commerce must have nearly reached their limit. This is true, and this is what we meant by our admission that the empire of the Czars had not yet attained the eminence to which it is destined. It is not merely probable, it is little less certain than a law of nature, that a few generations more will see the governments of Tobolsk and Irkutsk as well peopled and cultivated as the present governments of Moscow and Kalouga; that Otchotsk will be the seat of an extensive and valuable commerce; that the language of Russia will be spoken along the whole coast of north-west America; that Owwhyhee will be her Ceylon, and the Japanese islands her Hindostan. But, while we foresee all this, we foresee it without alarm or envy, since we behold in her the probable instrument of disseminating Christianity and science through regions the farthest removed from their ordinary direction, and since we are convinced that her advances in commerce and colonization are events of all others, the most favourable to the independence of Europe.

We do not mean that this end is to be immediately obtained by the revolt of her colonies. This is an event, indeed, which must in the course of things at length take place, but we wish well enough both to Russia and her colonies to desire that it may be yet far

far distant. But long before that time arrives, the more the character of Siberia becomes European, the more she rivals the parent state in civilization, wealth, and number of inhabitants, the more incessant attention will the management of her affairs require, and the less power, we may say, the less inclination, will her sovereigns possess to extend their frontier on the side of Europe. When the banks of the Amour shall be as well peopled as those of the Don, and the frontier of Kolhyvan be cultivated like that of Poland, the protection of territories so important will require a different force from the Cossacks who now patrol there, and the armies of ancient Russia will be still more called forth, to repress or subdue the predatory hordes of Tartary, to calm the ferments of the Altaian mountaineers, and overawe the wealthy and suspected inhabitants of the plain. The government, which is already on the wing to return from Petersburg to Moscow, will transfer its perch still farther eastward to Nishnei-Novogorod or Casan; and 'the white Khan,' as his Asiatic subjects call him, will grow more and more distant from the more distant concerns of western Europe. It is a circumstance well worth observing in the history of nations, that, when an empire has passed a certain limit, it always ceases to be so formidable to its neighbours as while it was yet in its commencement; that, if it does not fall asunder with its own weight, it becomes at least disjointed and unwieldy; that domestic jealousies begin where foreign dangers end, and that the power which seemed likely to give laws to the universe, concludes very often by soliciting the aid of foreigners, against its own satraps, its own subjects, the children or brethren of its own sovereign. It was not by Persia but by Macedon that the liberties of Greece were overthrown.

In the mean time, however, (for a change like this is not the work of a day,) and while Russia is fulfilling the splendid destiny which nature seems to have appointed her,—it is plain, that the South of Africa, that New Holland and Ceylon, and the Indian islands afford a field if not so extensive, yet by no means less advantageous to our commerce and colonies; and that hers and ours may live and grow together, not only without mutual interference, but with mutual support and countenance. Nor is this all,—the more her colonies on the Pacific Ocean increase in extent and value; the greater and richer the stream of intercourse between the mouth of the Amour and Japan or China; the more obvious will be her interest to cultivate a close friendship with the only power which can assist, or, if provoked, endanger her remote possessions. It is impossible, as Sir Robert Wilson well knows, that, on the strength of the Euxine or the Baltic, a great naval force can be erected or perpetuated. And it is idle to say that this want can be
supplied

supplied by a connexion with the little kingdom of the Netherlands and the permission to take shelter in the Texel or the Scheldt. It is with the lords of the Cape and of New South Wales, with a great nation, with an enormous navy and a vast maritime population that Russia must labour to cement her union; and, so long as that union remains, all Europe is in a string between us.

Nor is it in Europe only that the prosperity of Russia is likely to be thus advantageous to the British monarchy. There is a nation without the limits of Europe, to whom, for the sake of our kindred race and common language, we would gladly wish prosperity; but whose hope of elevation is built on our expected fall, and who even now do not affect to conceal the bitterness of their hatred towards the land of their progenitors. Already we hear the Americans boasting that the whole continent must be their own, that the Atlantic and the Pacific are alike to wash their empire, and that it depends on their charity what share in either ocean they may allow to our vessels.—They ‘unroll their map,’ and ‘point out the distance between Niagara and the Columbia.’—Let them look to this last point well!—They will find in that neighbourhood a different race from the unfortunate Indians whom it is the system of their government to treat with uniform harshness. They will find certain bearded men with green jackets and bayonets, whose flag already flies triumphant over the coast from California to the Straits of Anian,—who have the faculty, wherever they advance, of conciliating and even civilizing the native tribes to a degree which no other nation has attempted,—and whose frontier is more likely to meet theirs in Louisiana, than theirs is to extend to the Pacific.

These are not very distant expectations, and they are unquestionably not unfavourable to England. It only remains to give the moral to our prophecy,—and in this we are happy, though on very different grounds, and in terms not quite the same, to agree with Sir Robert Wilson.—He professes, as we have seen, to dissuade us from *resisting* Russia.—We see no necessity to *resist*, but we earnestly deprecate all yielding to vain alarms or popular clamour, which might induce us to *injure* or *offend* her. Let us not, on the mere possibility that she may one day become too powerful, dissolve our union with an ancient ally, from whose greatness we now derive and are likely to derive increasing benefits.—Let not the two nations whose languages (it is no vain boast,) are one day to divide the world, interfere without necessity in each other's harvests,—but let the rivalry between them be which shall govern best, and be the instrument of most improvement to the goodly fields which Providence has entrusted to their care!

ART. VI.—*Travels in Egypt, Nubia, Holy Land, Mount Libanon, and Cyprus, in the Year 1814.* By Henry Light, Captain in the Royal Artillery. 4to. London. 1818.

THE invasion of Egypt by the army under Buonaparte, and the consequences attending it, have made that country much more accessible than at any period before that event; and as far as the present pasha's authority extends, an Englishman may now travel without difficulty and without danger,—not always indeed secure from the impositions or the insults of its heterogeneous inhabitants—yet less liable to either, perhaps, than in any other country where Mahomedanism is the prevailing religion. In the days of Pococke and Norden a journey up the Nile was a serious and hazardous undertaking, whereas now, an English officer, with a few months' leave of absence, thinks he cannot pass them more pleasantly than by taking a trip to the farthest confines of Nubia, to snatch a glance at the wonderful remains of antiquity, or to sketch with a rapid pencil the ruins of the most stupendous and magnificent temples in the world. In his progress upwards as far as the northern limits of Ethiopia, by the aid of Pococke, of Denon, and of Hamilton, he knows the spot on which he is to look for the tombs and the temples, the pillars, the pyramids, and the colossal statues of Egypt, almost with as much precision as he knows the situation, from his road-book, of a gentleman's seat in England. But beyond Philæ he has no such sure guide. Norden, it is true, has given a general description of Nubia as high as Deir, and Legh a somewhat more particular one as far as Ibrim: but a detailed account of this valley of the Nile is still wanting,—a desideratum however, which, we are given to understand, will shortly be supplied by the journals of the late intelligent and indefatigable traveller Mr. Burckhardt, now preparing for publication.

Captain Light, of the Royal Artillery, is one of those officers who made a hurried journey up the Nile as far as Ibrim, the point which terminated also the travels of Mr. Legh. His progress was as rapid as the navigation of the Nile would admit; his object being to get as high up as practicable before the hot weather set in, and to reserve for examination, and for the exercise of his pencil, the ancient remains of cities, temples, catacombs and colossal statues, on his return. Accordingly on his journey downwards he visited most of those celebrated spots where the vast remains of antiquity invite the attention of the passing traveller, and continued at each of them a sufficient length of time to enable him to bring away, if we may judge from the specimens in his book, a very interesting port-folio of accurate and well-executed drawings. We cannot, however, say much for the prints, which are meant to

decorate

decorate as well as to elucidate his book; they are engraved in a coarse and heavy style, very unworthy of their excellent originals. At the same time it may be admitted that they give the reader a more just conception of the objects represented, than could be collected from any verbal description however minute. In fact, the most detailed description of architectural ruins must fail to convey to the mind so clear and correct an impression, as the graphical representation of the objects themselves does to the eye; and the more laboured the attempt to describe in words the position, the arrangement, the form and magnitude, of the several parts, the more the picture becomes confused, and the less likely to answer the purpose.

In this view, and in this only, would we venture to pronounce Captain Light's volume a valuable addition to the works already published on Egypt and Nubia. Having travelled at no great distance of time from Mr. Legh, and gone over the same ground, he comes rather at a disadvantage just after the journal of that gentleman has appeared before the public. Not that Mr. Legh filled up the measure of information regarding Egypt or Nubia; far from it; but that the account of his travels, notwithstanding its imperfections, abated the edge of curiosity. Captain Light however labours under a still greater disadvantage, of his own creating—he had already communicated the prominent features of his remarks on Nubia to Mr. Walpole, who has printed them in his 'Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey,' to neither of which, by the way, has this part of Captain Light's journal, which is purely *African*, any 'relation.' We conceive too that in his Syrian expedition the pencil of Captain Light will be found his best auxiliary. Indeed what could be said in a hurried journey through a country already traversed by Pococke and Maundrel, in addition to what had been told by those observant and intelligent travellers, whose facts and observations have been so largely amplified by another traveller of more modern date?

That which was most desirable in Nubia still remains a desideratum. Beyond Philæ, whose latitude and longitude were determined by Nouet, there is not a single spot of which the latitude has been ascertained; the geography therefore of the valley of the Nile to the southward of Philæ must necessarily be defective. Another point in which we are deficient is that of its natural history—the plants, and animals—the geological features, and mineral products—the probable elevation of the Nile above the level of the sea at the second cataract—these and other objects of physical research have been culpably neglected by former travellers, and have not in the slightest degree engaged the attention of Captain Light. In truth, we suspect that he never meant to publish the remarks committed

to his journal, which were made probably for his own satisfaction, or the amusement of his friends; we look in vain for that ardour and enthusiasm which generally mark the progress even of an antiquarian tourist; the following extract certainly shews none of it, the former part of which by no means accords with our ideas on the subject, nor indeed with the author's own feelings expressed in the concluding paragraph.

‘On the 3d of June, I began to descend the Nile; and visit, in succession, the numerous remains of ancient Egypt, for whose description I refer the reader to Mr. Hamilton’s work on the antiquities of that country, and to other writers on the same subject. I felt they wanted that charm or interest which is raised in other countries whose history is known, where the traveller ranges over the ground on which heroes and remarkable men, whose actions are familiar to him, once dwelt. But here, though treading the soil where sprang the learning, and genius, and arts, to which Europe has been indebted for its present superiority among nations; where the magnificence of ancient Egypt still remains to prove the existence of all these in perfection, he can only admire the—

— “res antiquæ laudis et artis,”

without any sentiment of attachment to persons or times. He is lost in admiration, and has no idea but that of sublime. A long night of oblivion has intervened, to cut off all but conjectures of their history. My wonder and surprise were continually excited at the enormous masses of building which had defied the ravages of time: I was astonished at the grand and beautiful designs, and fine taste in their execution, still seen in many of the buildings; at the exquisite symmetry and neatness with which the massy columns have been raised and formed of stones, whose size yet leaves our ideas of architecture in amazement.’—pp. 102, 103.

Captain Light remained but a few days at Alexandria, where, he observes, every thing is eastern, though the residence of so many Franks. Crimes and punishments, under the government of the present Pasha, are stated to be rare.

‘The only instance of capital punishment that had lately occurred was in an Arab, who possessed a garden among the ruins of the Arab village; he had been in the habit of decoying people, particularly women, into his garden, as a place of intrigue; and, with the help of a female, contrived to surprise and strangle them: this continued for some months; many inhabitants were missed, and he was suspected. He was, at last, induced, from fear of discovery, to murder his accomplice, which led to his conviction: he was hanged, as is usual, by a rope thrown over the walls attached to his neck, and then drawn up by the Arab population of the town.’—pp. 9, 10.

Leaving Alexandria, on the 17th March, he proceeded to Rosetta, where he hired a boat to carry him to Cairo. The first sensations in the progress up the Nile are described as very agreeable; they

they interest from their novelty; for here an European finds himself in a new region—he observes a shore lined with a belt of palm trees, among which the mingled mosques, and tombs of sheiks meet the eye at every opening:—as one unvaried scene, however, extends from Rosetta to Cairo, the sameness at length becomes tiresome. The villages are frequent and well peopled; and besides the boats on the river, numerous passengers on horses, asses and camels are every where seen skirting the shores of the Nile. Provisions appeared to Captain Light to be plentiful and cheap, yet beggars swarmed on every side. Blindness was very common, and every third or fourth peasant seemed to have a complaint in his eyes. The plague and ophthalmia are the principal diseases of Egypt, to both of which the inhabitants are perfectly resigned. The Arabs (no great philosophers, it must be confessed) consider the plague as a necessary evil to keep down the population to the level of the means of subsistence.

On the 22d March Captain Light reached Cairo. ‘I will not add,’ he says, ‘to the numberless descriptions of Cairo. Each year takes away from its population and adds to its ruins; nothing is repaired that grows old; but still it is an extraordinary city.’ The Pasha being absent, our traveller waited on the Kaya Bey, or prime minister.

‘My interview with the Kaya Bey took place in the divan of the citadel, where he sat daily to receive petitions, and administer the affairs of the country. I noticed a suit of apartments, filled with Albanian soldiers, through which I passed to enter the divan, where the Kaya Bey was examining some black slaves who were brought for his inspection: such an employment for a prime minister could not but surprise an Englishman. The grouping of the party present was admirable: the rich and varied dresses, the warlike appearance of the attendants, their mute attention, the proud superiority of the chief, round whom the subordinate beys seemed to crouch with abject submission, rivetted my attention. I found myself among barbarians, who lived only by the breath of the man to whom I was introduced, who in his turn preserves the same sort of abject submission to the will of the Pasha. Fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants of Egypt felt the influence of a single despot; and from the accounts I obtained whilst there, they seemed to be in the same state to which the policy of Joseph reduced the people of Pharaoh.’—pp. 23, 24.

Captain Light left Boulac on the 1st April in a boat he had hired, of twelve or fourteen tons burden, and proceeded against the stream, by sailing or towing, as the wind served or not; but his progress was so slow that it was the 7th May before he reached Assouan; in the course of which time, he observes, ‘I had some trials of temper, a few privations and inconveniences; but I was rarely insulted; nor was I ever persecuted by the curiosity of the natives,

natives, who rather treated me with respect.' In some of the villages our traveller assisted the sick with medicine and advice—wrote for them Arabic sentences as charms to preserve the wearers from the evil angel. 'In one village,' he says, 'called Abou Gaziz, I was requested by a party of women to hold my drawn sword on the ground, whilst they went through the ceremony of jumping across it, with various ridiculous motions, to correct the well-known eastern curse of barrenness; and was rewarded by blessings and offerings of *Durra* cake.'

Some ancient excavations which have been described by Denon and others are all that remain of the city of Lycopolis; but at the foot of the Mokattam, a range of modern Mahomedan tombs runs for nearly a mile, in a grove of *sount*, or Egyptian thorn, (*mimosa nilotica*?) bearing a tufted yellow flower. 'In this grove the mixture of the cupolas, Saracenic walls, and turrets of the tombs, either simply white-washed or rudely coloured, with the thick foliage of the trees, presents a singular and interesting scene, and attracted my attention more than any thing modern I had seen in Egypt.'—p. 44.

Siout is the intermediate mart between Sennaar, Darfoor, and Cairo, at which caravans of *Gelabs*, or slave merchants, are constantly arriving. The remnant of one came in while Captain Light was at this place. Its fate had been most melancholy, having lost on the desert a vast number of men, women, and children, horses, camels, and other animals, to the amount, in the aggregate, of four thousand; notwithstanding which our traveller was offered a young well-formed negress, about seventeen years old, for the trifling sum of fifteen pounds. 'The Gelab,' he says, 'like a horse-dealer, examined, pointed out, and made me remark what he called the good points of the girl in question. The poor wretch, thus exposed, pouted and cried during the ceremony; was checked, encouraged, and abused, according to her behaviour.' Another branch of commerce at Siout is that of eunuchs for the seraglio at Constantinople. In two boats were one hundred and fifty black boys, on their way to Cairo, who had been emasculated, and cured in a month, at a village in the neighbourhood. A Franciscan monk described the operation, though painful and cruel, as easily performed, and without much danger; eleven only having died out of one hundred and sixty. We have here a proof how difficult it is to get at the real truth from the *hearsay* report of travellers. Mr. Legh, in speaking of the same operation, and the subsequent process of burying the victims in sand to stop the hemorrhage, observes that, according to calculation, 'one out of three only survives;' and that the operation 'is performed at a moment of distress, that the risk of mortality might be incurred at a time when the merchants could best spare their slaves.'

In

In passing upwards Captain Light contented himself with one short visit to the temple at Luxor, and with viewing the mass of buildings which formed part of the ancient Apollinopolis Magna through a telescope from the Nile, the hieroglyphics on which he could plainly distinguish, though at the distance of a mile and a half. Elephantina, called Ghezirat-el-Sag, or the 'flowery island,' is described as a perfect paradise.

'It must be confessed that we find beauty by comparison; and this must excuse all travellers in their particular praise of spots, which elsewhere would not, perhaps, call forth their eulogy. Though the season of the year was approaching to the greatest heat, shade was every where to be found amongst the thick plantations of palm-trees, which surrounded and traversed the island. Amongst these the modern habitations showed themselves, whilst the eye often rested on the ancient temples still existing. Every spot was cultivated, and every person employed; none asked for money; and I walked about, greeted by all I met with courteous and friendly salams.

'The intercourse I had with the natives of Assuan was of a very different nature; and in spite of French civilisation and French progeny, which the countenances and complexion of many of the younger part of the inhabitants betrayed, I never received marks of attention without a demand on my generosity.'—pp. 52, 53.


At Philæ our traveller first observed the ravages committed by the locusts, of which an immense swarm obscured the sky. In a few hours all the palm-trees were stripped of their foliage, and the ground of its herbage; men, women, and children were vainly employing themselves to prevent these destructive insects from settling; howling repeatedly the name of *Geraad*, (locust,) throwing sand in the air, beating the ground with sticks, and, at night, in lighting fires—yet they blessed God that he had sent them locusts instead of the plague, which, they observed, always raged at Cairo when these insects made their appearance in Nubia, and which Captain Light says was, in the present instance, actually the case.

At Galabshee the Nile divided itself among several rocks and uninhabited islands; and here Captain Light says he had occasion to remark shells of the oyster kind, attached to the granite masses of these cataracts, similar to those often found in petrifications—whose presence he attributed to some communication of former times between the Nile and the ocean. At this place the inhabitants were more suspicious, and behaved with more incivility to our traveller than at any other which he had yet passed. They demanded a present before they would allow him to look at their temple. 'One more violent than the rest,' he says, 'threw dust in the air, the signal both of rage and defiance, ran for his shield, and came towards me dancing, howling, and striking the shield with the head of his javelin,

to intimidate me. A promise of a present pacified him, and enabled me to make my remarks and sketches.'

At Deir Captain Light met with excavations in the rocks, which had evidently been intended as burial places; their sides were covered with hieroglyphics and symbolic figures similar to those in the Temple of Cneph at Elphantina.

'The jealousy of the natives, who could not be persuaded I was not influenced by the desire to seek for treasures, prevented me from making those researches that might perhaps have led to the discovery of the connecting character between the hieroglyphic, Coptish, and Greek languages; for it cannot be supposed the two former were dropped at once; and that whilst the custom of preserving the bodies of the dead in the Egyptian manner was continued by the early Christians, there should not be some traces of the language of the people from whom it was copied. Such a discovery may be attempted by some future traveller.

'The sides of the openings are well finished. On one I traced a cross of this form  preceding the following Greek characters:

ΑΝΟΚΠΑΥΛΟΕΙCΖΑΙΝΑΙ

And, on another were these:

Ι+ΙΙΧΧ ΠΟΗΗΖΟΝ

ΤΩΝ ΤΟΥΛΑΟΥ

ΑΝΤΟΝΙΟΥ

which were the first inscriptions I had seen that appear, connected with Christianity.—pp. 78, 79.

Beyond this point, and between Ibrim and Dongola, as we learn from Mr. Burckhardt's journal, the temples, which have been converted into Christian churches, become more frequent, so as to leave little doubt that it was by the line of the Nile that christianity found its way, at so early a period, into Abyssinia; and it certainly will become an interesting object of inquiry for some future traveller, well qualified, to trace its progress from Nubia into that country, where it still holds its ground, though greatly corrupted from its original purity.

From Deir Captain Light proceeded to Ibrim, where he made a short visit to the aga, a venerable old man, who prayed him, in the true patriarchal style, to 'tarry till the sun was gone down; to alight, refresh himself, and partake of the food he would prepare for the strangers.' It was served up on a clean mat spread under the shade of the wall of his house, and consisted of wheaten cake broken into small bits, and put into water, sweetened with date-juice, in a wooden bowl; curds with liquid butter, and preserved dates, and a bowl of milk. The aga's house was, like the rest, a mere mud hovel. The people flocked round the stranger, and inquired, as usual, whether

ther he came to look for treasure, and whether Christians or Moslems, English or French, were the builders of the temples. Among the superstitions of the natives, which it appears is common in Egypt as well as Nubia, is that of spitting on any diseased part of the body as a certain remedy. 'At Erment, the ancient Hermontis,' says Captain Light, 'an old woman applied to me for medicine for a disease in the eyes, and, on my giving her some directions she did not seem to like, requested me to spit on her eyes, which I did, and she went away, blessed me, and was well satisfied of the certainty of the cure.'

From Ibrim our traveller returned down the Nile, examined the temple of Seboo, called, by Legh, Sibhoi, and describes 'its avenues of sphinxes, its gigantic figures in alto-relievo, its pilasters and hieroglyphics.' At Ouffeddonnee he discovered the remains of a primitive Christian church, in the interior of which were many painted Greek inscriptions and figures relating to scriptural subjects. The ruins of a temple at Deboo are minutely described. On the 1st June Captain Light reached Philæ, and thus sums up his observations on the natives of Nubia:—

'The people who occupy the shores of the Nile between Philæ and Ibrim are, for the most part, a distinct race from those of the north. The extent of the country is about one hundred and fifty miles; which, according to my course on the Nile up and down, I conceive may be about two hundred by water, and is estimated at much more by Mr. Hamilton and others. They are called by the Egyptians Goobli, meaning in Arabic the people of the south. My boatmen from Boolac applied *Goobli* generally to them all, but called those living about the cataracts Berber. Their colour is black; but the change to it, in the progress from Cairo, does not occur all at once to the traveller, but by gradual alteration to the dusky hue from white. Their countenance approaches to that of a negro; thick lips, flattish nose and head, the body short, and bones slender: the leg bones have the curve observed in negroes: the hair is curled and black, but not woolly. Men of lighter complexion are found amongst them; which may be accounted for by intermarriage with Arabs, or a descent from those followers of Selim the Second who were left here upon his conquest of the country. On the other hand, at Galabshee the people seemed to have more of the negro than elsewhere; thicker lips, and hair more tufted, as well as a more savage disposition.

'The Nubian language is different from the Arabic. The latter, as acquired from books and a teacher, had been of very little use to me in Egypt itself; but here, not even the vulgar dialect of the Lower Nile would serve for common intercourse, except in that district extending from Dukkey to Deir, where the Nubian is lost, and Arabic prevails again: a curious circumstance; and, when considered with an observation of the lighter colour of this people, leads to a belief of their being descended from Arabs. The Nubian, in speaking, gave me an idea of what

what I have heard of the clucking of Hottentots. It seems a succession of monosyllables, accompanied with a rise and fall of voice that is not disagreeable.

‘I saw few traces among them of government, or law, or religion. They know no master, although the cashief claims a nominal command of the country: it extends no farther than sending his soldiers to collect their tax, or rent, called *Mirri*. The Pasha of Egypt was named as sovereign in all transactions from Cairo to Assuan. Here, and beyond, as far as I went, the reigning Sultan Mahmood was considered the sovereign; though the cashief’s was evidently the power they feared the most. They look for redress of injuries to their own means of revenge, which, in cases of blood, extends from one generation to another, till blood is repaid by blood. On this account, they are obliged to be ever on the watch and armed; and, in this manner, even their daily labours are carried on: the very boys go armed. They profess to be the followers of Mahomet, though I rarely happened to observe any of their ritual observances of that religion. Once, upon my endeavouring to make some of them comprehend the benefit of obedience to the rules of justice for punishing offences, instead of pursuing the offender to death as they practised, they quoted the Koran, to justify their requiring blood for blood.

‘Their dress, for the men, is a linen smock, commonly brown, with red or dark coloured scull cap. A few wear turbans and slippers. The women have a brown robe thrown gracefully over their head and body, discovering the right arm and breast, and part of one thigh and leg. They are of good size and shape, but very ugly in the face. Their necks, arms, and ankles, are ornamented with beads or bone rings, and one nostril with a ring of bone or metal. Their hair is anointed with oil of cassia, of which every village has a small plantation. It is matted or plaited, as now seen in the heads of sphinxes and female figures of their ancient statues. I found one at Elephantina, which might have been supposed their model. Their little children are naked. Girls wear round the waist an apron of strings of raw hide, and boys a girdle of linen.

‘Their arms are knives or daggers, fastened to the back of the elbow or in the girdle, javelins, tomahawks, swords of Roman shape, but longer, and slung behind them. Some have round shields of buffalo hide, and a few pistols and muskets are to be seen.’—pp. 93—97.

The Thebaïad has been so often described, that, although every attentive traveller may find something new, the objects are mostly a repetition of what have before been observed—gigantic masses of stone, colossal statues, columns of immense magnitude, and deep caverns, excavated out of the living rock. At Luxor the diameters of some of the columns are upwards of eight feet, and their height forty; and they support masses of stone eighteen feet long and six square, which gives to each a weight from forty-five to fifty tons. Captain Light thus describes Carnac:—

‘My visit to Carnac, the ancient Diospolis, a ruined temple farther from

from the banks of the river, on the same side as Luxor, was equally gratifying. It was impossible to look on such an extent of building without being lost in admiration; no description will be able to give an adequate idea of the enormous masses still defying the ravages of time. Enclosure within enclosure, propylæa in front of propylæa; to these, avenues of sphinxes, each of fourteen or fifteen feet in length, lead from a distance of several hundred yards. The common Egyptian sphinx is found in the avenues to the south; but, to the west, the crio sphinx, with the ram's head, from one or two that have been uncovered, seems to have composed its corresponding avenue. Those of the south and east are still buried. Headless statues of grey and blue granite, of gigantic size, lay prostrate in different parts of the ruins. In the western court, in front of the great portico, and at the entrance to this portico, is an upright headless statue of one block of granite, whose size may be imagined from finding that a man of six foot just reaches to the patella of the knee.

'The entrance to the great portico is through a mass of masonry, partly in ruins; through which the eye rests on an avenue of fourteen columns, whose diameter is more than eleven feet, and whose height is upwards of sixty. On each side of this are seven rows, of seven columns in each, whose diameter is eight feet, and about forty feet high, of an architecture which wants the elegance of Grecian models, yet suits the immense majesty of the Egyptian temple.

'Though it does not enter into my plan to continue a description which has been so ably done by others before me, yet, when I say that the whole extent of this temple cannot be less than a mile and a half in circumference, and that the smallest blocks of masonry are five feet by four in depth and breadth, that there are obelisks of eighty feet high on a base of eighteen feet, of one block of granite; it can be easily imagined that Thebes was the vast city history describes it to be.'—pp. 105—107.

Of the Memnonium and its statues, on the opposite side of the Nile, Captain Light says but little, and that little is incorrect. He is mistaken, for instance, in ascribing to Herodotus the information that the 'statues of Memnon and his queen were thrown down by the first Cambyzes.' Herodotus never once mentions Memnon nor his queen; indeed this is the first time we ever heard of his 'queen' from any author. It is Pausanias, and not Herodotus, who relates the fact of Cambyzes having cut down the statue of Memnon; but Strabo says it was thrown down by the shock of an earthquake. Again, in observing that 'the head of the female, described by Denon in such high terms, and by Mr. Hamilton, might be easily taken away,' he is mistaken in supposing that the latter describes any female head on the Memnonian side of the river. The male and female colossal statues seen by this intelligent traveller at Luxor have no relation to the head which Captain Light thinks 'might easily be taken away,' and which, in fact, has been taken away, and is now lodged in the British Museum.

Denon,

Denon, it is true, conjectures that the two sitting colossal statues near Medinet-Abou, one of which, from the numerous inscriptions on its legs, is justly considered, by Pococke, to be that of Memnon, are in fact the mother and the son, not of Memnon, but of Osymandyas, a conjecture for which he has not the shadow of a foundation; but whether Osymandyas or Memnon, or neither, these statues have no connection with the head in question, which has, unaccountably enough, been called 'the head of the younger Memnon.' It might have been as well to ascertain who the elder Memnon was, before a young one had been created. The 'youthful appearance' of a statue mentioned by Philostratus, being applicable to that beautiful specimen in the British Museum, which was found in what is now considered to be the Memnonium, may have suggested the idea of a younger Memnon: there can be little doubt, however, of its being an assumed name, wholly unauthorized by ancient history.

Captain Light crept into one of the mummy pits or caverns, which were the common burial places of the ancient Thebans. As it happened to be newly discovered, he found thousands of dead bodies, placed in regular horizontal layers side by side; these he conceives to be the mummies of the lower order of people, as they were covered only with simple teguments, and smeared over with a composition that preserved the muscles from corruption. 'The suffocating smell,' he says, 'and the natural horror excited by being left alone unarmed with the wild villagers in this charnel house, made me content myself with visiting two or three chambers, and quickly return to the open air.'

The Troglodites of Goornoo, it seems, still inhabit the empty tombs or caverns; they derive their chief subsistence, he tells us, from the pillage of the tombs, of which they are constantly in quest. Whenever a new one is discovered, 'the bodies,' he adds, 'are taken out and broken up, and the resinous substance found in the inside of the mummy forms a considerable article of trade with Cairo.'

Captain Light mentions, what indeed we have frequently heard before, that the Sepoys, in their march to join the army of Lord Hutchinson, imagined they had found their own temples in the ruins of Dendyra, and were greatly exasperated at the Egyptians for their neglect of their deities; so strongly, indeed, were they impressed with the identity, that they performed their devotions in those temples with all the ceremonies practised in Hindostan. That there is a likeness, and a very striking one, between the massy buildings of India and Egypt, the monolithic temples, the excavated mountains, and even between some of the minor decorations and appendages, as the phallus, the lotus, the serpent, &c. no one will venture to deny; but, on the other side, there are points of disagreement,

ment, of sufficient weight to counterbalance the argument in favour of a common origin. With regard to the physical, moral, and religious character of the two people, there is nothing in common; and it does not appear that the Hindoos had at any time subterranean tombs or sarcophagi, or mummies, fresco paintings, or hieroglyphics. It may be urged perhaps, as on a former occasion we ourselves suggested, that the architects and artificers may have been a distinct race of people from either the Hindoos or the Egyptians, and that the decorative parts may have been adapted to the views and prejudices of the two nations, and derived from the products of beauty or utility peculiar to the two countries respectively. This however is entitled to be received only as conjecture: and we entirely concur with Captain Light in thinking that the only way to clear up the point of an ancient connection between the Hindoos and the Egyptians would be that of employing some traveller well versed in the antiquities of the one country, to examine accurately those of the other; and when the several species of architectural remains, and their concomitant decorations, shall have been brought together side by side in detail, then, and not till then, will it be safe to pronounce a decided opinion on the question. Mr. Hamilton, whose opinion is always deserving of attention, considers the architecture of the two countries to be very different when duly examined, and gives the preference in point of simplicity, symmetry, and taste, to the temples of Egypt.

In point of fact however, the temples of Nubia and of Egypt are in themselves essentially different; those above ground, in the former, being small, and mean and ill-constructed, when compared with those of the latter; while the excavations of the mountains, and the colossal statues hewn out of the living rock, are far superior to those of Egypt—of which it may be said that the structures above the surface are only equalled by those of Ethiopia below it. On a MS. map of the course of the Nile, from Essuan to the confines of Dongola, constructed by Colonel Leake, chiefly from the journal of Mr. Burckhardt, we have read the following note. 'The ancient temples above Philæ are of two very different kinds. Those excavated in the rock at Gyrshé and Ebsambul rival some of the grandest works of the Egyptians, and may be supposed at least coeval with the ancient monarchy of Thebes. The temples constructed in masonry, on the other hand, are not to be compared with those of Egypt either in size or in the costly decorations of sculpture and painting; they are probably the works of a much later age.'

If we were to institute a comparison between the journal of Captain Light and that of Mr. Legh, we are not sure that, on the whole, we should not be disposed to give a preference to the
former,

former, were it only on account of its numerous prints, and of the notices respecting the temples, catacombs, excavations, and statuary, in which Mr. Legh's was remarkably deficient; we ought not to conceal, however, that we found it somewhat dull and heavy, and particularly deficient in personal enterprize, which seldom fails to interest in a book of travels. It was in fact the well told tale of the subterranean adventure which communicated a charm to Mr. Legh's journal, and which tended more than any thing else to give it the stamp of public approbation. We have frequently been told that our review of that work contained more than was to be found in the book itself; if the additional matter charged upon us was of a novel and interesting nature, (as we flatter ourselves was, in some measure, the case,) such a circumstance we apprehend will not be objected to us as a very grievous fault; and we trust that Captain Light will not complain if, on the present occasion, we should terminate our remarks with his Nubian journey, and confine the remainder of this article to African subjects which have not yet met the public eye.

We took an opportunity, in our last Number, to introduce to the acquaintance of our readers a Roman traveller of the name of Belzoni, who, in laying open the front of the great sphynx, had made some singular discoveries in Egyptian antiquities. The uncommon sagacity and perseverance displayed by this Italian are worthy of all praise; and we apprehend that we cannot conclude this Article in a more satisfactory way than by giving a summary account of what his recent discoveries have been, and what may yet be expected from him.

Mr. Belzoni has already completed two journeys to Upper Egypt and Nubia, under the auspices of Mr. Salt, the British consul-general at Cairo. In the first he proceeded beyond the second cataract, and opened the celebrated but hitherto undescribed temple at Ipsambul, or, as it is called by Mr. Burckhardt, Ebsambul, and by Captain Light, Absimbul, being the largest and most extensive excavations either in Nubia or Egypt. More than two thirds of the front of this grand temple were completely buried in the sand, which, in some places, covered it to the height of fifty feet. Its site however is easily recognized by four colossal figures in front in a sitting posture, each of which is about sixty feet high; but one of the four has been thrown down, and lies prostrate in the sand, with which it is partially covered. It was this statue, we believe, from the tip of whose ear Mr. Banks could just reach to its forehead, and which measures, according to Burckhardt, twenty-one feet across the shoulders. Mr. Belzoni found this extraordinary excavation to contain fourteen chambers and a great hall: in the latter of which were standing erect eight colossal figures, each thirty feet

feet high; the walls and pilasters were covered with hieroglyphics beautifully cut, and with groups of large figures in bas-relief, in the highest state of preservation. At the end of the sanctuary were four figures in a sitting posture, about twelve feet high, sculptured out of the living rock, and well preserved. In bearing testimony to the great merit of Mr. Belzoni for his researches in this temple, and for his exertions in clearing away the immense mass of sand, Mr. Salt observes, that the 'opening of the temple of Ipsambul was a work of the utmost difficulty, and one that required no ordinary talent to surmount, nearly the whole, when Mr. Belzoni first planned the undertaking, being buried under a bed of loose sand, upwards of fifty feet in depth.' 'This temple,' he adds, 'is on many accounts peculiarly interesting, as it satisfactorily tends to prove that the arts, as practised in Egypt, descended from Ethiopia, the style of the sculpture being in several respects superior to any thing that has yet been found in Egypt.'

At Thebes Mr. Belzoni succeeded in making several very remarkable discoveries. Among other things, he uncovered a row of statues in the ruins of Carnac, as large as life, having the figures of women with heads of lions, all of hard black granite, and in number about forty. Among these was one of white marble, about the size of life, and in perfect preservation; which he conceived to be a statue of Jupiter Ammon, holding the ram's head on his knees. On his second visit to Thebes he discovered a colossal head of Orus, of fine granite. It measured ten feet from the neck to the top of the mitre, was finished in a style of exquisite workmanship, and is in a state of good preservation. He brought away to Cairo one of the arms belonging to this statue, which, with the head, he thinks would form an admirable specimen of the grandeur and execution of Egyptian sculpture; and as he succeeded so well in removing the head of the younger Memnon, as it is called, now deposited in the British Museum, we have no doubt he would be equally successful, if encouraged, in conveying the one in question to Alexandria. Speaking of the Memnonian bust—'He has the singular merit,' says Mr. Salt, 'of having removed from Thebes to Alexandria this celebrated piece of sculpture, to accomplish which it was necessary, after dragging it down upwards of a mile to the water side, to place it on board a small boat, to remove it thence to another djerme at Rosetta, and afterwards to land and lodge it in a magazine at Alexandria—all which was most surprisingly effected with the assistance solely of the native peasantry, and such simple machinery as Mr. Belzoni was able to get made under his own direction at Cairo. In fact, his great talents and uncommon genius for mechanics have enabled him with singular success, both at Thebes and other places, to discover objects of the rarest value in antiquity,

antiquity, that had long baffled the researches of the learned, and with trifling means to remove colossal fragments which appear, by their own declaration, to have defied the efforts of the able engineers who accompanied the French army.*

While thus employed in making researches among the ruins of Thebes, and occupied in his observations on the burial-grounds of the Egyptians, he conceived that he had discovered an infallible clue to the Egyptian catacombs; and such was the certainty of the indications which he had noticed, that, by following them, he discovered no less than six tombs in the valley which is known by the name of 'Biban El Moluck,' or the 'Tombs (or rather Gates) of the Kings,' in a part of the mountains which, to ordinary observers, presented no appearance that could possibly hold forth the slightest prospect of success. All of these are excavations in the mountains, and from their perfect state, owing to the total exclusion of intruders, and probably of the external air, they are said to convey a more correct idea than any discovery hitherto made of Egyptian magnificence and posthumous splendour. The passage from the front entrance to the innermost chamber in one of them measured 309 feet, the whole extent of which is cut out of the living rock; the chambers are numerous; the sides of the rock every where as white as snow, and covered with paintings of well shaped figures, *al fresco*, and with hieroglyphics quite perfect. The colours of the paintings are as fresh as if they had been laid on the day before the opening was made. It was in one of the chambers of this tomb that Mr. Belzoni discovered the exquisitely beautiful sarcophagus of alabaster which we noticed in our last Number, and which he describes as being 'nine feet five inches long, by three feet nine inches wide, and two feet and one inch high, carved within and without with hieroglyphics and figures in intaglio, nearly in a perfect state, sounding like a bell, and as transparent as glass.' From the extraordinary magnificence of this tomb, Mr. Belzoni conceives that it must be the depository of the remains of Apis, in which idea he is the more confirmed by having found the carcass of a bull embalmed with asphaltum in the innermost room.

'Of this tomb,' says Mr. Salt, 'I have forwarded some account to England. It consists of a long suite of passages and chambers, covered with sculptures and paintings in the most perfect preservation, the tints of which are so resplendent, that it was found scarcely possible to imitate them with the best water-colours made in England; and which in fact are executed on a principle and scale of colour that would make them, I conceive, retain their lustre

* Description de l'Egypte. Antiquités. tom. xiv. livrais. 2. p. 240. We mentioned the attempt to blow off the wig in our last Number. The right shoulder has actually been taken off, but it does not appear to have been done recently.

even by the side of a Venetian picture. The sarcophagus of alabaster here discovered is a monument of the taste, delicate workmanship, and skill in cutting so fragile a material, which will perhaps remain for ever unrivalled.' In fact, Mr. Belzoni is so enraptured with the grandeur and magnificence with which this particular tomb has impressed his mind, that he has actually undertaken a third voyage up the Nile for the purpose of executing a perfect model of it in wax, with all the statuary, bas-reliefs, and paintings in their due proportions, in order that the European world may have the means of duly appreciating the splendour and the art displayed in the catacombs of the ancient Egyptians. We hope, however, that the trustees of the British Museum will spare no expense in procuring this extraordinary sarcophagus to place by the side of that which is supposed to have contained the remains of Alexander. We have no doubt of the ability of Mr. Belzoni to execute the task of getting it safely down the Nile.

We have already mentioned the discoveries made by Mr. Belzoni in uncovering the front of the Great Sphinx, and the several articles found between its legs and paws, and which are now deposited in the British Museum. 'Such,' says Mr. Salt, 'are the principal undertakings which have been accomplished by Mr. Belzoni in Egypt and Nubia; but besides these, he has been signally successful in removing many valuable pieces of antiquity—in the discovery of statues and other interesting objects—his researches being evidently carried on with a very superior judgment.' He adds, 'I feel great satisfaction in thus being able to certify the extraordinary ability of Mr. Belzoni, the result of whose operations I have had such frequent opportunities of admiring; and I am more particularly delighted by his discoveries, from the circumstance that they have added many new objects of attraction to European travellers, whose society is at all times agreeable in so remote and uncultivated a region as Egypt.*' We have been thus particular in recording the testimony of Mr. Salt in favour of this foreigner, in consequence of an attempt which we perceive is making to depreciate his labours. It might have been expected that these discoveries, made in the true spirit of enthusiasm, but communicated without ostentation, would have escaped the acrimony of invidious criticism;—but it is not so: M. Jomard, a member of the French Institute, and one of the committee, we believe, who smuggled into Africa the traveller Bahdia, better known by the name of Ali Bey, has thought fit, in the '*Journal des Savans*,' to attack (in a '*Note*' as illiberal as it is unjust) Mr. Belzoni, for addressing a letter to the late M. Visconti, giving a brief sketch of his proceedings, and of the success which had attended his researches in Egypt. In this letter, written in a modest

* From a MS. memorandum of Mr. Salt.

and unassuming tone, M. Jomard finds (as he is pleased to think) the author appropriating to himself, as new discoveries, those which belong to the French. Not content with claiming for his countrymen all the discoveries that are now making, and that may hereafter be made, M. Jomard appropriates to them all that have hitherto been made in Egypt. 'France,' he says, 'in preference to any other nation in Europe, ought to be interested in all new researches of which this classical country shall be the object, since she has made so many sacrifices in order to discover its monuments, to study its climate and productions, and to develop, for the first time, to the scientific world, all its antiquities, which, though the admiration of thirty ages, were not on that account the better known.' And does M. Jomard expect to persuade 'the scientific world' that nothing was known of Egypt before the French savans, with an invading army at their heels, explored the ruins of Thebes, 'with its palaces and temples, its obelisks, its avenues of sphinxes, its colossal columns, its catacombs, and the tombs of its kings covered with paintings so brilliant, so well preserved'? Does he hope to persuade the world that a Pococke, a Norden, a Niebhuur, or a Hamilton will shrink in a comparison with any one of those 'forty French savans' who remained so many months among the ruins of Thebes?—M. Jomard may flatter himself that he has made a wonderful discovery in proclaiming the statue sitting on the plain of Memnonium with the inscription on its legs to be the true Memnon—as if Pococke had not done the same thing long ago, and as if any one but Denon had ever doubted it. M. Jomard, however, is quite mistaken in supposing that Mr. Belzoni gave to the beautiful bust in the British Museum, (which we are indebted to his ingenuity for removing, after the French had tried to do it in vain,) the improper name of the 'young Memnon'—it is a hazardous and unauthorized term, about as well founded as the supposition that the head, which he and his brother-savans left with the face turned towards the heaven, 'when the time and events opposed themselves to their efforts of stirring still more than the enormous weight of the figure,'—but which, however, the efforts of a single Roman, aided by his own genius, easily accomplished, was that of Osymandyas. For the rest, M. Jomard may make himself easy about the alabaster sarcophagus.—'This extraordinary morsel' will, we doubt not, come to Europe—but not to Paris: there are mineralogists in London who can examine and describe it with as much accuracy as if it were submitted to a committee of the French Institute.

Of M. Jomard's hostility towards M. Belzoni, or rather, we suspect, towards the English, under whose auspices he is prosecuting his discoveries in Egypt, the 'Note' bears ample testimony throughout; the presumption of the writer is no less conspicuous; and

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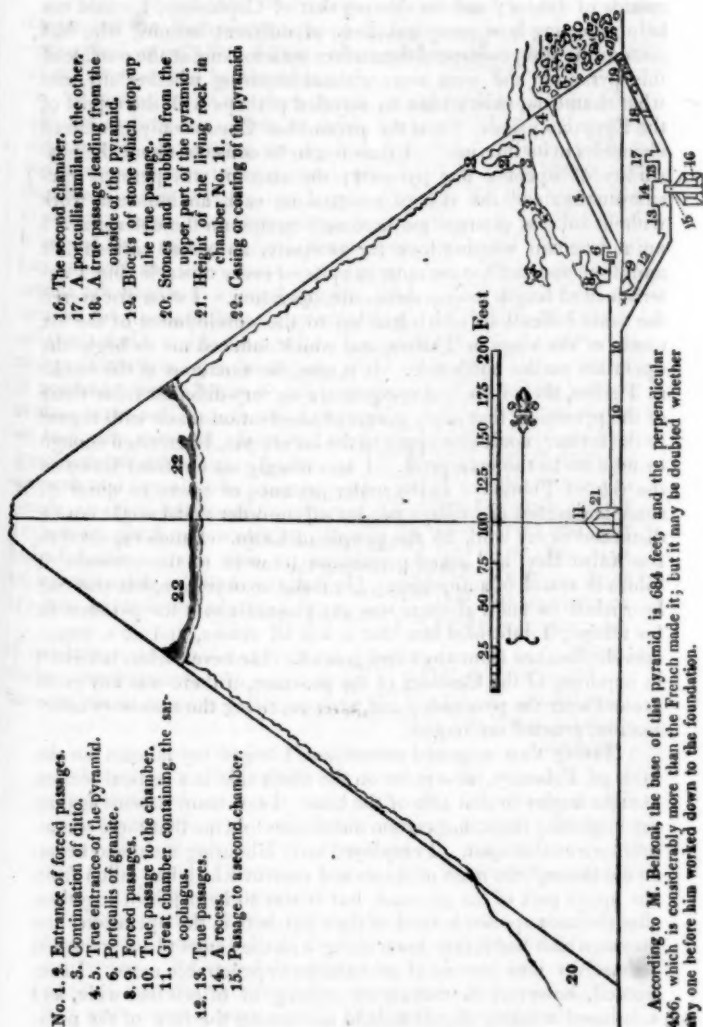
and the concluding paragraph exposes his ignorance in a matter in which he ought to have better informed himself, before he attempted to strip another of the laurels so justly his due. 'The subterraneous temple of Ipsambul,' says the critic, 'which M. Belzoni imagines himself to have discovered, had already been visited by many Europeans, particularly by Mr. Thomas Legh.' It happens that M. Belzoni, so far from pretending to have discovered it, merely says, 'I went to Nubia to examine the temple of Ipsambul;' and the only merit which he claims is that of having, 'by dint of patience and courage, after twenty-two days persevering labour, had the pleasure of finding himself in the temple of Ipsambul, where no European had ever before entered.' But it also happens that Mr. Thomas Legh not only did not visit Ipsambul, but was not within a day and a half's journey of it, and never once mentions its name,—we would therefore recommend M. Jomard to do justice to M. Belzoni, by frankly avowing that the first time he ever heard the name of Ipsambul was in that gentleman's letter to M. Visconti; for we are quite sure that he knows nothing of the discoveries made there by the late Sheik Ibrahim and Mr. Bankes, the only Europeans we believe, who have proceeded so far up the Nile in the present century.*

But the most brilliant of M. Belzoni's labours, and perhaps the most arduous and extraordinary, is the opening of the second pyramid of Ghiza, known by the name of Cephrenes. Herodotus was informed that this pyramid had no subterraneous chambers, and his information, being found in latter ages to be generally correct, may

* The government of France was at no one period more jealous of the power of England, than the members of the French Institute are at this moment of her progress in science and the arts; an instance of it occurred at one of its recent sittings, which appeared to us (for we happened to be present) quite ludicrous. An officer of naval engineers, of the name of Dupin, having procured access to our dock-yards and laboratories, as well as to all the great manufactories of private individuals, presented to the Institute, on his return, 'An Essay on the Progress of Gunnery, Engineering, &c. in Great Britain,' in which he particularly dwelt on the grandeur, magnificence, and convenient arrangement of the arsenal of Woolwich. During the reading of this report by the Duc de Raguse, the whole Institute sighed most deeply; and when he spoke of the high degree of perfection to which the English had carried the steam-engine, the hydraulic press, and the different combinations of those two machines—adding that by the first the effect was produced of two or three hundred horses, without noise and without confusion—and that by means of the latter the transport of provisions and forage became so easy as to supply in the greatest abundance the army of Portugal, in presence of an adversary who was destitute of every thing—when these and the many advantages which England derived from the excellence of her machinery were enumerating, nothing was heard but groans from every corner of the room.—But when the reporter desired that it might be recollected that it was to a Frenchman the steam-engine owed its origin; that the hydraulic press was a French invention; that the mechanic Brunel was a Frenchman, and that he is at this moment charged with the principal works carrying on in England—and, in fact, that there is nothing which the genius of Frenchmen has not been able to produce—the groans ceased, the clouds were dispelled, and all became calm, cheerful, and serene.—(*Rapport de l'Institut. Essai sur les Progrès de l'Artillerie, &c. Mars, 1818.*)

be supposed to have operated in preventing that curiosity which prompted the opening of the great pyramid of Cheops. M. Belzoni, however, perceived certain indications of sufficient weight to induce him to make the attempt, the account of which we are enabled to give in his own words : but first we shall quote Mr. Salt's observation on this most wonderful undertaking, from a letter which now lies before us. 'The opening of this pyramid had long been considered an object of so hopeless a nature that it is difficult to conceive how any person could be found sanguine enough to make the attempt ; and even after the discovery with great labour of the forced entrance, it required great perseverance in Belzoni, and confidence in his own views, to induce him to continue the operation, when it became evident that the extensive labours of his predecessors in the enterprize had so completely failed. He himself has pointed out in some degree his motives for trying the particular point where he came upon the true entrance, otherwise, on examining it, nothing can present a more hopeless prospect. The direct manner in which he dug down upon the door affords, however, the most incontestible proof that chance had nothing do to with the discovery. Of the discovery itself, M. Belzoni has given a very clear description, and his drawings present a perfect idea of the channels, chambers, and entrances. Of the labours of the undertaking, no one can form an idea. Notwithstanding the masses of stone which he had to remove, and the hardness of the materials which impeded his progress, the whole was effected entirely at his own risk and expense.'

The following is M. Belzoni's own account of his operations in penetrating to the centre of the pyramid of Cephrenes, which will the more readily be understood by a reference to the annexed diagram.



According to M. Belzoni, the base of this pyramid is 684 feet, and the perpendicular 456, which is considerably more than the French made it; but it may be doubted whether any one before him worked down to the foundation.

‘On my return to Cairo, I again went to visit the celebrated pyramids of Ghiza; and on viewing that of Cephrenes, I could not help reflecting how many travellers of different nations, who had visited this spot, contented themselves with looking at the outside of this pyramid, and went away without inquiring whether any, and what chambers, exist within it; satisfied perhaps with the report of the Egyptian priests, “that the pyramid of Cheops only contained chambers in its interior.” I then began to consider about the possibility of opening this pyramid; the attempt was perhaps presumptuous; and the risk of undertaking such an immense work without success deterred me in some degree from the enterprize. I am not certain whether love for antiquity, an ardent curiosity, or ambition, spurred me on most in spite of every obstacle, but I determined at length to commence the operation. I soon discovered the same indications which had led to the development of the six tombs of the kings in Thebes, and which induced me to begin the operation on the north side. It is true, the situations of the tombs at Thebes, their form and epoques are so very different from those of the pyramids, that many points of observation made with regard to the former, could not apply to the latter; yet, I perceived enough to urge me to the enterprize. I accordingly set out from Cairo on the 6th of February, 1818, under pretence of going in quest of some antiquities at a village not far off, in order that I might not be disturbed in my work by the people of Cairo. I then repaired to the Kaiya Bey, and asked permission to work at the pyramid of Ghiza in search of antiquities. He made no objection, but said that he wished to know if there was any ground about the pyramid fit for tillage; I informed him that it was all stones, and at a considerable distance from any tilled ground. He nevertheless persisted in inquiring of the Caschief of the province, if there was any good ground near the pyramids; and, after receiving the necessary information, granted my request.

‘Having thus acquired permission, I began my labours on the 10th of February, at a point on the north side in a vertical section at right angles to that side of the base. I saw many reasons against my beginning there, but certain indications told me that there was an entrance at that spot. I employed sixty labouring men, and began to cut through the mass of stones and cement which had fallen from the upper part of the pyramid, but it was so hard joined together, that the men spoiled several of their hatchets in the operation; the stones which had fallen down along with the cement having formed themselves into one solid and almost impenetrable mass. I succeeded, however, in making an opening of fifteen feet wide, and continued working downwards in uncovering the face of the pyramid; this work took up several days, without the least prospect of meeting

meeting with any thing interesting. Meantime, I began to fear that some of the Europeans residing at Cairo might pay a visit to the pyramids, which they do very often, and thus discover my retreat, and interrupt my proceedings.

‘ On the 17th of the same month we had made a considerable advance downwards, when an Arab workman called out, making a great noise, and saying that he had found the entrance. He had discovered a hole in the pyramid into which he could just thrust his arm and a djerid of six feet long. Towards the evening we discovered a larger aperture, about three feet square, which had been closed in irregularly, by a hewn stone; this stone I caused to be removed, and then came to an opening larger than the preceding, but filled up with loose stones and sand. This satisfied me that it was not the real but a forced passage, which I found to lead inwards and towards the south;—the next day we succeeded in entering fifteen feet from the outside, when we reached a place where the sand and stones began to fall from above. I caused the rubbish to be taken out, but it still continued to fall in great quantities; at last, after some days labour, I discovered an upper forced entrance, (2), communicating with the outside from above, and which had evidently been cut by some one who was in search of the true passage. Having cleared this passage, I perceived another opening (3) below, which apparently ran towards the centre of the pyramid. In a few hours I was able to enter this passage, and found it to be a continuation of the lower forced passage (1), which runs horizontally towards the centre of the pyramid, nearly all choked up with stones and sand. These obstructions I caused to be taken out; and at half-way from the entrance I found a descent, (xx), which also had been forced; and which ended at the distance of forty feet. I afterwards continued the work in the horizontal passage above, in hopes that it might lead to the centre; but I was disappointed, and at last was convinced that it ended there, (x o), and that, to attempt to advance in that way would only incur the risk of sacrificing some of my workmen; as it was really astonishing to see how the stones hung suspended over their heads, resting, perhaps, by a single point. Indeed one of these stones did fall, and had nearly killed one of the men. I therefore retired from the forced passage, with great regret and disappointment.

‘ Notwithstanding the discouragements I met with, I recommenced my researches on the following day, depending upon my indications. I directed the ground to be cleared away to the eastward of the false entrance; the stones, encrusted and bound together with cement, were equally hard as the former, and we had as many large stones to remove as before. By this time my retreat

had been discovered, which occasioned me many interruptions from visitors, among others was the Abbé de Forbin.

On February 28, we discovered a block of granite (at 4) in an inclined direction towards the centre of the pyramid, and I perceived that the inclination was the same as that of the passage of the first pyramid or that of Cheops; consequently I began to hope that I was near the true entrance. On the first of March we observed three large blocks of stone one upon the other, all inclined towards the centre: these large stones we had to remove as well as others much larger as we advanced, which considerably retarded our approach to the desired spot. I perceived, however, that I was near the true entrance, and, in fact, the next day about noon, on the 2d of March, was the epoch at which the grand pyramid of Cephrenes was at last opened, after being closed up for so many centuries, that it remained an uncertainty whether any interior chambers did or did not exist. The passage I discovered was a square opening of four feet high and three and a half wide, formed by four blocks of granite; and continued slanting downward at the same inclination as that of the pyramid of Cheops, which is an angle of 26° .—It runs to the length of 104 feet 5 inches, lined the whole way with granite. I had much to do to remove and draw up the stones which filled the passage (4, 5,) down to the port-cullis (6) or door of granite, which is fitted into a niche also made of granite. I found this door supported by small stones within 8 inches of the floor, and in consequence of the narrowness of the place it took up the whole of that day and part of the next to raise it sufficiently to afford an entrance; this door is 1 foot 3 inches thick, and, together with the work of the niche, occupies 6 feet 11 inches, where the granite work ends: then commences a short passage, (7) gradually ascending towards the centre, 22 feet 7 inches, at the end of which is a perpendicular of 15 feet: on the left is a small forced passage (9) cut in the rock, and also above, on the right, is another forced passage, (8) which runs upwards and turns to the north 30 feet, just over the port-cullis. There is no doubt that this passage was made by the same persons who forced the other, in order to ascertain if there were any others which might ascend above, in conformity to that of the pyramid of Cheops. I descended the perpendicular (x) by means of a rope, and found a large quantity of stones and earth accumulated beneath, which very nearly filled up the entrance into the passage below (12) which inclines towards the north. I next proceeded towards the channel (10) that leads to the centre and soon reached the horizontal passage. This passage is 5 feet 11 inches high, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and the whole length, from the above-mentioned perpendicular (x) to the great chamber (11) is 158 feet 8 inches. These

passages

passages are partly cut out of the living rock, and at half-way there is some mason's work, probably to fill up some vacancy in the rock; the walls of this passage are in several parts covered with incrustations of salts.

'On entering the great chamber, I found it to be 46 feet 3 inches long, 16 feet 3 inches wide, and 23 feet 6 inches high; for the most part cut out of the rock, except that part of the roof towards the western end. In the midst we observed a sarcophagus of granite, partly buried in the ground, to the level of the floor, 8 feet long, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 2 feet 3 inches deep inside, surrounded by large blocks of granite, being placed apparently to guard it from being taken away, which could not be effected without great labour; the lid of it had been opened; I found in it only a few bones of a human skeleton, which merit preservation as curious reliques, they being, in all probability, those of Cephrenes, the reported builder of this pyramid. On the wall of the western side of the chamber is an Arabic inscription, a translation of which has been sent to the British Museum.* It testifies that 'this pyramid was opened by the Masters Mahomet El Aghar and Otmant, and that it was inspected in presence of the Sultan Ali Mahomet the 1st, Ugloch.'† There are also several other inscriptions on the walls, supposed to be Coptic (qu. enchorial?); part of the floor of this chamber had been removed in different places evidently in search of treasure, by some of those who had found their way into it. Under one of the stones I found a piece of metal something like the thick part of an axe, but it is so rusty and decayed that it is almost impossible to form a just idea of its form. High up and near the centre there are two small square holes, one on the north and the other on the south, each one foot square; they enter into the wall like those in the great chamber of the first pyramid. I returned to the before-mentioned perpendicular (x) and found a passage to the north (12) in the same inclination of 26° as that above: this descends 48 feet 6 inches, where the horizontal passage (13) commences, which keeps the same direction north 55 feet, and half-way along it there is on the east a recess (13) of 11 feet deep. On the west side there is a passage (15) 20 feet long, which descends into a chamber (16) 32 feet long and 9 feet 9 inches wide, 8 and 6 feet high; this chamber contains a quantity of small square blocks of stone, and some unknown inscriptions written on the walls. Returning to the original passage, (13) and advancing north, near the end of it is a niche (17) to receive a porticulis like that above. Fragments of granite, of which it was made, are lying near the spot; advancing still to the north I en-

* We cannot find that this Inscription has yet reached its destination.

† A Tartaric title, as Uleg Bey, &c.

tered a passage (18) which runs in the same inclination as that before-mentioned, and at 47 feet 6 inches from the niche it is filled up with some large blocks of stone (19) put there to close the entrance which issues out precisely at the base of the pyramid. According to the measurements, it is to be observed that all the works below the base are cut into the living rock, as well as part of the passages and chambers before-mentioned. Before I conclude I have to mention that I caused a range of steps to be built, from the upper part of the perpendicular (x) to the passage below, for the accommodation of visitors.

‘It may be mentioned, that at the time I excavated on the north side of the pyramid, I caused the ground to be removed to the eastward between the pyramid and the remaining portico which lies nearly on a line with the pyramid and the sphinx. I opened the ground in several places, and, in particular, at the base of the pyramid; and in a few days I came to the foundation and walls of an extensive temple, which stood before the pyramid at the distance of only 40 feet. The whole of this space is covered with a fine platform which no doubt runs all round the pyramid. The pavement of this temple, where I uncovered it, consists of fine blocks of calcareous stone, some of which are beautifully cut and in fine preservation; the blocks of stone that form the foundation are of an immense size. I measured one of 21 feet long, 10 feet high, and 8 in breadth (120 tons weight each); there are some others above ground in the porticoes, which measured 24 feet in length, but not so broad nor so thick.’ Thus far Belzoni.

By the opening of this pyramid, and the discovery of human bones within the sarcophagus buried in the central chamber, (which were wanting in that found in the first pyramid,) the question as to the original design of those stupendous fabrics is, we should suppose, completely set at rest. It is quite certain, as M. Pauw has observed, that if they were intended for gnomons or sun-dials, as some have thought, the authors of them, had they studied how to make a bad sun-dial, could not well have contrived a worse than a pyramid; a stile of this form, placed in the latitude of Lower Egypt, must, for a great part of the year, and the greater part of the day, devour its own shadow, which, falling on its side and within its base, would consequently be useless. As little probability is there that they were intended to fix a permanent meridian, or to ascertain if the poles of the earth changed their place. As well might some future antiquarian of a new race of people conjecture, from observing the four sides of our church steeples to face the four cardinal points of the compass, that they had been built under the direction of mathematicians and astronomers, and that the whole nation was therefore particularly addicted to those sciences. It might happen

happen with regard to the builders of the pyramids, as with European churches, that some superstitious notions, connected with the east and the rising sun, may have determined the position of their faces, but that this position had any connection with science is a modern conjecture which has served at least to exercise the ingenuity of the learned. If any reasonable doubt could ever have been entertained of their original purpose, we think there are now sufficient grounds to pronounce them the mere monuments of posthumous vanity; a more civilized and artificial modification of the rude tumulus or cairn, to preserve in security, or perhaps to mark the spot where, the remains of some despot have been deposited, for which purpose they were prepared in his lifetime, or may have been raised to the memory of some favourite chief, after his death, by his faithful followers. The history of the pyramids of Egypt, obscure as it is, is in favour of the former supposition. The extraordinary care that was taken in the preservation of the body after death from violence and corruption, was quite consistent with the opinion of the Egyptians, that the soul never deserted the body while the latter continued in a perfect state. To secure this union, Cheops is said to have employed three hundred and sixty thousand of his subjects for twenty years* in raising over the 'augusta domus,' destined to hold his remains, a pile of stone equal in weight to six millions of tons, which is just three times that which the vast Breakwater, thrown across Plymouth Sound, will be when completed; and to render his precious dust still more secure, the narrow chamber was made accessible only by small, intricate passages, obstructed by stones of an enormous weight, and so carefully closed externally as not to be perceptible.—Yet how vain are all the precautions of man! Not a bone was left of Cheops either in the stone coffin or in the vault when Shaw entered the gloomy chamber; a circumstance which led him to conclude, hastily enough, that the pyramids were never intended for sepulchral monuments; and the learned Bryant, having settled them to be temples consecrated to the Deity, had no difficulty in transforming the sarcophagus into a water-trough to hold the sacred element drawn up from the Nile—a conception about as felicitous as that which would have converted the supposed sarcophagus of Alexander into a bathing-tub; a proof of which was in the holes in the bottom to let out the water! Belzoni however has gone far to prove that Strabo and Diodorus Siculus knew better, and that these ancient authors had good grounds for asserting the Egyptian pyramids to be sepulchral monuments.

The discovery now made of the Saracens having opened the second pyramid is, we believe, perfectly new.

* Herodotus, lib. ii.

We do not suppose that Mr. Belzoni is a man of much education or deep science; but he certainly possesses considerable talent for research, and unwearied perseverance; the very requisites which are calculated to explore and bring to light the hidden treasures of antiquity. From the exertions of such a man, the British Museum is likely to become the first repository in the world for Egyptian art and antiquities; and we trust that every possible encouragement will be given to those exertions by rewarding him liberally for what he has done, and by promises of future rewards proportioned to the value of his discoveries; for if we are rightly informed, he is not in circumstances to incur expense without the chance of remuneration.

ART. VII.—*Endymion: A Poetic Romance.* By John Keats. London. 1818. pp. 207.

REVIEWERS have been sometimes accused of not reading the works which they affected to criticise. On the present occasion we shall anticipate the author's complaint, and honestly confess that we have not read his work. Not that we have been wanting in our duty—far from it—indeed, we have made efforts almost as superhuman as the story itself appears to be, to get through it; but with the fullest stretch of our perseverance, we are forced to confess that we have not been able to struggle beyond the first of the four books of which this Poetic Romance consists. We should extremely lament this want of energy, or whatever it may be, on our parts, were it not for one consolation—namely, that we are no better acquainted with the meaning of the book through which we have so painfully toiled, than we are with that of the three which we have not looked into.

It is not that Mr. Keats, (if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody,) it is not, we say, that the author has not powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius—he has all these; but he is unhappily a disciple of the new school of what has been somewhere called Cockney poetry; which may be defined to consist of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language.

Of this school, Mr. Leigh Hunt, as we observed in a former Number, aspires to be the hierophant. Our readers will recollect the pleasant recipes for harmonious and sublime poetry which he gave us in his preface to 'Rimini,' and the still more facetious instances of his harmony and sublimity in the verses themselves; and they will recollect above all the contempt of Pope, Johnson, and such like poetasters and pseudo-critics, which so forcibly contrasted itself with Mr. Leigh Hunt's self-complacent approbation of

— 'all

— 'all the things itself had wrote,
Of special merit though of little note.'

This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype, who, though he impudently presumed to seat himself in the chair of criticism, and to measure his own poetry by his own standard, yet generally had a meaning. But Mr. Keats had advanced no dogmas which he was bound to support by examples; his nonsense therefore is quite gratuitous; he writes it for its own sake, and, being bitten by Mr. Leigh Hunt's insane criticism, more than rivals the insanity of his poetry.

Mr. Keats's preface hints that his poem was produced under peculiar circumstances.

'Knowing within myself (he says) the manner in which this Poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public.—What manner I mean, will be *quite clear* to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished.'—*Preface*, p. vii.

We humbly beg his pardon, but this does not appear to us to be *quite so clear*—we really do not know what he means—but the next passage is more intelligible.

'The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press.'—*Preface*, p. vii.

Thus 'the two first books' are, even in his own judgment, unfit to appear, and 'the two last' are, it seems, in the same condition—and as two and two make four, and as that is the whole number of books, we have a clear and, we believe, a very just estimate of the entire work.

Mr. Keats, however, deprecates criticism on this 'immature and feverish work' in terms which are themselves sufficiently feverish; and we confess that we should have abstained from inflicting upon him any of the tortures of the '*fierce hell*' of criticism, which terrify his imagination, if he had not begged to be spared in order that he might write more; if we had not observed in him a certain degree of talent which deserves to be put in the right way, or which, at least, ought to be warned of the wrong; and if, finally, he had not told us that he is of an age and temper which imperiously require mental discipline.

Of the story we have been able to make out but little; it seems to be mythological, and probably relates to the loves of Diana and Endymion; but of this, as the scope of the work has altogether escaped us, we cannot speak with any degree of certainty; and must therefore content ourselves with giving some instances of its diction and versification:—and here again we are perplexed and puzzled.—At first it appeared to us, that Mr. Keats had been amusing him-

self

self and wearying his readers with an immeasurable game at *bouts-rimés*; but, if we recollect rightly, it is an indispensable condition at this play, that the rhymes when filled up shall have a meaning; and our author, as we have already hinted, has no meaning. He seems to us to write a line at random, and then he follows not the thought excited by this line, but that suggested by the *rhyme* with which it concludes. There is hardly a complete couplet inclosing a complete idea in the whole book. He wanders from one subject to another, from the association, not of ideas but of sounds, and the work is composed of hemistichs which, it is quite evident, have forced themselves upon the author by the mere force of the catchwords on which they turn.

We shall select, not as the most striking instance, but as that least liable to suspicion, a passage from the opening of the poem.

———— ‘Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
’Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead; &c. &c.’—pp. 3, 4.

Here it is clear that the word, and not the idea, *moon* produces the simple sheep and their shady *boon*, and that ‘the *dooms* of the mighty dead’ would never have intruded themselves but for the ‘*fair musk-rose blooms*.’

Again.

‘For ’twas the morn: Apollo’s upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied, that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds: rain-scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;
The lark was lost in him; cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;
Man’s voice was on the mountains; and the mass
Of nature’s lives and wonders puls’d tenfold,
To feel this sun-rise and its glories old.’—p. 8.

Here Apollo’s *fire* produces a *pyre*, a silvery pyre of clouds, wherein a spirit might *win* oblivion and melt his essence *fine*, and scented *eglantine* gives sweets to the *sun*, and cold springs had *run* into the *grass*, and then the pulse of the *mass* puls’d *tenfold* to feel the glories *old* of the new-born day, &c.

One example more.

‘Be

'Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven,
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth.'—p. 17.

Lodge, dodge—heaven, leaven—earth, birth; such, in six words, is the sum and substance of six lines.

We come now to the author's taste in versification. He cannot indeed write a sentence, but perhaps he may be able to spin a line. Let us see. The following are specimens of his prosodial notions of our English heroic metre.

'Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite.'—p. 4.
'So plenteously all weed-hidden roots.'—p. 6.
'Of some strange history, potent to send.'—p. 18.
'Before the deep intoxication.'—p. 27.
'Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion.'—p. 33.
'The stubborn canvass for my voyage prepared——.'—p. 39.
'"Endymion! the cave is secreter
Than the isle of Delos. Echo hence shall stir
No sighs but sigh-warm kisses, or light noise
Of thy combing hand, the while it travelling cloys
And trembles through my labyrinthine hair."—p. 48.

By this time our readers must be pretty well satisfied as to the meaning of his sentences and the structure of his lines: we now present them with some of the new words with which, in imitation of Mr. Leigh Hunt, he adorns our language.

We are told that 'turtles *passion* their voices,' (p. 15); that 'an arbour was *nested*,' (p. 23); and a lady's locks '*gordian'd* up,' (p. 32); and to supply the place of the nouns thus verbalized Mr. Keats, with great fecundity, spawns new ones; such as 'men-slugs and human *serpentry*,' (p. 41); the '*honey-feel* of bliss,' (p. 45); 'wives prepare *needments*,' (p. 13)—and so forth.

Then he has formed new verbs by the process of cutting off their natural tails, the adverbs, and affixing them to their foreheads; thus, 'the wine out-sparkled,' (p. 10); the 'multitude up-followed,' (p. 11); and 'night up-took,' (p. 29). 'The wind up-blows,' (p. 32); and the 'hours are down-sunken,' (p. 36.)

But if he sinks some adverbs in the verbs he compensates the language with adverbs and adjectives which he separates from the parent stock. Thus, a lady 'whispers *pantingly* and close,' makes '*hushing* signs,' and steers her skiff into a '*rippy* cove,' (p. 23); a shower falls '*refreshfully*,' (45); and a vulture has a '*spreaded* tail,' (p. 44.)

But

But enough of Mr. Leigh Hunt and his simple neophyte.—If any one should be bold enough to purchase this 'Poetic Romance,' and so much more patient, than ourselves, as to get beyond the first book, and so much more fortunate as to find a meaning, we entreat him to make us acquainted with his success; we shall then return to the task which we now abandon in despair, and endeavour to make all due amends to Mr. Keats and to our readers.

ART. VIII.—*Greenland, the adjacent Seas, and the North-West Passage to the Pacific Ocean; illustrated in a Voyage to Davis's Strait during the Summer of 1817.* By Bernard O'Reilly, Esq. 4to. 1818.

IF we feel disposed to exercise a more than usual degree of critical severity on the volume before us, it is not so much for the mere gratification of 'breaking a butter-fly on a wheel,' as of exposing one of the most barefaced attempts at imposition which has occurred to us in the whole course of our literary labours.

Our first impression on taking up the volume was, that, as the subject of the Arctic regions had become one of the fashionable topics of the day, (which we may fairly take to ourselves the credit of introducing,) some hanger-on of Paternoster-row had contrived, with the help of Egede, Fabricius, and the interminable Cyclopaedia of Dr. Rees, to hash up a fictitious voyage to Davis's Strait, in order to gratify the eager appetite of the public, and at the same time to 'put money in his purse.' Recollecting, however, that the log-book of the ship *Thomas*, of Hull, in which this voyage is stated to have been made, was within our reach, we turned to it, and found that Bernard O'Reilly, Esq. was not, as we suspected, a phantom conjured up for the occasion, but that there actually was a person of this name, in the capacity of surgeon, on board that ship—for, in consequence of the 'Act for Encouraging the Whale Fishery,' it is deemed imperative on every whaler to have a person so rated. As he, fortunately, is seldom called on but to assist in filling the blubber casks, and making the plum-pudding on Sundays, the owners are not particularly nice in their choice of the *doctor*, who is generally an apothecary's apprentice just escaped from his indentures. We do not mean to say, however, that there are not exceptions; indeed we happen to know that very respectable and meritorious characters have sometimes been induced by necessity to accept the situation. We would mention, as an instance, Mr. John Laing, whose sensible and unpretending narrative of a 'Voyage to Spitzbergen,' in a small duodecimo, forms an admirable contrast to the pompous and frothy quarto of Bernard O'Reilly, Esq.

But, in ascertaining the name of Bernard O'Reilly, to be that

that of the person who filled the capacity of surgeon on board the *Thomas*, of Hull, we have also ascertained, what is much more to the purpose, that the very small portion of his '*Greenland*,' which is not absolute nonsense, is either fiction or downright falsehood. This grave charge we shall substantiate without much waste of our own or the reader's time.

As it is not always quite so easy to detect false facts in physics, as false principles in the abstract sciences, the former may sometimes pass for truths, and thus become as pernicious as the latter. There is little danger, however, on the present occasion. The glaring folly which pervades every page of Mr. O'Reilly's book forms a sufficient guarantee against its mischievous tendency. We find, however, in the very threshold, a premeditated misrepresentation with regard to the latitude, on which are made to depend some extraordinary discoveries, which the author could not have ventured to broach without exceeding the usual limits of a whale-fishing voyage to Davis's Strait.

He sets out by accusing the masters and the mates of Greenland ships, of falsifying their logs and journals—and for what?—for the interest of the government, of their employers, and of themselves. The interest of government (so gross is his ignorance) is the 'additional revenue to be recorded on the collector's book:' the poor man, it seems, being unable to distinguish between *revenue* and *bounty*, the latter of which is *paid* by the government to the ship-owner, while nothing whatever is *received* in the shape of the former. He, generous and disinterested to a fault, having embarked for the sake of science, disdained 'to trust for support to documents placed in custom-houses,' or to the uncertain information which might be 'coaxed from the master of a whale-ship.'—He submitted to be cooped up with uninformed, unsociable beings, 'to study nature,' and 'to keep a journal adapted to all the scientific objects he had in view:'—Yet with all this and much more empty boasting, did this prodigy of 'disinterested science' write to Hull, to procure a copy of the master's journal, and to learn the highest latitude which the ship had reached! which, by a good observation of the master, was, on the 19th July, $75^{\circ} 17'$. This latitude, however, would not admit of his fabrications; he asserts, therefore, that 'many days elapsed before the sailing of the *Thomas* from that latitude, occasionally shifting her station;' that 'on one such occasion, the termination of the *Linnaean islands* came distinctly in view, the open sea lying beyond, when the latitude, no observation being taken, was most probably about the 77th degree;' that 'the state of the atmosphere permitted a prospect of a degree at least farther to the northward, where the continental ice was evidently interminable:' every word of which we shall prove to be false. We happen to have examined the jour-

nals of many of the Davis Strait's ships for the year 1817, for a different purpose than that of convicting Bernard O'Reilly, Esq. of misrepresentation, and among others, that of the *Thomas*; and in it we find that, instead of 'many days having elapsed before she sailed from that latitude,' (75° 17') she stood to the southward the very next day, (July 20th) on the noon of which she was, by observation, in lat. 75° 10' N., and from that moment continued down the strait on her homeward-bound passage!—Nor shall his calumny against the master and mate of the *Thomas* of having falsified their journals avail him. The masters and mates of the other vessels in company must also have falsified *their* journals, and, by a singular coincidence, have all falsified them in the same places. The *Andrew Marvel* was in company with the *Thomas*, and the latitude marked in her log on the 18th is, by observation, 75° 19' N. The *Royal George* too was in company with her, and her log, on the same day, marks the latitude, also by observation, as 75° 24'.—The *Ingria*, the *Majestic*, the *Eclipse*, and many other vessels, to the amount of eighteen, were in sight from the 17th to the 20th July, and there is not *ten miles* difference of latitude between any two of them. So much for falsehood and calumny.

It requires some talent to carry on a successful imposture. The *Linnean islands*, a very appropriate name it must be allowed, which Mr. O'Reilly 'presumed (as he says) to give them in honour of the prince of Natural Historians,' are stated in one part of the text, 'to run in a curve bending westward and northward, from the Greenland side across Davis's Strait,' and in another, 'to stretch across the Strait east and west, as far as the power of vision can ascertain,' (p. 94;) but, in a thing resembling a tailor's measure, or a proctor's bill, by its length, and which is humorously called a *chart*, the whole of these islands are unluckily placed north and south; and instead of stretching *westward* across the Strait, by the same unaccountable mishap, they are laid down a full degree to the *eastward* of any part of the west coast of Greenland! Again: 'from *my* chart, which was made with the utmost accuracy, the number of these islands is *eighty*:'—the blots upon the thing we have mentioned, and which, we suppose, are meant to represent islands, amount to about *sixty*.

These 'Linnean islands' perform a very conspicuous part in Bernard O'Reilly's volume. By the 'power of vision' he sees behind them 'very distinctly, an open sea,' and beyond that an 'interminable icy continent.' But on reading a little farther, we find that the sea and the continent have changed places!

'In the view of the extensive chain of islands (to which I have presumed to give the name of the Linnean Isles), which stretch across the
straits

straits east and west, very nearly in a circular curve, as far as the power of vision can ascertain, there lies an immense continent of ice, rising towards the Pole, and towards the islands before mentioned, descending like the regular declivity of the land mentioned by Bruce in the approach to the sources of the Nile. In this descent innumerable channels are visible, eaten away by the snow which is dissolved annually under the presence of the sun. In some places it out-tops the islands, but leans upon them all; and it is probably owing to this very chain of islands presenting an impenetrable barrier, that the descent of larger portions of the icy continent have not before now carried their chilling aspect into southern climates.'—pp. 94, 95.

Thus, instead of an open sea beyond these islands, it would now appear, that this 'interminable continent,' the source of all the icebergs that float to the southward, abuts on them and *out-tops* them, (like the overhanging eaves of a thatched roof,) rising towards the North Pole, as the summit of the ridge!

We cannot be sufficiently thankful to these eighty buttresses, which Bernard O'Reilly has discovered, for preventing a southerly visitation of this icy continent with its 'chilling aspect.' Its presence, however, would not seem to offer any very great annoyance to the neighbouring inhabitants of Greenland. It is not here, as in other parts of the world, that frost, snow, and elevation of surface, occasion cold; on the contrary they are the sources of heat. Of this we cannot doubt, being assured that 'the elevated lands produce in themselves such an absorption of solar heat, during the summer months, as to make the atmosphere insupportably sultry;' (*Introduction*, p. 13.); that 'the heat of the sun reflected from the snow and ice, and also from the face of the rock, is intolerable;' and that 'when knee-deep in snow, the head and body are involved in a burning atmosphere.' (p. 191.)

This extraordinary development of heat from ice and snow (which, by the way, is noted, in what he calls a journal, from 33° to 40° of Fahrenheit in the month of July) might be expected to produce some extraordinary effect on the vegetation of Greenland—and so it does about Disco, near the 'icy continent;' for there 'the accumulation of heat is so great that all vegetable life is rapidly evolved,' (p. 271); on the southern part of Greenland, however, in about 60° of lat., the thermal influence ceases, and with it all appearance of vegetation. The ship Thomas, it is true, was never within sight of any land on this part of the coast; but that is nothing—Bernard O'Reilly's 'power of vision' enables him, like the witches in Macbeth, to see 'beyond the ignorant present.'—Indeed we are perfectly astonished at the unremitting attention which he appears to have bestowed on this picturesque country. Not a single day passes in which the cirrus, the cirrostratus, the agglomerated cumulostratus, cirrocumulus, and the nimbus are not detected in playing their

their gambols, perpetually intermingling with each other, dancing through the misty atmosphere, and producing over the more misty pages of his quarto, as numerous and as various transmutations as may be seen in the tube of a kaleidoscope; all this he has pilfered, and converted into nonsense, from Forster's 'Systematic Arrangement of the Clouds.' With respect to the country itself, he gravely assures us that it is a grievous mistake to suppose it took its name from any thing *green* about it. The origin is totally different, and is plainly discoverable in the language of the natives. It is called 'Succanunga,' the Land of the Sun; but, lest we should not do justice to our author's learned and 'interesting speculation,' as he calls it, we present our readers with the passage entire.

'A classical reader, familiar with the works of Greek and Roman writers, will recollect that an epithet for the noon-day Apollo, when clad in Latin form, is Grynæus. Grynæus Apollo forms an adulatory invocation in the prayer of Eneas, who was at once a priest and prince according to the Phrygian mythological system. General Vallancy, who bestowed much and very extraordinary labour on the subject of antiquities, particularly those referable to eastern origin, has fixed on the word Grian, of Irish or Celtic signification, as it may be received, being epithetically expressive of the strongest power of the sun, which is synonymous among all ancient nations with the Apollo of Grecian mythology. To avoid, therefore, invidious reference as to intercourse with the Greenlanders, it may be fairly admitted, that the synonyme, by whatever voyager to these parts communicated, is justly explained by the above terms: let us view them in connexion:

Succanuk—the Sun.

Succanunga—Greenland.

Grian—Apollo, or the Sun.

Grianland—Land of the Sun.

'The Land of the Sun, or Sunny-land, as familiarly may be said, corresponds with the simple appellation which the natives give their country. The adventurers who came in aftertimes to seek the same shores, not probably understanding the meaning of the term, yet spelling the word as they could from hearing it often repeated, were inclined to write Grianland in their mode Groënland, which sounds very nearly alike, but in the language of Denmark has no reference to the original.'—pp. 14, 15.

There is a trifling mistake in this 'interesting speculation;' but it is rather favourable to the view of the subject as taken by Bernard O'Reilly, Esquire. With submission to his superior knowledge, we take leave to observe, that Grynæus is not exactly 'an epithet for the noon-day Apollo,' but rather of a *grove* sacred to Apollo.

His tibi Grynæi nemoris dicatur origo:

Ne quis sit lucus, quo se plus jactet Apollo.

Now as the ancients had a way of naming things by the 'rule of contraries,' as 'lucus a non lucendo,' an instance in point, nothing is more probable than that Æneas conferred the name of *Grynæan-land*, or land of groves, on this delightful country, because he could

could not meet with a single twig upon it. Mr. O'Reilly has our permission to print this further 'elucidation' in the second edition of his quarto.

To be serious for a moment—General Valencey, (from whom most of this rambling stuff is taken,) though a man of learning, wrote more nonsense than any man of his time; and has unfortunately been the occasion of much more than he wrote. His reveries which, as they came from him, afforded occasional glimpses of ingenuity, when taken up by those who, like Bernard O'Reilly, have neither learning, nor taste, nor judgment, nor even common sense to direct them, degenerate into mere absurdities, too mad for reason, too foolish for mirth.

He, however, is so elated with his success, 'in the etymological line,' that he pursues his inquiries with increased vigour. He has actually collected a vocabulary of no less than six and twenty words of pure Esquimaux, among which are *piccaninny*, a child—*canoe*, a boat, &c.; and he has set the people themselves right as to the true manner of writing and pronouncing their name, which, it appears, is *Uskee*. From *Uskee* comes (we know not how) *yak*, and from *yak*, *yankee*;—of *doodle* Mr. O'Reilly says nothing. His most surprising discovery, however, is that of the derivation of the word *Uskee* itself, with which we should have favoured our readers had not the author, unfortunately for his 'literary fame,' contrived, in imitation of his betters, to mix up so much filth and obscenity with his speculations as to render it quite unfit for the public eye or ear.

We shall not trouble our readers with all the instances in which we have caught our learned author tripping, though, for the sake of doing justice to our own character for sagacity, we are under the necessity of noticing a few of them. Thus we apprehend there is a trifling mistake in the information now first communicated to the world, that 'Columbus came to Britain,' and that 'he was refused protection,' (*Introduction*, p. 10); that 'two noble Venetians, following his example, obtained a ship in Ireland, and sailed to West Friesland in 1380,' not many years after he, whose example they followed, was born. But though they got their ship in Ireland, and though Ireland traded with West Friezeland, the Irish, it seems, know nothing of the matter, and for this plain reason, because Queen Elizabeth deprived them of their records. (p. 10.) Still more unluckily for the Irish, 'this extensive island, peopled with polished inhabitants dwelling in a hundred towns, was, shortly after its discovery, suddenly overwhelmed in the ocean, and disappeared with every living creature on its surface,' (p. 10)—those beneath its surface, we take for granted, floated off in safety. It was situated, we are informed, 'in the fifty-eighth degree, between Ice-

land and Greenland,' (p. 11.) both of which, of course, must then have extended, at least, as far south as that parallel, though they have since receded towards the North Pole. That there was a West Friezeland Mr. O'Reilly assures us is by no means doubtful; that it was not the Greenland 'of late note' is equally certain; and that it is now named the Sunken Land of Buss cannot be called in question:—yet in the very next page he says: 'Quære? May not this land of Buss, so sunken, bear some probable reference to the Old or Lost Greenland, or the Atlantis of the Greek writers? It would not be easy to disprove this.' (p. 12). We will not contest the point with the learned author, especially as, after all, this island, with its hundred cities, which was metamorphosed from West Friezeland to Buss, from Buss to West Greenland, and from West Greenland to the 'Atlantis of the Greek writers,' turns out to be neither more nor less than the 'famed Ultima Thule of the ancients'! 'and as whole valleys of dreadful soundings, and peaks of tremendous and destructive contact, buried in the ocean water, forbid an exact inquiry regarding its actual position.' (p. 12.)

But if Mr. O'Reilly has perplexed us a little with this multi-nominal country, in return, he has set us at ease with regard to Spitzbergen, which we had supposed to be a cluster of islands, but which he has ascertained, from his two months cruise in Davis's Strait, 'to be one island.' (p. 47). We are moreover instructed that 'this one island (Spitzbergen) is utterly uninhabitable in the winter months,' and, finally, that 'the attempt has never yet been made.' Will not the Dutch and the Russians take shame to themselves for publishing in the face of the world, that their people have frequently wintered there! We are also informed that the 'berg fragments' from the 'icy continent' seldom pass the latitude of Statenhoek before they become finally 'dissolved;' of course, the accounts of ice-islands seen in the Atlantic are false. And by way of further consolation, it is added, that the icy continent itself must finally disappear, as the melted snow has eaten deep and tremendous chasms into its sides.

One word more—We are not much in the habit of deciding on the price of books, considering that as not within the critic's province; yet when, as on the present occasion, the enormous sum of fifty shillings is charged for a very thin quarto, we cannot but think it fair that the public should be apprized of what it is composed.—It is this consideration alone which has led us to waste a word on a composition so utterly worthless as the volume before us.

ART. IX.—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto IV.* By Lord Byron. 1818.

' Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain!

THIS solemn valediction, the concluding stanza of Lord Byron's poem, forms at once a natural and an impressive motto to our essay. 'There are few things,' says the moralist, 'not purely evil, of which we can say, without some emotion of uneasiness, *this is the last*. Those who could never agree together shed tears when mutual discontent has determined them to final separation, and of a place that has been frequently visited, though without pleasure, the last look is taken with heaviness of heart.' When we resume, therefore, our task of criticism, and are aware that we are exerting it for the last time upon this extraordinary work, we feel no small share of reluctance to part with the Pilgrim, whose wanderings have so often beguiled our labours, and diversified our pages. We part from 'Childe Harold' as from the pleasant and gifted companion of an interesting tour, whose occasional waywardness, obstinacy and caprice are forgotten in the depth of thought with which he commented upon subjects of interest as they passed before us, and in the brilliancy with which he coloured such scenery as addressed itself to the imagination. His faults, if we at all remember them, are recollected only with pity, as affecting himself indeed, but no longer a concern of ours:—his merits acquire double value in our eyes when we call to mind that we may perhaps never more profit by them. The scallop-shell and staff are now laid aside, the pilgrimage is accomplished, and Lord Byron, in his assumed character, is no longer to delight us with the display of his wondrous talents, or provoke us by the use he sometimes condescends to make of them,—an use which at times has reminded us of his own powerful simile,

' It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save.'

Before we part, however, we feel ourselves impelled to resume a consideration of his 'Pilgrimage,' not as consisting of detached accounts of foreign scenery and of the emotions suggested by them, but as a whole poem, written in the same general spirit, and pervaded by the same cast of poetry. In doing this, we are con-

scious we must repeat much which has perhaps been better said by others, and even be guilty of the yet more unpardonable crime of repeating ourselves. But if we are not new we will at least be brief, and the occasion seems to us peculiarly favourable for placing before our readers the circumstances which secured to the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold a reception so generally popular. The extrinsic circumstances, which refer rather to the state of the public taste than to the genius and talent of the author, claim precedence in order because, though they are not those on which the fame of the poet must ultimately rest, they are unquestionably the scaffolding by means of which the edifice was first raised which now stands independent of them.

Originality, as it is the highest and rarest property of genius, is also that which has most charms for the public. Not that originality is always necessary, for the world will be contented, in the poverty of its mental resources, with mere novelty or singularity, and must therefore be enchanted with a work that exhibits both qualities. The vulgar author is usually distinguished by his treading, or attempting to tread, in the steps of the reigning favourite of the day. He is didactic, sentimental, romantic, epic, pastoral, according to the taste of the moment, and his 'fancies and delights,' like those of Master Justice Shallow, are sure to be adapted to the tunes *which the carmen whistle*. The consequence is, not that the herd of imitators gain their object, but that the melody which they have profaned becomes degraded in the sated ears of the public—its original richness, wildness and novelty are forgotten when it is made manifest how easily the leading notes can be caught and parodied, and whatever its intrinsic merit may have been, it becomes, for the time, stale and fulsome. If the composition which has been thus hunted down possesses intrinsic merit, it may—indeed it will—eventually revive and claim its proper place amid the poetical galaxy; deprived, indeed, of the adventitious value which it may at first have acquired from its novelty, but at the same time no longer over-shaded and incumbered by the croud of satellites now consigned to chaos and primæval night. When the success of Burns, writing in his native dialect with unequalled vigour and sweetness, had called from their flails an hundred peasants to cudgel their brains for rhymes, we can well remember that even the bard of Coila was somewhat injured in the common estimation—as a masterpiece of painting is degraded by being placed amid the flaring colours and ill-drawn figures of imitative daubers. The true poet attempts the very reverse of the imitator. He plunges into the stream of public opinion even when its tide is running strongest, crosses its direction, and bears his crown of laurel as Cæsar did his imperial mantle, triumphant above the waves. Such a phenomenon seldom

dom fails at first to divide and at length to alter the reigning taste of the period, and if the bold adventurer has successfully buffeted the ebbing tide which bore up his competitor, he soon has the benefit of the flood in his own favour.

In applying these general remarks to Lord Byron's gravest and most serious performance, we must recal to the reader's recollection that since the time of Cowper he has been the first poet who, either in his own person, or covered by no very thick disguise, has directly appeared before the public, an actual living man expressing his own sentiments, thoughts, hopes and fears. Almost all the poets of our day, who have possessed a considerable portion of public attention, are personally little known to the reader, and can only be judged from the passions and feelings assigned by them to persons totally fictitious. *Childe Harold* appeared—we must not say in the character of *the* author—but certainly in that of a real existing person, with whose feelings as such the public were disposed to associate those of Lord Byron. Whether the reader acted right or otherwise in persisting to neglect the shades of distinction which the author endeavoured to point out betwixt his pilgrim and himself, it is certain that no little power over the public attention was gained from their being identified. *Childe Harold* may not be, nor do we believe he is, Lord Byron's very self, but he is Lord Byron's picture, sketched by Lord Byron himself, arrayed in a fancy dress, and disguised perhaps by some extrinsic attributes, but still bearing a sufficient resemblance to the original to warrant the conclusion that we have drawn. This identity is so far acknowledged in the preface to the *Canto* now before us, where Lord Byron thus expresses himself.

'The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.'—pp. vi, vii.

But besides the pleasing novelty of a traveller and a poet, throwing before the reader his reflections and opinions, his loves and his hates, his raptures and his sorrows; besides the novelty and pride which the public felt, upon being called as it were into familiarity with a mind so powerful, and invited to witness and partake of its
deep

deep emotions; the feelings themselves were of a character which struck with awe those to whom the noble pilgrim thus exposed the sanctuary of his bosom. They were introduced into no Teian paradise of lutes and maidens, were placed in no hall resounding with music and dazzling with many-coloured lights, and called upon to gaze on those gay forms that flutter in the muse's beam. The banquet had ceased, and it was the pleasure of its melancholy lord that his guests should witness that gloominess, which seems most dismal when it succeeds to exuberant and unrestrained gaiety. The emptied wine-cup lay on the ground, the withered garland was flung aside and trodden under foot, the instruments of music were silent, or waked but those few and emphatic chords which express sorrow; while, amid the ruins of what had once been the palace of pleasure, the stern pilgrim stalked from desolation to desolation; spurning from him the implements of former luxury, and repelling with equal scorn the more valuable substitutes which wisdom and philosophy offered to supply their place. The reader felt as it were in the presence of a superior being, when, instead of his judgment being consulted, his imagination excited or soothed, his taste flattered or conciliated in order to bespeak his applause, he was told, in strains of the most sublime poetry, that neither he, the courteous reader, nor aught the earth had to shew, was worthy the attention of the noble traveller.—All countries he traversed with a heart for entertaining the beauties of nature, and an eye for observing the crimes and follies of mankind; and from all he drew subjects of sorrow, of indignation, of contempt. From Dan to Beersheba all was barrenness. To despise the ordinary sources of happiness, to turn with scorn from the pleasures which captivate others, and to endure, as it were voluntarily, evils which others are most anxious to shun, is a path to ambition; for the monarch is scarcely more respected for possessing, than the anchorite for contemning the means of power and of pleasure. A mind like that of Harold, apparently indifferent to the usual enjoyments of life, and which entertains, or at least exhibits, such contempt for its usual pursuits, has the same ready road to the respect of the mass of mankind, who judge that to be superior to humanity which can look down upon its common habits, tastes, and pleasures.

This fashion of thinking and writing of course had its imitators, and those right many. But the humorous sadness which sat so gracefully on the original made but a poor and awkward appearance on those who

— wrapp'd themselves in Harold's inky cloak,
To show the world how 'Byron' did *not* 'write.'

Their affected melancholy shewed like the cynicism of Ape-
mantus

mantus contrasted with the real misanthropy of Timon. And, to say the truth, we are not sorry that the fashion has latterly lost ground. This species of general contempt of intellectual pleasures, and worldly employment, is more closely connected with the Epicurean philosophy than may be at first supposed. If philosophy be but a pursuit of words, and the revolutions of empires inevitable returns of the same cycle of fearful transitions; if our earliest and best affections 'run to waste, and water but the desert,' the want of worthier motives to action gives a tremendous and destructive impulse to the dangerous *Carpe diem* of the Garden—that most seductive argument of sensual pleasure. This doctrine of the nothingness of human pursuits, not as contrasted with those of religion and virtue, (to which they are indeed as nothing,) but absolutely and in themselves, is too apt to send its pupils in despair to those pleasures which promise a real gratification, however short and gross. Thus do thoughts and opinions, in themselves the most melancholy, become incitements to the pursuit of the most degrading pleasures; as the Egyptians placed skulls upon their banqueting tables, and as the fools of Holy Writ made the daring and fearful association of imminent fate and present revelling—*Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.*

If we treat the humour less gravely, and consider it as a posture of the mind assumed for the nonce, still this enumeration of the vain pursuits, the indulged yet unsatiated passions of humanity, is apt to weary our spirits if not our patience, and the discourse terminates in a manner as edifying as the dialogue in Prior's *Alma* :—

' "Tired with these thoughts"—"Less tired than I,"

Quoth Dick, "with your philosophy—
That people live and die I knew,
An hour ago as well as you;
What need of books those truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot spell;
And must we spectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye?
If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully wrote, or Wanley read."

' Dear Drift! to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight,
Burn Mat's Des-carte and Aristotle—
Here, Jonathan, your master's bottle.'

But it was not merely to the novelty of an author speaking in his own person, and in a tone which arrogated a contempt of all the ordinary pursuits of life, that 'Childe Harold' owed its extensive popularity: these formed but the point or sharp edge of the wedge

wedge by which the work was enabled to insinuate its way into that venerable block, the British public. The high claims inferred at once in the direct appeal to general attention, and scorn of general feeling, were supported by powers equal to such pretensions. He who despised the world intimated that he had the talents and genius necessary to win it if he had thought it worth while. There was a strain of poetry in which the sense predominated over the sound; there was the eye keen to behold nature, and the pen powerful to trace her varied graces of beauty or terror; there was the heart ardent at the call of freedom or of generous feeling, and belying every moment the frozen shrine in which false philosophy had incased it, glowing like the intense and concentrated alcohol, which remains one single but burning drop in the centre of the ice which its more watery particles have formed. In despite of the character which he had assumed, it was impossible not to see in the Pilgrim what nature designed him to be, and what, in spite of bad metaphysics and worse politics, he may yet be, a person whose high talents the wise and virtuous may enjoy without a qualifying sigh or frown. Should that day arrive, and if time be granted, it will arrive, we who have ventured upon the precarious task of prophecy—we who have been censured for not mingling the faults of genius with its talents—we shall claim our hour of heartfelt exultation. He himself, while deprecating censure on the ashes of another great but self-neglected genius, has well pleaded the common cause of those who, placed high above the croud, have their errors and their follies rendered more conspicuous by their elevation.

‘ Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix’d for ever to detract or praise ;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame :
The secret enemy, whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy ;
Her for the fool, the jealous, and the vain,
The envious, who but breath in others’ pain :
Behold the host delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave.’

For ourselves, amid the various attendants on the triumph of genius, we would far rather be the soldier who, pacing by the side of his general, mixes, with military frankness, censure amid his songs of praise, than the slave in the chariot to flatter his vanity by low adulation, or exasperate his feelings by virulent invective. In entering our protest therefore against the justice and the moral tendency of that strain of dissatisfaction and despondency, that cold and sceptical philosophy which clouds our prospects on earth, and closes those beyond it, we willingly render to this extraordinary poem

poem the full praise that genius in its happiest efforts can demand from us.

The plan, if it can be termed so, hovers between that of a descriptive and a philosophical poem. The Pilgrim passes from land to land, alternately describing, musing, meditating, exclaiming, and moralizing; and the reader, partaking of his enthusiasm, becomes almost the partner of his journey. The first and second Cantos were occupied by Spain and Greece—the former, the stage upon which those incidents were then passing which were to decide, in their consequence, the fate of existing Europe; the latter, the country whose sun, so long set, has yet left on the horizon of the world such a blaze of splendour. It is scarcely necessary to say, that in both countries, but especially in the last, the pilgrim found *room for meditation even to madness*. The third Canto saw Childe Harold once more upon the main, and traced him from Belgium to Switzerland, through scenes distinguished by natural graces, and rendered memorable by late events. Through this ample field we accompanied the Pilgrim, and the strains which describe the beauties of the Rhine and the magnificence of the Leman lake, are still glowing in our ears. The fourth Canto now appears, and recalls us to the immediate object of the present article.

The poem opens in Venice, once the mart of the universe—

I.

‘I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter’s wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O’er the far times, when many a subject land
Look’d to the winged Lion’s marble piles,

Where Venice sate in state, thron’d on her hundred isles!’

The former greatness of this queen of commerce is described and mingled with the recollections associated with her name, from the immortal works of fiction of which she has formed the scene.

IV.

‘But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the Dogeless city’s vanish’d sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o’er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

V.

‘The beings of the mind are not of clay;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray
 And more beloved existence: that which Fate
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
 Watering the heart whose early flowers have died
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.’

That this is true in philosophy as well as beautiful in poetry; that fiction as well as reality can impress local associations of the most fascinating kind, that not alone the birth-place or tomb of the man of genius, but the scenes which he has chosen for the action of his story remain dear ‘to our memories,’ and have to our ears and eyes a fascinating charm, was repeatedly experienced during the Peninsular war. Spain, separated by the ocean and the Pyrenees from the rest of Europe, and seldom in collision with Britain, save when we have encountered her fleets upon the seas, lying also beyond the ordinary course of travellers and tourists, has little familiar to us as readers of history or as members of British society. But the authors of fiction had given associations to this country of the most interesting kind, to supply the deficiencies of the slender list afforded by history or conversation. The British officers rushed with the eagerness of enthusiasm to find in the tower of Segovia the apartment from which Gil Blas, in his captivity, looked over the wanderings of the Ebro:—even the French dealt mildly with the city of Toboso, because it had given name to the celebrated Dulcinea; and amid the romantic deserts of the Sierra Morena the weary step was rendered lighter to the readers of Cervantes, who at every turn of their march among the landscapes which he has described with such exquisite truth and felicity, expected to see the doughty knight-errant and his trusty squire, or the beautiful vision of Dorothea, when she was surprised in boy’s attire washing her feet in the rivulet. Such is the prerogative of genius! and well may it be celebrated by one who has himself impressed associations upon so much scenery, which will never, while Britons speak their present language, be seen without recollecting the pilgrim and his musings.

The contrast of the former and present state of Venice calls forth naturally a train of moral reflections suitable to the occasion; but the noble pilgrim, standing on the Bridge of Sighs, and having beneath his feet the dungeons of the most jealous aristocracy that ever existed; in the vicinity also of the palace of the Council of Ten, and of those ‘lions mouths’ by means of which the most treacherous and base of anonymous informers possessed full power over the life

life and fortune of the noblest citizens, might have spared his regret for the loss of that freedom which Venice never possessed. The distinction, in this and many other cases, betwixt a free and an independent nation, is not sufficiently observed. The Venetians were never a free people, though the state of Venice was not only independent, but wealthy and powerful, during the middle ages, by the extent of her commerce and the policy of her wise rulers. But commerce found a more convenient channel round the Cape of Good Hope for that trade which Venice had hitherto carried on. Her rulers over-rated her strength and engaged in a war against the confederated force of Italy, from the consequences of which, though gloriously sustained, the state never recovered. The proud republic, whose bride was the Adriatic, shared the fate of Tyre and Sidon—of all nations whose wealth and grandeur are founded exclusively on ships, colonies, and commerce. The ‘crowning city, whose merchants were princes, and whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth,’ had long passed into a state of the third class, existing merely because not demolished, and ready to give way to the first impulse of outward force. The art of the Venetian rulers in stooping to their circumstances, and bending where they must otherwise have broken, could only protract this semblance of independence until the storm of the French Revolution destroyed Venice, among many other governments which had been respected by other conquerors from a reverence to antiquity, or from a regard for existing institutions, the very reverse of the principle which actuated the republican generals. It is surely vain to mourn for a nation which, if restored to independence, could not defend or support itself; and it would be worse than vain, were it possible, to restore the Signoria with all its oligarchical terrors of denunciation, and secret imprisonment, and judicial murder. What is to be wished for Italy, is the amalgamation of its various petty states into one independent and well-governed kingdom, capable of asserting and maintaining her place among the nations of Europe. To this desirable order of things nothing can be a stronger obstacle than the reinstatement of the various petty divisions of that fair country, each incapable of defending itself, but ready to lend its aid to destroy its neighbours.

Of Italy, in its present state, it is impossible to think or speak without recognizing the truth as well as the beauty of the following lines.

XXVI.

‘The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?

Thy

Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
 More rich than other climes' fertility;
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
 With an immaculate charm which can not be defaced.'—p. 16

Through these delightful regions the Pilgrim wanders, awakening by the flashes of his imagination that of the reader, as the face of the country suggests topics of moral interest, and reminds us alternately of the achievements of the great of former days, in arms and in literature, and as local description mingles itself with the most interesting topics of local history. Arqua, 'the mountain where he died,' suggests the name of Petrarch; the deserted Ferrara the fame and the fate of Tasso fitly classed with Danté and Ariosto, the bards of Hell and Chivalry. Florence and its statues, Thrasimene and Clitumnus start up before us with their scenery and their recollections. Perhaps there are no verses in our language of happier descriptive power than the two stanzas which characterize the latter river. In general, poets find it so difficult to leave an interesting subject, that they injure the distinctness of the description by loading it so as to embarrass rather than excite the fancy of the reader; or else, to avoid that fault, they confine themselves to cold and abstract generalities. The author has in the following stanzas admirably steered his course betwixt these extremes; while they present the outlines of a picture as pure and brilliant as those of Claude Lorraine, the task of filling up the more minute particulars is judiciously left to the imagination of the reader; and it must be dull indeed if it does not supply what the poet has left unsaid, or but generally and briefly intimated. While the eye glances over the lines, we seem to feel the refreshing coolness of the scene—we hear the bubbling tale of the more rapid streams, and see the slender proportions of the rural temple reflected in the crystal depth of the calm pool.

LXVI.

'But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er
 The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
 The grassy bank whereon the milk-white steer
 Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
 A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

LXVII.

'And on thy happy shore a temple still,
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,
 Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps

Thy

Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.'—
p. 36.

By mountain and cataract, through this land of existing beauty and heroic memory, the pilgrim at length reaches Rome:—Rome, first empress of the bodies, then of the souls, of all the civilized world, now owing its political and, perhaps, even its religious existence to the half contemptuous pity of those nations whom she formerly held in thralldom—Rome is the very ground on which we should have loved to cope with Childe Harold

' ————— in those sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.'

Nor have we been disappointed in our wishes and expectations ; for the voice of Marius could not sound more deep and solemn among the ruined arches of Carthage than the strains of the Pilgrim amid the broken shrines and fallen statues of her subduer. We can but touch partially upon these awful themes. The Palatine is thus described :—

CVII.

' Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
In fragments, chok'd up vaults, and frescos steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight :—Temples, baths, or halls ?
Pronounce who can ; for all that Learning reap'd
From her research hath been, that these are walls—
Behold the Imperial Mount ! 'tis thus the mighty falls.'—p. 36.

And thus the Egerian grottos, with a classical allusion to the complaint of Juvenal, that art in adorning them had destroyed their simplicity, are described in the state of decay by which that simplicity has been restored.

CXVI.

' The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the clost statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy, creep.'—
p. 61.

The Coliseum is described in the midnight gloom of a cloudless Italian sky; its vast area recalls the bloody games of the Romans, and the poet has vied with the memorable sculptor who produced the dying Gladiator,—superior in this, that equalling the artist in his faculty of impressing on the fancy the agonies, he can extend his power into incorporeal realms, and body forth not only the convulsed features and stiffened limbs, but the mental feelings and throes of the expiring swordsman.

CXL.

'I see before me the Gladiator lie:

He leans upon his hand—his manly brow

Consents to death, but conquers agony,

And his drooped head sinks gradually low—

And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow

From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,

Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now

The arena swims around him—he is gone,

Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

CXLI.

• He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes

Were with his heart, and that was far away;

He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,

But where his rude hut by the Danube lay

There were his young barbarians all at play,

There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,

Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—

All this rush'd with his blood—shall he expire

And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!—p. 73.

The Pantheon, the Mole of Hadrian, St. Peter's, whose vastness expands and 'renders colossal' the mind of the gazer, the Vatican, with its treasures of ancient art, are all placed before us with the same picturesque, and rendered real by the same earnest and energetic force of Lord Byron's poetry, in which the numbers seem so little the work of art or study, that they rather appear the natural and unconstrained language in which the thoughts present themselves. The deep-toned melancholy of the poet's mind at length rests on a theme where it must long find a response in every British bosom—on the event which cut down the hope of our nation, sparing neither bush nor blossom, when we most expected to have seen it fulfilled. Liberal as we have been in quotation we cannot resist the opportunity of meeting Lord Byron on a public ground, in which his exquisite strains are an echo to our own thoughts, and where we can join without any of those mental protests which we are too often compelled to make against the correctness of his principles, even when admitting the power of his language and the beauty of his poetry.

CLXVII.

CLXVII.

' Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound ;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

CLXVIII.

' Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head ?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hush'd that pang for ever : with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

CLXIX.

' Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored !
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE ; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed !
The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

CLXX.

' Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes : in the dust
The fair-haired daughter of the isles is laid,
The love of millions ! How we did entrust
Futurity to her ! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherd's eyes :—'twas but a meteor beam'd.—

p. 86—88.

From the copious specimens which we have given, the reader will be enabled to judge how well the last part of this great poem has sustained Lord Byron's high reputation. Yet we think it possible to trace a marked difference, though none in the tone of thought and expression, betwixt this canto and the first three. There is less of passion, more of deep thought and sentiment, at once collected and general. The stream which in its earlier course bounds

over cataracts and rages through narrow and rocky defiles, deepens, expands, and becomes less turbid as it rolls on, losing the aspect of terror and gaining that of sublimity. Eight years have passed between the appearance of the first volume and the present which concludes the work, a lapse of time which, joined with other circumstances, may have contributed somewhat to moderate the tone of *Childe Harold's* quarrel with the world, and, if not to reconcile him to his lot, to give him, at least, the firmness which endures it without loud complaint.—To return, however, to the proposition with which we opened our criticism, certain it is, that whether as *Harold* or as *Lord Byron* no author has ever fixed upon himself personally so intense a share of the public attention. His descriptions of present and existing scenes however striking and beautiful, his recurrence to past actions however important and however powerfully described, become interesting chiefly from the tincture which they receive from the mind of the author. The grot of *Egeria*, the ruins of the *Palatine*, are but a theme for his musings, always deep and powerful though sometimes gloomy even to sullenness. This cast of solemnity may not perhaps be justly attributed to the native disposition of the author, which is reported to be as lively as, judging from this single poem at least, we might pronounce it to be grave. But our ideas of happiness are chiefly caught by reflection from the minds of others, and hence it may be observed that those enjoy the most uniform train of good spirits who are thinking much of others and little of themselves. The contemplation of our minds, however salutary for the purposes of self-examination and humiliation, must always be a solemn task, since the best will find enough for remorse, the wisest for regret, the most fortunate for sorrow. And to this influence more than to any natural disposition to melancholy, to the pain which necessarily follows this anatomizing of his own thoughts and feelings which is so decidedly and peculiarly the characteristic of the *Pilgrimage*, we are disposed in a great measure to ascribe that sombre tint which pervades the poem. The poetry which treats of the actions and sentiments of others may be grave or gay according to the light in which the author chuses to view his subject, but he who shall mine long and deeply for materials in his own bosom will encounter abysses at the depth of which he must necessarily tremble. This moral truth appears to us to afford, in a great measure, a key to the peculiar tone of *Lord Byron*. How then, will the reader ask, is our proposition to be reconciled to that which preceded it? If the necessary result of an inquiry into our own thoughts be the conviction that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, why should we object to a style of writing, whatever its consequences may be, which involves in it truths as certain as they are melancholy? If the study of our own enjoyments leads us to doubt the

the reality of all except the indisputable pleasures of sense, and inclines us therefore towards the Epicurean system,—it is nature, it may be said, and not the poet which urges us upon the fatal conclusion. But this is not so. Nature, when she created man a social being, gave him the capacity of drawing that happiness from his relations with the rest of his race, which he is doomed to seek in vain in his own bosom. These relations cannot be the source of happiness to us if we despise or hate the kind with whom it is their office to unite us more closely. If the earth be a den of fools and knaves, from whom the man of genius differs by the more mercurial and exalted character of his intellect, it is natural that he should look down with pitiless scorn on creatures so inferior. But if, as we believe, each man, in his own degree, possesses a portion of the ethereal flame, however smothered by unfavourable circumstances, it is or should be enough to secure the most mean from the scorn of genius as well as from the oppression of power, and such being the case, the relations which we hold with society through all their gradations are channels through which the better affections of the loftiest may, without degradation, extend themselves to the lowest. Farther, it is not only our social connections which are assigned us in order to qualify that contempt of mankind, which too deeply indulged tends only to intense selfishness; we have other and higher motives for enduring the lot of humanity—sorrow, and pain, and trouble—with patience of our own griefs and commiseration for those of others. The wisest and the best of all ages have agreed that our present life is a state of trial not of enjoyment, and that we now suffer sorrow that we may hereafter be partakers of happiness. If this be true, and it has seldom been long, or at least ultimately, doubted by those who have turned their attention to so serious an investigation, other and worthier motives of action and endurance must necessarily occur to the mind than philosophy can teach or human pride supply. It is not our intention to do more than merely indicate so ample a topic for consideration. But we cannot forbear to add, that the vanishing of Lord Byron's Pilgrim strongly reminded us of the close of another work, the delight of our childhood. Childe Harold, a prominent character in the first volume of the Pilgrimage, fades gradually from the scene like the spectre associate who performed the first stages of his journey with a knight-errant, bearing all the appearance of a living man, but who lessened to the sight by degrees, and became at length totally invisible when they approached the cavern where his mortal remains were deposited.

CLXIV.

‘ But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
The being who upheld it through the past ?

Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
 He is no more—these breathings are his last;
 His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast
 And he himself as nothing:—if he was
 Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
 With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—
 His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass.'—p. 85.

In the corresponding passage of the *Tales of the Genii*, Ridley, the amiable author or compiler of the collection, expresses himself to the following purport, for we have not the book at hand to do justice to his precise words,—‘Reader, the *Genii* are no more, and *Horam*, but the phantom of my mind, fiction himself and fiction all that he seemed to write, speaks not again. But lament not their loss, since if desirous to see virtue guarded by miracles, Religion can display before you scenes tremendous, wonderful, and great, more worthy of your sight than aught that human fancy can conceive—the moral veil rent in twain and the Sun of Righteousness arising from the thick clouds of heathen darkness.’ In the sincere spirit of admiration for Lord Byron’s talents, and regard for his character which has dictated the rest of our criticism, we here close our analysis of *Childe Harold*.

Our task respecting Lord Byron’s poetry is finished, when we have mentioned the subject, quoted passages of superior merit, or which their position renders most capable of being detached from the body of the poem. For the character of his style and versification once distinctly traced, (and we have had repeated occasion to consider it,) cannot again be dwelt on without repetition. The harmony of verse, and the power of numbers, nay, the selection and arrangement of expressions, are all so subordinate to the thought and sentiment, as to become comparatively light in the scale. His poetry is like the oratory which hurries the hearers along without permitting them to pause on its solecisms or singularities. Its general structure is bold, severe, and as it were Doric, admitting few ornaments but those immediately suggested by the glowing imagination of the author, rising and sinking with the tones of his enthusiasm, roughening into argument, or softening into the melody of feeling and sentiment, as if the language fit for either were alike at the command of the poet, and the numbers not only came uncalled, but arranged themselves with little care on his part into the varied modulation which the subject requires. Many of the stanzas, considered separately from the rest, might be objected to as involved, harsh, and overflowing into each other beyond the usual license of the *Spenserian stanza*. But considering the various matter of which the poet had to treat—considering the monotony of a long-continued smoothness of sound, and accurate division of
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the sense according to the stanzas—considering also that the effect of the general harmony is, as in music, improved by the judicious introduction of discords wherewith it is contrasted, we cannot join with those who state this occasional harshness as an objection to Lord Byron's poetry. If the line sometimes 'labours and the words move slow,' it is in passages where the sense is correspondent to these laborious movements. A highly finished strain of versification resembles a dressed pleasure ground, elegant—even beautiful—but tame and insipid compared to the majesty and interest of a woodland chase, where scenes of natural loveliness are rendered sweeter and more interesting by the contrast of irregularity and wildness.

We have done with the poem; we have, however, yet a few words to say before we finally close our strictures.

To this canto, as to the former, notes are added, illustrative of the contents; and these, we are informed, are written by Mr. Hobhouse, the author of that facetious account of Buonaparte's reign of an hundred days, which it was our office last year to review. They are distinct and classical illustrations of the text, but contain of course many political sentiments of a class which have ceased to excite anger, or any feeling stronger than pity, and a sense of the weakness of humanity which, in all ages, has inclined even men of talents and cultivation to disgrace themselves, by the adoption of sentiments of which it is impossible they can have examined either the grounds or the consequences—whence the doctrines come, or whither they are tending. The mob of a corrupt metropolis, who vindicate the freedom of election by knocking out the brains of the candidate of whom they disapprove, act upon obvious and tangible principles; so do the Spenceans, Spa-fieldians and Nottingham conspirators. That 'seven halfpenny loaves should be sold for a penny,'—that 'the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops,'—and that 'the realm should be all in common,'—have been the watch-words of insurrection among the vulgar, from Jack Straw's time to the present, and, if neither honest nor praiseworthy, are at least sufficiently plain and intelligible. But the frenzy which makes individuals of birth and education hold a language as if they could be willing to risk the destruction of their native country, and all the horrors of a civil war, is not so easily accounted for. To believe that these persons would accelerate a desolation in which they themselves directly, or through their nearest and dearest connections, must widely share, merely to remove an obnoxious minister, would be to form a hasty and perhaps a false judgment of them. The truth seems to be, that the English, even those from whom better things might be expected, are born to be the dupes of jugglers and mountebanks in all professions. It is not only in physic

that the names of our nobility and gentry decorate occasionally the list of cures to which the empiric appeals as attesting the force of his remedy. Religion, in the last age, and politics in the present, have had their quacks, who substituted words for sense, and theoretical dogmata for the practice of every duty.—But whether in religion, or politics, or physic, one general mark distinguishes the empiric; the patient is to be cured without interruption of business, or pleasure—the proselyte to be saved without reformation of the future, or repentance of the past—the country to be made happy by an alteration in its political system; and all the vice and misery which luxury and poor's rates, a crowded population, and decayed morality can introduce into the community, to be removed by extending farther political rights to those who daily show that they require to be taught the purpose for which those they already enjoy were entrusted to them. That any one above the rank of an interested demagogue should teach this is wonderful—that any should believe it except the lowest of the vulgar is more so—but vanity makes as many dupes as folly.

If, however, these gentlemen will needs identify their own cause with that of their country's enemies, we can forgive them as losers, who have proverbial leave to pout. And when, in bitterness of spirit, they term the great, the glorious victory of Waterloo the 'carnage of Saint Jean,' we can forgive that too, since, trained in the school of revolutionary France, they must necessarily abhor those

———— whose art was of such power
It could controul their dam's God Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

From the dismal denunciations which Lord Byron, acting more upon his feeling than his judgment, has made against our country, although

Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe,
we entertain no fears—none whatever.—

At home, the noble author may hear of better things than 'a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus'—he may hear of an improving revenue and increasing public prosperity. And while he continues abroad he may haply call to mind, that the Pilgrim, whom, eight years since, the universal domination of France compelled to wander into distant and barbarous countries, is now at liberty to travel where he pleases, certain that there is not a corner of the civilized world where his title of Englishman will not ensure him a favourable and respectful reception.

ART. X.—*Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey.*
 Edited from Manuscript Journals, by Robert Walpole, M. A.
 London. 1817. pp. xxii. 607.

THE peculiar circumstances in which the Turkish empire is placed, both with regard to its geographical features, and the economy of its civil government, are such as present the most formidable obstacles to the inquisitive traveller. Some of its most interesting portions are rugged and mountainous, intersected with few high-ways, and those few of the worst description; affording scarcely any accommodations, whether of hospitality on the part of the inhabitants, or of facility in passing from one place to another. A more serious difficulty is the unhealthiness of certain spots, and indeed, at certain seasons, of the country in general; a scourge which, in the case of Greece, does not appear to be the natural and inevitable lot of the soil or atmosphere; but the result of that sloth and neglect, which suffer the juices of the earth to putrefy, and evaporate in pestilential exhalations. Add to these obstacles, the unsettled state of all the out-lying provinces of the Ottoman empire, the animosity which subsists between the enslaved descendants of the Doric and Ionic tribes and their barbarous masters, the facilities which are afforded to robbers by the natural features of the country, and the misgovernment of the Turks, and we shall be able to form some estimate of the difficulties to be encountered by him, who should undertake to give a complete account of any extensive portion of that great empire. The fact is, that, as long as the Ottoman government subsists, we must be content to receive our information about it in dribblets, a little from one traveller and a little from another, as the relaxations of Turkish insolence and inhospitality, and the intervals of the *mal-aria* and the plague may allow them to glean it.

Under these circumstances, we are inclined to approve of the plan which Mr. Walpole has adopted, of collecting from various intelligent and learned travellers, who have visited of late years that interesting portion of the globe, such extracts from their journals and port-folios as were calculated to throw any light upon its present condition and ancient grandeur, its geography, antiquities, and natural history, to be laid before the public in the words of the respective authors. It is true that we do not, by this method, get a well-digested and uniform book of travels, whether we regard the subjects or the style. But as travels are written in these days, we believe that this is no loss. We obtain the actual observations of each traveller, made on the spot, not amplified and dressed up with the fruits of subsequent researches in other men's writings, but a literal and correct account of the state in which things were actually found.

found. And this is precisely what we want. As the trade of book-making now goes, we reckon that the contents of the present work might, with due management, have been expanded into six volumes quarto. It is true that all the papers in the compilation before us are not of the description above-mentioned. Some of them are on matters of pure speculation, and are perhaps rather out of place in the present collection. Nor do we exactly see what business a dissertation on the catacombs of Egypt, or the journal of an expedition into Nubia, can have in 'Memoirs on European and Asiatic Turkey.' However, valuable information we are glad to have in any shape or place; and therefore will not quarrel with Mr. Walpole for introducing us to good company, even though somewhat unexpectedly.

By far the greater part of the papers which compose the volume, relate, as might be expected, to Greece, both within and without the Corinthian isthmus, and the islands of the Ægean. The principal contributors are the Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. Morritt, the late Dr. Sibthorp, Dr. Hunt, the late Professor Carlyle, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Ruikes, the late Colonel Squire, Mr. Wilkins, and the editor himself. Prefixed is a very confused and dingy-looking map of ancient Greece, on so small a scale as to be of very little service to the travelled or untravelled reader. In the preliminary discourse, Mr. Walpole discusses at length the various difficulties which oppose the researches of the traveller in Greece, the chief of which we have already briefly touched upon. It appears, from some remarks of that accurate and intelligent observer, Mr. Hawkins, that in consequence of the depopulated state of Greece and Syria, there is no considerable district which is not exposed to some degree of mal-aria. The spots in Greece, he observes, where it is most noxious, are salt-works and rice-grounds. At Milo, since the beginning of the last century, four-fifths of the population have been swept away in consequence of the establishment of a small salt-work. This may, perhaps, in great measure be accounted for by supposing, that in proportion as the salt-works are profitable, the cultivation of the neighbouring country is neglected. The same lamentable effects have resulted from the introduction of rice in the fertile low grounds of the north of Italy, where the mal-aria seems to be every year extending the sphere of its baneful influence. We may, perhaps, collect, from a little piece of local history preserved by the author of the *Etymologicon Magnum* v. *Δαρίς*, that the *ἀλοπήγια* of Ephesus were productive of similar effects upon the health of the inhabitants. It would seem, however, from Dr. Hunt's account of the salt-springs at Tousla in the Troad, that no insalubrious influence is occasioned by the evaporation of the brine; for at one of the springs a bath has been built, the roof of which

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is covered with votive offerings from the patients who have used it. Pausanias (x. 17.) says of Sardinia that the air was turbid and unwholesome; the causes of which he supposes to have been the crystallization of the salt and the oppressive breezes from the south.

The first contribution is an interesting detail by Mr. Morritt of a journey, performed in 1795, through the district of Maina in the Morea. As many, perhaps most, of our readers are not very well acquainted with the Mainiots, we shall extract a short account of this interesting people from Mr. Morritt's narrative.

The Maina includes that part of the country anciently called Laconia, which lies between the gulfs of Messene and Gythium, bounded on the north by the highest ridge of Taygetus, from which a chain of rugged mountains descends to Cape Matapan, the southern termination of the country. It is watered by the Pamisus, now the Pirnatza, the broadest river of the Peloponnese. The plains round Calamata, a town towards the N. W., are fertile and well cultivated, abounding with the cactus, or prickly-pear, the white mulberry, (on which great numbers of silk-worms are fed,) olives, and various fruit-trees.

'The town itself is built on a plan not unusual in this part of the Morea, and well adapted for the defence of the inhabitants against the attacks of the pirates that infest the coast. Each house is a separate edifice, and many of them are high square towers of brown stone, built while the Venetians had possession of the country. The lower story serves chiefly for offices or warehouses, and the walls are pierced with loop-holes for the use of musketry, while the doors are strongly barricaded.'

This style of building we believe to have been universal in ancient times in maritime villages and lone houses.*

The government of the Maina in 1795 resembled that of the Scottish Highlands in former times. Over each district presided a capitano, whose residence was a fortified tower, answering exactly, not only to the small fortresses with which Walter Scott has made us all so familiar, but to the *τύρρις* of Asidates which Xenophon describes in the *Anabasis*, and which, no doubt, has been in all ages the kind of building inhabited by the chieftains of tribes in a semibarbarous state. Each chief, besides his own domain, received a tithé of the produce from the land of his retainers. The different chiefs were independent of one another, although nominally subordinate to the most powerful capitano of the district, who usually bore the title of Bey of the Maina, a dignity which was ratified by a ferman from the Porte. In consequence of the reluctance of the

* We find in this neighbourhood, as in many other parts of Greece, a place called Palæo-castro. It seems that this termination of *castro*, in the topography of modern Greece, indicates the site of an ancient town and fortification, as amongst us *cester*, or *easter*, or *chester*, denotes the situation of a Roman encampment.

Mainiots to submit to the charatch, or poll-tax, they had been repeatedly attacked by the Turks, who had invariably failed, not less from the determined resistance of this warlike tribe, than from the inaccessible nature of their country. On the arrival of an enemy by sea, the coast is immediately deserted, and the inhabitants retire to the strong holds of Taÿgetus. They are all expert at the use of the rifle; and while defended by an impenetrable barrier of rocks to the north, and a craggy tempestuous shore to the south, they may continue to defy the cumbrous manœuvres of an ill-appointed and worse-commanded Turkish force.

In the war which the Russians, with a cruel and defective policy, incited the Greeks to wage against their oppressors, a combined attack was made upon the Maina by the fleet of the Capudan Pasha, and an army rated, by the Mainiots, at 20,000 men. A heap of bones, whitened by the sun, near the town of Cardamyle, attested the result of the attack by sea.

θῆναι δὲ κερῶν καὶ τριτοσπέρην γίνεαι
ἀφῶνα σημαίνουσιν ὅμμασιν βροτῶν,
ὡς οὐχ ὑπέρβην, θητὸν ὄντα, χρεὶ φροσίν.

That by land was equally disastrous to the assailants.

Some of the chiefs Mr. Morritt found to be tolerably versed in Romaic literature, and some sufficiently masters of their ancient language to *read* Herodotus and Xenophon; that is, we suppose, to collect the substance of those authors; for as to *reading*, in our acceptance of the term, we would venture any odds, that no Mainiot chief could make apt sense of a chapter of Herodotus. The laws of hospitality were observed with the strictest punctiliousness; the letters of recommendation, like the σύμβολα of older times, ensured the travellers a friendly attention while they staid, and a safe escort when they departed, in conformity to the precept of Homer—

τὸν ξείνον παριόντα φιλαῖν, ἀπιόντα δὲ σέμειν—

the force of which is imperfectly expressed by Pope,

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

The religion of the Mainiots is that of the Greek church, with all its mummery. The most pleasing feature in their character was their domestic intercourse with the other sex. The women were neither secluded nor enslaved, and consequently neither corrupted nor ignorant. They partook in the management of their families and the education of their children. Instances of conjugal infidelity were extremely rare, which, indeed, is not much to be wondered at, considering the manner in which the first advances may chance to be received. The German Phœmius of a certain capitano, an accomplished lyrist, who scraped a three-stringed rebeck, having

having offended a pretty woman in the neighbourhood, by some indiscreet proposals, she drew a pistol and shot him dead on the spot. Indeed the Mainiot ladies are altogether most formidable personages. Not content with 'love's artillery,' which Mr. Morritt describes as being by no means of an inefficient description, they were seen by him slinging stones and bullets at a mark, with great expertness.

Mr. Morritt describes an interesting visit to Zanetachi Kutuphari, a capitano of consideration, and his niece Helena, a young widow and a wealthy capitanessa. At an audience with which she honoured our travellers, this lady wore a light blue shawl-gown embroidered with gold, a sash loosely tied round her waist, and a short vest, without sleeves, of embroidered crimson velvet; over these was a dark velvet Polonese mantle, with wide and open sleeves, richly embroidered. On her head was a green velvet cap, also embroidered with gold. A white and gold muslin shawl fixed on the right shoulder, and passed across her bosom under the left arm, floated over the coronet and hung to the ground behind her. Her uncle's dress was still more magnificent. Mr. Morritt was informed, that in case of necessity, the Mainiots can bring 12,000 men into the field.

From some remarks of Dr. Sibthorp, upon the natural productions of the same district, we learn that the white mulberry-tree is called *μούγια*, the black *συκαμίνια*. This fact may, perhaps, throw some light upon the names *συκάμινος* and *συκομογία*, (both applied by St. Luke to a tree which was probably the mulberry-tree,) about which the commentators have been a good deal puzzled. Dr. Sibthorp observes that caprification is still practised. We should have been glad to meet with a clear explanation of the principle of this operation.

The long debated question relating to the treasures of ancient literature, supposed to be concealed in the libraries of the Seraglio, the Mosque of St. Sophia, and the Colleges of Dervises at Constantinople, has at length been settled by the researches of Dr. Hunt and the late Professor Carlyle; and the result of their inquiries is, that 'in none of those vast collections is there a single classical fragment of a Greek or Latin author, either original or translated. The volumes were in Arabic, Persian, or Turkish; and of all of them Mr. Carlyle took exact catalogues.' Surely this is too sweeping a sentence. It was not possible for these gentlemen, without an examination of the books themselves, to ascertain that they contained no translated fragments of a classical author. We think it, on the contrary, very probable, that some of the Arabic MSS. may contain portions of Aristotle or Galen, or of later Greek writers. It appears from Professor Carlyle's description, that

that the library of the seraglio is built in the form of a Greek cross, and is not more than twelve yards in length from the extremity of one arm to that of the other. It contains 1294 MSS., mostly Arabic, with a few of the best Turkish writers. The Professor must have made good use of his time, for during his short stay in the seraglio 'he is certain that there was not one volume which he did not separately examine; but he was prevented by the jealousy of the moulahs, who accompanied him, from making out a detailed catalogue of the whole;' and, indeed, if the moulahs had been out of the way, it would have required a quick eye, and the pen of a ready writer, to make out a catalogue of 1294 oriental MSS. in two or three *hours*. He obtained, however, a catalogue of the library of the patriarchs of Jerusalem, the largest in the empire, and even got permission to carry a few of the most valuable to England. These, together with a large collection of Arabic MSS., were transmitted, we believe, to this country, and deposited in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, by the munificence of the present primate. We are, however, not quite certain whether Mr. Carlyle did not misunderstand the *permission* which he had obtained from the patriarch of Jerusalem; for we have heard it reported, that this venerable dignitary of the Greek church has reclaimed his valuable MSS. And it appears from an expression in one of Dr. Hunt's papers, that the volumes were only *lent*.

'The patriarch behaved to us with the utmost liberality, not only sending one of his chaplains to assist us in making a catalogue of the library, but allowing us to take any of the manuscripts we might wish to send to England for the purpose of being examined and collated. Such as we thought interesting or curious were forwarded to London along with those procured from the Prince's islands; and they are now in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth'!—p. 85.

In truth we are not a little surprized at the facility with which the professor was permitted to bring away from more than one library 'several of what he judged to be the most curious MSS.'—as for instance, six from the famous library of St. Saba. We had been led to understand that the alienation of this kind of property was expressly forbidden by the rules of the Greek church. The professor was indefatigable in his researches, for during a stay of three weeks in the convents of Mount Athos, he tells us (p. 196) that he examined almost 13,000 MSS., which is at the rate of about 570 per diem. Of these he made out a 'very detailed catalogue.' Had he lived to publish this it would have been a valuable addition to our *Bibliotheca*.

Dr. Sibthorp's papers contain some interesting details upon the present state of Attica, its statistics and natural history; and a pleasing account of the monasteries on Mount Athos is given by

Dr.

Dr. Hunt. Upon his setting out from Constantinople to visit the Holy Mountain, the dragomen spoke much of the ignorance and vices of the Greek caloyers; but Dr. Hunt observes that their representation was very incorrect. He considers that the kind of religious republic, which subsists there, contributes to preserve the language of Greece from further corruption, and checks the defection of Christians to Mahometanism. Most of the Greek didascaloi, or schoolmasters, and the higher orders of the clergy, are selected from that place. 'If it sometimes hides a culprit who has fled from public justice, yet that criminal most probably reforms his life in a residence so well calculated to bring his mind to reflection.' A better defence would be, that the manner in which justice is administered in Turkey, makes it very probable, that, in five instances out of six, the culprit who seeks an asylum at Mount Athos may be an innocent person.

In a paper of the late Mr. Davison's, and in the editor's note, we are presented with some interesting particulars relative to Pompey's pillar, as it is called—an appellation, which, of late years, has been the subject of considerable discussion. By means of an accurate measurement with the theodolite, the pillar was found to be ninety-two feet in height, without taking into account the separate stones, by which it is raised four feet from the ground. Its circumference, at the base, is twenty-seven feet and a half. The support of the column is an inverted obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics; a circumstance, says Shaw, which may induce us to suspect that the pillar was not erected by the Egyptians, who would not have buried their sacred inscriptions, but by the Greeks or Romans, nay later perhaps than Strabo. The suspicion is probably just: but the reason assigned for it is not very forcible. By some of the Arabic writers this pillar is called 'Amoud al Sawary,' 'the pillar of the colonnades,' an allusion to the porticoes with which it was surrounded as late as the twelfth century.

It appears, from some observations of M. Quatremère, that there was a prefect of Egypt named Pompeius in the time of Diocletian, which, as Mr. Walpole observes, is a strong corroboration of the opinion, that this column was erected in honour of Diocletian by a magistrate of the name of Pompeius. Major Missett informed Mr. W. Turner that the letters ΔΙΟΚ. Η. ΙΑΝΟΝ were considered, by those who had lately visited Egypt, as discernible; and Colonel Leake gives the word 'Diocletian' as the result of the examination made by himself and Colonel Squire. Dr. Clarke, however, proposes to read ΔΙΟΝΑΔΙΑΝΟΝ. So far the Editor. The fact is, that the inscription was clearly deciphered by our officers in Egypt to the following extent.

TO ΩΤΑΤΟΝΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑ
 ΤΟΝΠΟΛΙΟΥΤΧΟΝΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΙΑΣ
 ΔΙΟΚ. ΗΤΙΑΝΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΤΟΝ
 ΠΟ ΕΠΑΡΧΟΣΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΥ.

Lord Valentia, by the help of scaffolding and plaster, made out more of it, but unfortunately lost his copy. Scarcely any part of it can be discovered without intense attention. Mr. W. Turner, at noon, which is the most favourable time for inspecting the inscription, distinguished ΔΙΟ, and under that, ΠΟ—and felt no doubt that the character following the ΔΙΟ was a mutilated Κ. Upon the whole, then, Dr. Clarke's opinion seems to be untenable; and we may conclude, with great probability, that this celebrated pillar was in fact erected by Pompeius, a prefect of Egypt, in honour of Diocletian.

In the Catacombs of Alexandria, Mr. Davison found many remains of Alexandrian painting upon the walls. In the temples of Tentyra, Thebes and Diospolis, the colours are still fresh and vivid. It is well known, both from the testimonies of ancient authors, and from traces of the custom which are still visible, that the Greek sculptures were frequently painted. Several instances are mentioned by Mr. Walpole, who observes, (p. 381,) that 'there is reason to believe that the word γράφω was applied by the Greeks to express a combination of sculpture and painting.' We believe not: γράφειν never signifies more than to 'delineate' or 'paint'; but since it was customary to paint sculpture, the word γράφειν may have been used of a *relievo*, taking the previous carving for granted. The passage of Pliny which the learned Editor adduces in support of his opinion is of no force. 'Fuisse Panænum fratrem ejus, qui et clypeum intus pinxit Elide Minervæ.' Heyne observes, that instead of painting, we should have expected some *bas-relief* within the shield, consistently with what Pliny relates elsewhere of the buckler of Minerva in the Parthenon, *scuti concava parte deorum et gigantum dimicationem coelavit*. Heyne supposes, therefore, that Pliny, or the author whom he followed, misunderstood the word ἔγραψε, which was employed to signify work in *bas-relief*; and this is also Mr. Walpole's opinion: that it should be so, surprises us a little, seeing he has mentioned this Panænus as a painter in p. 378. That there was a *bas-relief* on the interior of the shield, is very probable; but Phidias carved, and Panænus painted it, as he did the statue of Olympian Jove. Strabo, viii. p. 354. πολλὰ δὲ συνέπραξε τῷ Φειδίᾳ Πάναϊνος ὁ ζωγράφος, ἀδελφιδοῦς ὦν αὐτοῦ καὶ συνεργόλαβος, πρὸς τὴν τοῦ ἑοάνου κατασκευὴν, διὰ τὴν τῶν χρωμάτων κόσμησιν, καὶ μάλιστα τῆς ἐσθῆτος. [The MS. author whom Pliny used, had ἀδελφός for ἀδελφιδούς, probably by the inadvertence of the copyist.

Pantænus,

Pantænus, for so the name should be written, was the nephew of Phidias].—δείκνυται δὲ καὶ γραφαὶ πολλαὶ τῆ καὶ θαυμασταὶ περὶ τὸ ἱερὸν, ἐκείνου ἔργα. So Nicias was employed to colour the statues made by Praxiteles. Plin. xxxv. 10. 'Hic est Nicias, de quo dicebat Praxiteles, interrogatus quæ maxime opera sua probarit in marmoribus, quibus Nicias manum admovisset: tantum circumlitioni ejus tribuit.' This practice, which is altogether adverse to the taste of modern times, seems to have prevailed amongst all the people of antiquity. Sir W. Hamilton, in the accounts which accompanied the drawings made of the discoveries at Pompeii, and presented to the Antiquarian Society, says, that in the chapel of Isis, the image of that goddess still retains the coat of paint; her robe being of a purple hue. Something therefore may be said, on the score of precedent, in behalf of the richly gilt and painted images of saints which decorate the Romish churches, as well as of the gorgeous robes and wigs of many of our English worthies of former times, whose costume still lives in marble and vermilion. Shakspeare, in the *Winter's Tale*, represents the statue of Hermione as painted by Giulio Romano.

The first instance which Mr. Walpole adduces, is from Ælian, ἀμολόγει τὴν πρᾶξιν τοῦ Γέλωνος τὸ γράμμα,—where, says Cuper, γράμμα may mean a statue; which we shall content ourselves with denying.

The second is from Athenæus, οἱ ποιηταὶ καὶ οἱ γραφεῖς πλείων αὐτὸν ἐν ποτηρίῳ ἐμυθολόγησαν, where Casaubon says 'per pictores intellige omnes simulacrorum artifices.' The fact is, that γραφεῖς is a mere παραδιόρθωμα of Casaubon. The old and genuine lection is οἱ ποιηταὶ καὶ συγγραφεῖς 'the poets and historians.'

The third is from an epigram of Antipater, κατ' εὐρόφον γραπτὸν τέγος, which Mr. Walpole translates, 'on the well-roofed pediment, sculptured and painted,' in which version τέγος is improperly rendered *pediment*, and the words in italics are a gratuitous addition. If it be true that the roofs or ceilings of houses were frequently carved and painted, does it therefore follow that there is any allusion to carving in the word γράφω? A roof which was both carved and painted might be called indifferently 'the carved roof,' or 'the painted roof.'

The fourth is from an epigram of Perses, Brunck. Anal. ii. p. 4.

Διδαία Μιάσυλλα, τί τοι καὶ ἐν' ἑνὶ οὗτος

Μυρομίας κοίρας γραπτὸς ἴσωςι τύπος;

where τύπος may perhaps mean a sculptured image, but γραπτὸς certainly means only painted. Mr. Walpole has observed, in p. 378, that the custom of painting tombs was common in Greece. Upon the whole, we assert, that γράφειν was never used of a statue or *relievo*, except with reference to the painting. The γραφαὶ εἰκόνας,

which we find occasionally mentioned, may seem at first sight more favourable to Mr. Walpole's opinion; but even these, we believe, were no more than portraits. *Inscript. op. Spon. Miscell. p. 344.* ἀναθεῖναι δὲ αὐτοῦ εἰκόνα γραπτὴν. This was an honour frequently paid to illustrious men. *Pseudo-Plutarch. Vit. Isocr. p. 839. C.* Ἦν δὲ αὐτοῦ γραπτὴ εἰκὼν ἐν τῷ Πομπείῳ. *Strabo xiv. p. 648.* καὶ ἡ πατρις δ' ἱκανῶς αὐτὸν ᾤξησε, πορφύραν ἐνδύσασα ἱεραμένην τοῦ Σωσιπόλιδος Διός· καθάπερ καὶ ἡ γραπτὴ εἰκὼν ἐμφανίζει ἡ ἐν τῇ ἀγορᾷ. Amasis presented to the temple of Minerva εἰκόνα ἐαυτοῦ γραπτὴν, says Herodotus ii. 182. So Pausanias v. 16. καὶ δὲ ἀναθεῖναι σφισιν ἑστὶ γραφαιμέναις εἰκόνας, *having caused their own portraits to be painted.* Hence εἰκονογράφος, *Aristot. Poet. 28.*

At p. 425 we are presented with a valuable dissertation by the Earl of Aberdeen, upon the gold and silver coinage of Attica. Many learned men have doubted whether the Athenians ever coined any gold money. Our own opinion is that they never did, except perhaps a few pieces on some particular occasions. Gold coin was current at Athens, but it was of foreign coinage; either the stater of Persia, of Ægina, of Cyzicum or some other town; and when gold coin is spoken of generally, under the name of χρυσοὺς or στατήρ, we are to understand the Δαρεικός. The authorities by which we could support this opinion would occupy too much space in our pages. Aristophanes in the Frogs speaks of a gold coinage, greatly alloyed with copper; and calls the pieces *πονηρὰ χαλκία*, which words the learned Corsini (*Diss. XII. p. 225.*) misunderstands, as being spoken of copper money. It is probable that from its extreme badness it was not long current. Lord Aberdeen justly observes that

'The currency of the silver money of Athens was almost universal, owing to the deservedly high reputation for purity which it possessed; and on this account we find several cities of Crete copying precisely in their coins the design, weight and execution of the Attic tetradrachms, in order to facilitate their intercourse with the barbarians. It is possible that the general use and estimation of the produce of the Attic mines contributed to render the Athenians averse from a coinage of another metal, which, by supplying the place of silver money at home, might, in some degree, tend to lessen its reputation abroad.'—p. 445.

The Attic tetradrachm seems to have obtained as extensive a currency in ancient times, as the Spanish dollar since the discovery of the silver mines of the new world; and for the same reason. The following remarks are important and original.

'One of the greatest problems in numismatical difficulties is the cause of the manifest neglect, both in design and execution, which is invariably to be met with in the silver money of Athens; in which the affectation of an archaic style of work is easily distinguished from the rudeness of remote antiquity. Different attempts have been made to elucidate

elucidate the subject: De Pauw affirms that, owing to a wise economy, the magistrates, whose office it was to superintend the coinage of silver, employed none but inferior artists in making the design, as well as in other branches of the process, an hypothesis wholly inconsistent with the characteristic magnificence of the republic. Pinkerton asserts, that it can only be accounted for from the excellence of the artists being such as to occasion all the good to be called into other countries, and none but the bad left at home. It would be somewhat difficult to explain how Athens came to be so long honoured both by the presence and the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, Zeuxis and Apelles.*

The Attic silver was of acknowledged purity, and circulated very extensively: the Athenian merchants, particularly in their commercial dealings with the more distant and barbarous nations, appear frequently to have made their payments in it. The barbarians being once impressed with these notions of its purity, the government of Athens, in all probability, was afraid materially to change that style and appearance by which their money was known and valued among these people. A similar proceeding in the state of Venice throws the strongest light on the practice of the Athenians. The Venetian sechin is perhaps the most unseemly of the coins of modern Europe: it has long been the current gold of the Turkish empire, in which its purity is universally and justly esteemed; any change in its appearance on the part of the Venetian government would have tended to create distrust.

We agree with the editor in considering these remarks of the Earl of Aberdeen, as affording a more satisfactory explanation of the difficulty in question, than any which has hitherto been offered. We cannot help adducing a testimony in favour of his lordship's hypothesis, from a quarter, where one would not expect to meet with any thing bearing upon a question of this kind. Sir W. D'Avenant, in his Prologue to 'The Wits,' says that there are some

— who would the world persuade
That gold is better, when the stamp is bad,
And that an ugly, ragged piece of eight,
Is ever true in mettal and in weight.
As if a guinny and louis had less
Intrinsic value for their handsomeness.

If merit depended, in poetry as well as numismatics, upon 'ugliness' and 'raggedness,' these verses of Sir William would be, in their way, perfect Attic tetradrachms. The present volume has also been enriched by the same accurate and learned nobleman with an account of two very curious and interesting marbles, found at Amyclæ, in Laconia, which is the place where the Abbé Fourmont pretended to have found his celebrated inscriptions, the spuriousness of which has been so ably demonstrated by Mr. R. P. Knight. Of the two pieces of sculpture described by the Earl of

* Qu.—How long was Athens honoured by the presence of either Zeuxis or Apelles?

Aberdeen, and copied in an engraving at p. 446, each represents a hand-basin, surrounded with the various implements of a female toilet, combs, pins, a needle or bodkin, perfume-boxes and bottles, mirrors, paint-boxes, curling-irons, rollers, toothpicks, and reticules (or perhaps night-caps). What we believe to be *hand-basins* the Earl of Aberdeen calls *patæra*. In one of them is the following inscription, ΑΝΘΟΥΣΗ ΔΑΜΑΙΝΕΤΟΤ ΥΠΟΣΤΑΤΡΙΑ; and in the other, ΛΑΤΑΓΗΤΑ ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΙΕΡΕΙΑ. The first remark which suggests itself, upon inspecting these inscriptions, is, that they are not in the Laconic dialect. The only Doric form in the first, is the first A in ΔΑΜΑΙΝΕΤΟΤ. In the second, Lord Aberdeen considers ΛΑΤΑΓΗΤΑ to be for ΛΑΟΑΓΗΤΑ. But ΛΑΟΑΓΗΤΑ assuredly was not a Greek proper name. We suspect some error in the transcript. Mr. Walpole supposes the marbles to have been offerings made by the priestesses Anthusa and Laoageta; or as consecrated during the priesthood of those women; in which case they may have been presented by the ΚΟΣΜΗΤΡΙΑΙ or *ornatrices* of some deity. Caylus considers the word ΥΠΟΣΤΑΤΡΙΑ to signify *sous-prêtresse*. Lord Aberdeen thinks that it may have some allusion to distribution or regulated measure. The fact is that the word means nothing more nor less than *under-dresser*. Στάτρια was one appellation of a female hair-dresser. Hesych. Στάτρια. ἐμπλέκτρια. Now ἐμπλέκτρια was the same as κομμάτρια, a tire-woman, one who dressed and depilated the ladies; as an old grammarian explains it. The name κομμάτρια is derived from κόμμι, a sort of gum, used by females to make the plaits of their hair retain the form which was given them: the profession itself was called τέχνη κομματική. This is the account given by a scholiast on Plato; to which, if it were necessary, we could add much more, illustrative of the subject.

Amongst the articles, represented upon each of these marbles, are two pair of slippers. We have an epigram of Antipater of Sidon, which mentions the dedication to Venus of sandals, amongst other articles of dress.

Σάνδαλα μιν τὰ ποδῶν θαλπήτρια ταῦτα Βίτιννα, κ. τ. λ.

And we may observe, by the way, that a peculiar kind of sandals were used at Amyclæ, where these marbles were found, and were thence called Ἀμυκλαῖ or Ἀμυκλαῖδες, for withholding a dissertation upon which, our readers will probably thank us; as also for the suppression of a page or two of observations on the *Caryatides* of ancient architecture, of which no satisfactory account has hitherto been given, nor is the matter cleared up by Mr. Walpole in his remarks at p. 602. Mr. Wilkins conjectures, that these *Caryatides*, who are called Κορυ in a very ancient inscription, were no other than the Canephoræ.

Several

Several inscriptions are published for the first time in this volume; they are generally well explained by the learned editor, but not always. For instance, in p. 457. we have the following, from the journals of Mr. Hawkins:—

ΓΑΙΟΣ ΙΟΥΛΙΟΣ ΚΕΛΕΡ ΕΚ
ΤΩΝ ΙΔΙΩΝ ΚΑΤΕΣΚΕΥΑ
ΞΕΝ ΔΗΜΩ ΤΩ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙ
ΑΤΩΝ ΤΗΝ ΥΠΟΧΩΡΗΣΙΝ
ΚΑΙ ΓΑΙΟΣ ΙΟΥΛΙΟΣ ΕΡΜΑΣ Ο
ΚΑΙ ΜΕΡΚΟΥΡΙΟΣ ΕΣΤΡΩΞΕΝ ΕΚ
ΤΩΝ ΙΔΙΩΝ ΤΗΝ ΠΛΑΤΕΙΑΝ ΑΠΟ
ΤΟΥ ΖΥΓΟΣΤΑΣΙΟΥ ΜΕΧΡΙ
ΤΗΣ ΥΠΟΧΩΡΗΣΕΩΣ.

' Caius Julius Celer built, at his own expense, for the people of Apollonia, the recess or passage; and Caius Julius Hermas, who is called also Mercupus, paved at his own cost the broad court leading from the zygostasium as far as the recess.'

Mercupus! a pretty name! what can be clearer than that the true reading is ΜΕΡΚΟΥΡΙΟΣ, *Mercurius*? The υποχώρησις was a recess by the side of the street, resembling, we suppose, those on Westminster Bridge; for what purpose we need not say. Ζυγαστάσιον should have been translated, *the weighing place, or public steelyards*, which, in every city of the Roman empire, were superintended by an officer, called *praefectus ponderibus*. Lastly, the concluding words should be rendered, 'paved at his own cost the street from the steelyards to the recess;' not 'leading from the zygostasium,' which would have been τὴν πλατείαν τὴν ἀπὸ τοῦ ζ. with the article repeated.

The volume concludes with a valuable dissertation of Mr. Wilkins upon a Greek inscription, six years older than the date of Euclid's archonship, at which era the Ionic letters began to be used at Athens in public documents. But we observe some inaccuracies, both in the copy of the inscription, which is given as divested of its archaisms, and also in the translation of it; none, however, of material consequence.

Amongst other symptoms of the haste with which this volume has been put together, is the circumstance, that some of the plates are in one part and the descriptions of them in another. Thus, at p. 321. we have the representation of a lecythus, which is described in p. 539. This cruse, which presents the figures of two horses and their grooms, is entitled ΔΗΚΤΘΟΣ ΑΤΤΙΚΟΣ. Now as the book is an English one, we do not see the propriety of giving Greek titles to the plates; which, to our minds, savours of pedantry. An English inscription would at all events have avoided the false concord of λήκυθος Ἀττικῆς for λήκυθος Ἀττικῆ.

The editor's notes upon the various communications display extensive reading; but we wish he had bestowed a little more attention upon the correction of the press; it is pity that so handsome a volume should be disfigured by so many typographical errors.

ART. XI.—*Woman: a Poem.* By the Author of 'The Heroine.'
12mo. pp. 121. 1818.

THE preface to this little volume is written with peculiar candour and modesty. Mr. Barrett, it informs us, published, some time since, a poem on the same subject, and felt all the irritation, common in such cases, at finding it universally condemned by the critics. After the lapse of a few years, however, he himself began to discover, that his 'favourite performance' was written in a false taste; and as, when we begin to hate, we generally hate that most which we had before loved best, so Mr. Barrett, it seems, managed to contract a most unqualified abhorrence for his quondam *Dalilah*. The consequence was, that he drew his pen, with a vindictive resolution to exterminate it from every earthly library. We know not where to look in the annals of literature for a similar instance of an author, who professedly sets up himself against himself, and assiduously endeavours to run down his own production. At the same time, we trust he has not acted in a dishonourable manner towards his earlier love, and resorted to the contemptible expedient of injuring it by invidious attacks in the periodical journals. As, on this occasion, he lies entirely at the mercy of himself, he is bound, we think, to exercise his power with moderation, and not to take an ungenerous advantage of his own acrimony against his own work.

But while we indulge a smile at the suicidal hostility of Mr. Barrett, we are far from wishing to leave any ultimate impression of ridicule upon it. On the contrary, as critics, whose suggestions are almost always taken in ill part by authors, we feel interested in recommending to their imitation the ingenuous example of this poet, and in calling their especial attention to the following extract from his preface. After acquainting us with his mortifying discovery of the defects in his former work, he adds,

'But, at least, the discovery contained a moral. It shewed that we should listen with deference to those critics whose taste differs from our own, since even our own, in process of time, may differ from itself.'

We may, therefore, suppose him quite sincere, when he says,

'Indeed, I had formed so erroneous an estimate of my former work, that I am almost afraid to hope any thing from this, and I can most conscientiously add, that my chief feelings on the subject are doubt and apprehension.'

We

We now come to the work itself. However Mr. Barrett may pique himself upon the subject which he has chosen, we must take leave to dissent from his opinion of its 'peculiar happiness.' In the first place, we consider the question with respect to the station which the female sex should hold in society, as long since settled in theory, and as pretty generally reduced to practice. In times immediately previous to the commencement of chivalry, when women were really degraded and despised, his vindication of their claims would have acquired an importance which it is not so likely to enjoy in the present age. For what sympathy can he now hope to extract from his male readers, when the greater part of them will probably peruse his work in a drawing-room, the very seat of female despotism, where a thousand ceremonials of homage give the 'lie direct' to the predominance of the 'lordly sex'? and where the finest couplet is liable to be broken off by the polite indispensibility of getting up to hand a chair?

Of all this, however, the author himself seems so well aware, that he has dedicated but a very small portion of his poem to the statement of the grievances of woman—much the greater part being occupied in describing her attractions. And here again we must beg permission to say, that however beautiful each individual attraction may appear, there is the same sort of monotony in a professed catalogue and collection of them, that we should experience in a sculptor's exhibition-room, where the Graces and Muses and Virtues were crowded around us, and where the only distinction between them was in the drapery, attitude and symbols. We might, indeed, acknowledge that each statue was charming in itself, but on viewing the whole series together, we should wish for some combination of action, or at least for the interposition of a Hercules or a Laocoon, to give contrast and animation to the group.

In fact, there remains so little doubt now-a-days, that a due elevation of females in society bestows full as much dignity and comfort on ourselves as on them, that a poem which goes only to prove it, cannot pretend to the popular advantages which result from a disputed theory. We might add too, that the theme itself is already sufficiently hacknied, for we have innumerable prose disquisitions on it. And, although it may not till now, perhaps, have been professedly treated in English poetry, we can scarcely open one tuneful page in which the praises of woman are not introduced by way of subsidiary ornaments.

The poem opens with an elegiac tribute to the memory of the lamented Princess Charlotte, to whom, it appears, the author was in the act of dedicating the work, when intelligence of the fatal catastrophe reached him. Of this circumstance he has taken advantage,

tage, and judiciously varied the almost unavoidable sameness of monody with an incident at once poetical and affecting.

The poet then proceeds to recount the causes from which the former oppression of the sex arose, and the moral improvements from which we may deduce their present state of exaltation. This is followed by a comparison between the two sexes, as to their distinct qualifications and duties.

‘ To Woman, whose best books are human hearts,
Wise heaven a genius less profound imparts.
His awful, her’s is lovely ; his should tell
How thunderbolts, and her’s how roses fell.
Her rapid mind decides while his debates,
She feels a truth that he but calculates.—
He provident, averts approaching ill,
She snatches present good with ready skill :
That active perseverance his, which gains,
And her’s that passive patience which sustains.’—pp. 30, 31.

An enumeration of those virtues in which the poet conceives ours to be excelled by the softer sex, closes with the following charming passage.

‘ To guard that Virtue, to supply the place
Of courage, wanting in her gentle race,
Lo, modesty was given ; mysterious spell,
Whose blush can shame, whose panic can repel.
Strong by the very weakness it betrays,
It sheds a mist before our fiery gaze.
The panting apprehension, quick to feel,
The shrinking grace that fain would grace conceal,
The beautiful rebuke that looks surprise,
The gentle vengeance of averted eyes ;
These are its arms, and these supreme prevail.
Love pauses, Vice retracts his glozing tale.’

The next four lines are peculiarly happy. They have (to us at least) all the brilliancy of invention, combined with the sobriety of truth.

‘ Not she with trait’rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue ;
She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.’—p. 34.

The conclusion of this part is very creditable to the poet’s feelings—it is in a strain of patriotism, pure, ardent, and even sublime.

Mr. Barrett proceeds, in the next canto, to derive the influence of woman from those virtues, and from various other attractions, some of which are enumerated in the following pleasing and elegant lines.

‘ With

'With amiable defects of nature born,
Wants that endear and foibles that adorn,
She by reserve and awful meekness reigns;
Her sighs are edicts, her caresses chains.
Why has she tones with speaking music strung?
Eyes eloquent beyond the mortal tongue?
And looks that vanquish, till, on nerveless knee,
Men gaze, and grow with gazing, weak as she?
'Tis to command these arts against our arms,
And tame imperious might with winning charms.'—pp. 47, 48.

Amongst the sources of female influence, beauty of course could not be omitted; accordingly, after a gay and animated description of a girl of fifteen, the portrait of a more matured loveliness is exhibited. The picture, though chaste, we had almost said pure, is yet somewhat too luxuriant for our pages; but we gladly borrow the closing lines. After observing that every other object of art or nature palls on the eye, if long beheld, the poet adds,

But unallay'd,
The sight still pauses on a beauteous maid.
Each glance still finds her lovelier than before,
Each gazing moment asks a moment more.
Yet then must intellectual graces move
The play of features, ere we quite approve;
Yet must chaste Honor, ere those graces win,
Light up the glorious image from within!—pp. 55, 56.

The episode on an unhappy victim of seduction, which concludes this canto, is, on the whole, the most interesting and highly wrought part of the poem; as such, we recommend it to the notice of our readers. We cannot afford space for any extracts from it.

The third canto is occupied with a topic not particularly new to poetry—love; something original however is contrived. The symptoms of this passion, and the 'enchanting trivialities' of courtship are well designed; and the following passage, though not novel in thought, is pretty in expression.

'There is a language by the virgin made,
Not read but felt, not uttered but betray'd:
A mute communion, yet so wondrous sweet,
Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.
'Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows,
In one short glance whole volumes it avows;
In one short moment tells of many days,
In one short speaking silence all conveys.
Joy, sorrow, love recounts, hope, pity, fear,
And looks a sigh and weeps without a tear.
O 'tis so chaste, so touching, so refined,
So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind, &c.—pp. 81, 82.

The tempest in the subsequent episode enables Mr. Barrett to display

display more lofty powers of description, and the first four lines struck us as particularly simple and vigorous.

'The sun set red, the clouds were scudding wild,
And their black fragments into masses piled;
The birds of ocean scream'd, and ocean gave
A hoarser murmur and a heavier wave.'—p. 85.

The poem ends with exhibiting woman in her natural sphere,—the gentle guardian of rural and domestic retirement.

We have not read Mr. Barrett's former work on this subject, but we may venture to assure him, that those faults of style which he attributes to it, do not exist in the present. We might indeed point out several blemishes of a verbal nature, but we shall content ourselves with stating, in general terms, that they appear, for the most part, to originate in too much solicitude with regard to language; the versification though combining, as our readers must have observed, conciseness and strength with a considerable degree of harmony, is yet, from want of variety in the modulation of its pauses, occasionally cloying and oppressive.

On the whole, however, Mr. Barrett has evinced both talent and genius in his little poem, and sustained a flight far above the common level. Some passages of it, and those not a few, are of the first order of the pathetic and descriptive; we hope, therefore, (in compliment to our own judgment,) that he will not, after another lapse of years, quarrel with his present lady as he did with his first; nor, with the characteristic inconstancy of all professed admirers of the sex, repudiate and vilify a second Woman, for the sake of adopting a third.

ART. XII.—*The Holy Bible, newly translated from the original Hebrew; with Notes critical and explanatory.* By John Belamy, Author of 'The History of all Religions.' London. 1818.

WE can scarcely conceive an employment of more serious responsibility, than that of translating the Holy Scriptures from their original languages. When we consider that they convey the word of the Most High to man, and unfold those truths which concern his eternal interests, it is of the utmost importance that their meaning should be clearly given, without addition or diminution, without admixture, perversion or corruption, that those who cannot peruse them in the original tongues may be enabled to ascertain their contents with the greatest possible accuracy.

This was forcibly felt by the government in the reign of James the First, when our present authorized version was made with every human provision for accuracy and general excellence. The work, which was then produced by the joint labour of the

most

most learned men in the kingdom, with the greatest care and deliberation, and with the advantage of all the aids that could be supplied by any authority, ancient or modern, has justly been deemed, (in the words of Dr. Gray,) 'equally remarkable for the general fidelity of its construction and the magnificent simplicity of its language.'

But, while it has been thus admired for its general excellencies, it has never been contended that it is a perfect work, or that there are no particular passages susceptible of improvement. Notwithstanding the clearness of the language of Scripture on the more essential points, it is admitted that, occasionally, in the poetical parts especially, texts occur of difficult construction, the elucidation of which has employed with various success the labours of the learned. In rendering these, the translators gave that sense which, on the whole, they deemed to be the best, not that which should be so clear and decided as to unite the opinion of every biblical critic in its favour.

But, independently of the passages, where the difficulty of the construction has produced diversity of opinion as to the sense, and of a few others perhaps in which the translators, as human beings, have erred in judgment; considerable advancement has been made, since the period of the translation, in the criticism of the Bible; the knowledge of the original languages has been in some instances improved; particular texts have been illustrated by the successful labours of the learned:—to which may be added, that the natural flux of our language has rendered some expressions less appropriate, and less easily understood than when the translation was first made.

It can never, therefore, be supposed that the fact of our possessing a translation so excellent on the whole can render unnecessary the labours of those learned persons, who attempt improvements, whether their object be to give a correcter meaning in particular passages, or to alter for the better the general course and character of the style. Of the many attempts of this description, some have proceeded from incompetent and injudicious persons, and have speedily sunk into oblivion. Others have been the matured fruits of the industry, learning, and talents of such men as Lowth, Blayney, Horsley, and Newcome, men, whose qualifications for the work were undoubted. That these and other sound scholars have materially assisted the cause, and produced many valuable elucidations of particular passages, is gratefully acknowledged by all who are acquainted with their works. Yet, with all the respect which we feel for their labours, we venture to express a doubt whether any new translation of even a single book of Scripture has appeared since the publication of the authorized version, which, taken as a whole, has come up to its standard, either for the general fidelity and correctness

rectness with which it conveys the sense of the original, or the dignity, simplicity, and propriety of the language in which that sense is conveyed.

The person, whose work is now before us, Mr. John Bellamy, some time ago issued proposals for publishing 'a new Translation of the Holy Bible.' We confess that, from the first, we augured no good from them. We scarcely knew Mr. Bellamy by name; we could meet with no one who knew much more of him; and the only proof of his competence, was presumed to be afforded by what appeared to us a series of wild unmeaning trash, but which he himself dignified with the name of 'Hebrew Criticisms,' published in a periodical Journal which passes through few hands. Nor did it appear to us that the bold design of newly translating the whole Bible, instead of trying his strength on some single portion of it, implied that he took a just measure either of his own powers or of the nature of the work in which he had engaged. But, on reading his proposals, we found insinuations and assertions respecting modern translations, which convinced us that he is apt to make them at hazard. We found, too, several specimens of his new translation printed in parallel columns, with the corresponding texts of the received version. These specimens perfectly astonished us; it seemed impossible that they could proceed from a person possessed in any tolerable degree of the qualifications requisite for a translator of the Bible, and we began to fear that his work might eventually prove worse than useless; that it might have a very mischievous tendency, as far as its influence should reach, in shaking the confidence of the unlearned in the certainty of those interpretations of the Hebrew Scriptures, which have hitherto, and with the greatest justice, been universally received.

Mr. Bellamy, however, was encouraged to proceed by a list of subscribers, not large indeed, but containing some illustrious and dignified names. He even obtained permission to dedicate his translation to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. He obtained also the subscriptions of some learned and respected dignitaries of the church. In regard to the latter, it is gratifying to see them on general occasions extending their patronage for the encouragement of sacred learning; but we confess that, in the present instance, we felt some regret that names, which deservedly carry weight on such a subject with the public, should be found recommending a work of this nature, from a person whose competence to the office which he had undertaken was unknown.

The first part of Mr. Bellamy's 'new translation of the Holy Bible,'* containing his introduction and the book of Genesis, has confirmed

* The title-page to this work is inaccurate. It is called 'the Holy Bible newly translated'

confirmed our worst anticipations. We find him to be a person whose arrogance, presumption, and contempt of others are perfectly intolerable, who proceeds in a rash and wild spirit of innovation, setting aside, on the authority of his own assertion, the decisions of the learned and the wise, and hazarding statements of the most intrepid kind, on the slenderest foundations. His knowledge of the Hebrew consists in little more than a common acquaintance with the meaning of the roots, and the more ordinary and obvious rules of grammar, not of the peculiarities of idiom, and the niceties of construction: he is, besides, totally destitute of judgment. Generally speaking, when a person proposes to give a new translation of the Bible, or of any other well known book, we are prepared to expect that the most he will endeavour to accomplish will be, to express the received meaning of the original with greater closeness or propriety, and, where the construction is difficult, to bring out the sense with greater clearness. Not so Mr. Bellamy; he pretends not, in the ordinary meaning of the word, to give a new translation, but to make new and unheard of discoveries of the sense; and this, in plain historical passages, where the meaning and construction of the words have hitherto been deemed as little subject to doubt, as in any sentence that was ever written in any language.

Before we examine the manner in which he arrives at these discoveries, we intreat the reader to reflect for a moment how the probabilities stand, on the first view of such a proceeding. That part of the Bible which we are now considering is the oldest composition in the world; and has been always revered by Jews and Christians, as proceeding from a person inspired by God, and conveying the records of his dispensations to his creature. To say that as much pains have been bestowed on the discovery and elucidation of the meaning of this and the Bible at large as were ever bestowed on the most admired writings of classical authors, is to put the matter on too low a ground. The feeling of the high importance of the sacred book, and the reverence with which it has been viewed, have caused it to be sifted and examined with far more scrupulous diligence. Every phrase has been the subject of painful investigation; whole treatises have been composed on single passages; the principles of its grammar and construction have been carefully explored; translations have been made not only in modern times, but when a dialect of the Hebrew language was vernacular, and carefully handed down for our use; and concordances have been formed of every individual word. In short, all human means have been employed in the development of the true sense of Scripture. And will it be be-

translated from the original Hebrew.* Now the term Holy Bible includes the Old and New Testaments, and, as only the Old Testament is written in Hebrew, it is only that part of the Holy Bible which can be * translated from the original Hebrew.*

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lieved, after all this, that, in plain historical passages, where there is no doubt about the integrity of the text as to a single letter affecting the sense, and where the language has hitherto been deemed so clear that no suspicion even of a doubt has been hinted—will it be believed that in such passages, every person, ancient or modern, Jew or Christian, has hitherto been grossly mistaken, and that the day on which Mr. John Bellamy published his new translation was the first on which the true meaning was unfolded to the understandings of mankind!

But we have not even yet come to the worst part of Mr. Bellamy's proceedings. In his notes on many of those passages which, as he pretends, have been hitherto understood in a sense at variance with the original, he eagerly dwells 'on the absurdity and inconsistency of the received sense,' and retails at full length the objections which have been advanced by the most notorious infidel writers, as Chubb, Morgan, Tindal, Sir William Drummond, &c.; objections which have been refuted over and over, but which, as if with the most determined purpose of mischief, he repeats in the most offensive language. Thus, (Introduction, p. xiii.) he says, 'No one can possibly silence the arguments which objectors have advanced against the common translations of the Bible.' Again;— 'As long as such objectionable passages are permitted to disgrace the pages of the sacred volume, if men were to preach with the language of angels, arguments, however reasonable for the defence of the Scriptures, cannot possibly produce any ultimate good.' At Gen. vi. 6. after bringing together all the impious trash that has ever been written about repentance being ascribed to the all-perfect God, he says, 'Surely it is a reproach to all the Christian nations to see the errors of the early ages still retained in the sacred pages.' At Gen. xi. 1. after a similar collection of the objections advanced by the most malicious unbelievers, he says, 'The received view of this subject as it now *unfortunately stands* in all the translations, operates against the religion of the Bible. The most strenuous advocates of the sacred volume *can neither comprehend nor believe it, and it does them credit*, because it is not contained in the original: while, on the other hand, it is one of those objections which render the Deist so formidable in his arguments against the Scriptures.' And at Gen. xxii. he bursts forth into language more outrageous than we ever met with among the bitterest effusions of the most envenomed infidel. 'Every individual must necessarily feel here *that disgust which is impossible for all the powers of language to describe*;' 'when we consider what is stated, one of the most *astonishing considerations* is, that the Scriptures during this long period have been preserved from oblivion, and have been deemed sacred in the eyes of Europe to the present day.'

Language

Language like this naturally leads to a suspicion, that the writer is secretly endeavouring to serve the cause of infidelity, and to undermine as much as possible the credit of the Bible. On this subject, we leave others to form their own opinions; and when we have said that, in other passages, as far as outward professions go, he appears to be a believer in its divine original, and anxious to preserve its credit, we shall quit all general observations on the nature and tendency of his work, and descend to particulars.

The eagerness of Mr. Bellamy to lower the credit of all existing translations, and to make way for the reception of his own, is so great, that he does not wait to insert passages to this effect in the body of his work, but prints them on the cover, so that those who do not even open his book, may yet enjoy the benefit of having their confidence in the correctness of the authorized version shaken. In his address on the cover, he says, '*It may be necessary to inform the public that no translation has been made from the original Hebrew, since the 128th year of Christ. In the fourth century, Jerome made his Latin version from this Greek translation; from which came the Latin Vulgate, and from the Latin Vulgate all the European translations have been made, thereby perpetuating all the errors of the first translators.*'

'*Necessary to inform the public!*' In what sense he uses the word he does not explain, and we are left to conjecture whether he feels himself impelled by a physical or moral necessity to take this step; but, in no sense can it be necessary to inform the public of what is completely and absolutely false. And no assertion can be more palpably untrue than that the Bible has never been translated from the original Hebrew since the time of Aquila, who is the person alluded to, we conceive, as having translated it about the 128th year of Christ. To specify a few only—there were the Greek translations of Symmachus and Theodotion, made within a century after that of Aquila; of Latin translations there was that of Jerome, not made, as Mr. Bellamy states, from this Greek translation, but from the original Hebrew; in more modern times that of Sanctus Pagninus, made from the Hebrew, under Leo X. and afterwards revised by Arius Montanus; that of Sebastian Munster, in 1534-5, of which Father Simon says, that of all modern translations, it best expresses the sense of the Hebrew text; and Dupin, that it is 'the most literal, and at the same time the most faithful, of any done by protestants.' There is also the version of Junius and Tremellius, published in 1587, expressly called in the title-page, *Biblia sacra, sive Libri Canonici, Latini recens ex Hebræo facti.* So much for Mr. Bellamy's first assertion!

Again: he informs his readers that, 'in the fourth century, Jerome made his Latin version from this Greek translation.' To prove

prove the falsehood of this, we can produce an authority which the writer, we conceive, very highly values, we mean that of a Mr. John Bellamy; in the Introduction, p. xx. he quotes the very words of Jerome, that 'he was induced to attempt a Latin translation from the Hebrew.' In fact, it is matter of historical record, of which it is most strange that a person who professes to have inquired into these things should be ignorant, that Jerome first employed himself in revising the old Latin version, but, having lost the fruits of his earlier labours by the treachery of a person to whom he entrusted them, he determined to persist no longer in revising an old translation from the Greek, but to make a new translation from the Hebrew. For this he was well qualified by the study of Hebrew from his earliest youth, having spent many years of his life under the instruction of Jewish doctors in Egypt, at Jerusalem, and at Tiberias, and sparing neither pains nor expense to make himself perfect master of the language. 'Hieronymus, (says Walton, Polygl. proleg. p. 69.) vir acri et fervido ingenio, rem Ecclesiæ utilem se facturum existimabat, si novam versionem ex Hebraico fonte exprimeret, quam ingenti animo et laboribus indefessis tandem perfecit, quæ magis quam reliquæ cum Hebræo conveniebat et accuratior erat.' Such is the accuracy of Mr. Bellamy's second assertion in this notable passage!

His third, that 'from the Latin Vulgate, all the European translations have been made,' is of equal value with the rest. In Roman Catholic countries, indeed, where the Latin Vulgate is prized beyond its just value, the versions into the vernacular tongues have been chiefly made from this, and not from the original: but the case is far otherwise in protestant countries. All the principal English translations, in particular, have beyond question been made directly from the Hebrew. The Geneva Bible, for instance, translated by English refugees, and first printed in 1557, is described in the title-page as being '*translated according to the Hebrew and Greke*, and conferred with the best translations in divers languages.' In forming Archbishop Parker's Bible, directions were given to the learned men employed, to compare diligently the old translation *with the original text*. It was objected that this translation did not always strictly follow the Hebrew, and in some places was purposely accommodated to the Greek, an objection which fully proves that it pretended to be formed from the Hebrew, otherwise the charge would not have been made. But, as Lewis says in his history of English translations, 'to any one who peruses it with care, this censure will appear to be ill founded.' And that our authorized version was framed from the original languages, was, we believe, never called in doubt by any one before Mr. Bellamy. For the present we shall only remind the reader that the title-page

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of it is, 'The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised.'

In order to further his purpose of exciting impressions in the public mind unfavourable to the accuracy of the received translation, Mr. Bellamy produces, also on the cover, a list of persons who, according to his statement, were of opinion that 'a new translation of the Scriptures was absolutely necessary.' Of the authorities which he quotes, some, as Purver, Wesley, Romaine, will not carry much weight with the public; others, indeed, such as Lowth, Ken- nicott, Newcome, Blayney, were persons of real learning, to whose judgment great deference will be at all times paid. In thus quoting their opinions, however, Mr. Bellamy has made a representation which is completely false; these persons were amongst the warmest admirers of the authorized version as to its general fidelity, and the propriety and dignity of its language; their opinions merely went to this extent, that advantage might now be taken of the improvements in modern criticism to illustrate the meaning of Scripture, in some obscure passages; that here and there a partial error might be corrected, and better words be occasionally substituted for those which, by the flux of language, had become obsolete or inelegant, or, in some degree, departed from their pristine meaning. By quoting their authority, however, as a sanction for his 'new translation,' he evidently wishes to impress us with the belief that these learned men were of his opinion, namely, that our present version is full of errors, and does not, in the main, convey the true sense of the original. We can well conceive what their astonishment and grief would be if they could know that their words had been produced by Mr. Bellamy to justify representations as far removed from their real opinions as from truth.

But we think it necessary to advert more particularly to some of the assertions of this writer, in disparagement of our present authorized version, and especially to his principal charge that it was not made from the original Hebrew. In his general Preface, p. i. he says, 'As the common translations in the European languages were made from the modern Septuagint and Vulgate; where errors are found in these early versions, they must necessarily be found in all translations made from them.' And after mentioning the number of those concerned in framing the present authorized version, he subjoins, 'But it appears that they confined themselves to the Septuagint and the Vulgate, so that this was only working in the harness of the first translators, no translation having been made from the original Hebrew only for 1400 years.' At p. xiii. he affirms, that 'the common translations of the Bible are only the Greek and Latin speaking in the European translations.' And at

p. xiv. 'he again reminds the reader, to remember that the present authorized version and all the national versions of Europe were translated from the Latin Vulgate; and thus all the errors made in the early ages of the Christian church have been perpetuated.'

In answer to all this, we aver most distinctly that our authorized version was made, not from any translation either ancient or modern, but directly from the original Hebrew and the Greek. We apprehend that, with every considerate reader, the simple affirmation of the translators themselves to this effect will be amply sufficient. We have alluded already to the title-page of the version. We now add a passage from the preface. 'If,' say they, 'you ask what they had before them, (in framing this translation,) truly it was the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, the Greek of the New! And it will be allowed (we think) that they knew the fact as well as Mr. Bellamy, and are as worthy of belief. But the fact is capable of the most satisfactory proof. If the reader will take the trouble of comparing a few verses, in the 1st chapter of Genesis for instance, of the English version, with the Hebrew, the Greek Septuagint, and the Latin Vulgate, (he may find them in Walton's Polyglott, ranged in parallel columns,) he will at once be convinced, from the agreement of the minuter words and turns of expression, that it was made directly from the Hebrew. For example, at Gen. i. v. 2. the English version has, 'the earth was without form and void.' Here the words of the Greek are 'Ἡ γῆ ἦν ἀόρατος καὶ ἀτασχεύαστος, in which the literal sense of the two adjectives is 'invisible' and 'unformed,' agreeing substantially with the original, but not closely expressing it. The Latin is, 'Terra erat inanis et vacua,' where the two adjectives express the sense of 'void,' but not 'without form.' Thus no one translating the Greek or the Latin would have been led to the exact expression which our English version gives. It is only from the original that the expression 'without form and void' is derived, the Hebrew expression וְהָאֲרֶץ רֵחַל וְעָפָר, bearing exactly this meaning. At the end of the same verse, the English is, 'The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.' The Greek has, πνεῦμα θεῦ ἐπέπλετο ἐπ' αὐτὴν τὴν ὕδατος; the Latin, 'Spiritus Dei ferebatur super aquas;' from either of which expressions a translator would give 'the spirit of God moved or was carried upon or above the water.' It is only from the Hebrew that the peculiar expression is obtained 'moved upon the face of the waters,' which is the closest possible rendering of the words וְהָרוּחַ מְעִיָּה עַל מַיִם הָאֲרֶץ. So at v. 3. the English version gives, 'Let there be light,' which is the exact translation of the Hebrew. The Vulgate has, 'Fiat lux,' 'Let light be made,' the same as to sense, but differing in words. This then affords a proof that the English was not translated from the Latin. Again, at v. 6. the English version renders, 'Let

'Let it divide the waters from the waters.' The Hebrew idiom here is peculiar, so that, while the sense is plain, the expression does not admit of exact rendering into English. In this instance, the words of the English version happen to have a close conformity with the Latin Vulgate, but they differ very widely from the Greek, where the expression is, 'Εστω διαχωρισθον, ἀπὸ μέρους ὕδατος καὶ ὕδατος—literally, 'Let it be dividing between water and water.' The text therefore proves that the English version was not formed from the Greek, as the other did that it was not formed from the Latin. If the reader proceeds, he will find it manifest, beyond all question, that the general character of the English is to conform closely to the Hebrew in those passages where, the sense in all versions being the same, there is a partial difference in the turn and form of the expression, and that it frequently varies either from the Greek or from the Latin, or from both, so as to afford the clearest proof that it was not made mediately from them but directly from the Hebrew. With all we know of Mr. Bellamy, we feel not a little surprised, that he should have ventured on an assertion, which the slightest examination would wholly disprove.

Another of Mr. Bellamy's methods of disparaging the authorized version is by general insinuations against the competency of the persons employed on it. 'It was well known,' he says, p. ii., 'that there was not a critical Hebrew scholar among them.' Again, 'the translators have left it' (the authorized version) 'defective in mood; tense, person, gender, infinitive, imperative, participles, conjunctions, &c. and in many instances, *almost in every page*, we find verses consisting in a great part of italics, in some, a third part, and in others, nearly half,—so that the meaning of the sacred writer is by these interpolations always obscured, and in many instances perverted.' In another place, he says, 'For the most part, these italics are lamentable corruptions which pervert the sense of the original, make the sacred writer say what he never did say, and which, in things the most important, charge God with commands he never gave.—Had the Hebrew been critically understood by the translators, so as to have translated from it only, there had been no necessity for many of these additions in the text.' p. xi. And he winds up all, with affirming, that 'in a number of instances the modern translations are no better than comments, *which are as opposite to the sense of the original text as error is to truth.*'

Assertions of this nature, however calumnious, as they are not grounded on any particular instances, cannot be fully confuted without a distinct consideration of every text to which they may apply, that is, without going regularly through the Bible. We shall have a few words to say respecting the insertions in italics, before we close this Article. In the mean time, we desire the reader to remem-

ber that no insertion of any kind is made in the English Bible; which did not, in the judgment of the translators, appear necessary to express more clearly and fully the sense of the original Hebrew; yet these are represented by this daring perverter of the truth as interpolations, obscuring the sense, making the text speak what was never intended, and charging God with commands he never gave!

But Mr. Bellamy is not more courteous to the other existing translations; 'since the time of Aquila, A. D. 128, (he says,) I do not find that the translators in any one instance have confined themselves to the Hebrew *only*,' p. x. And he makes it his own peculiar boast that he translates literally from 'the pure Hebrew text *only*.'

—p. 2.

From his general manner, we readily comprehend what he means by translating from 'the Hebrew only'; namely, that he throws aside the assistance afforded by the best ancient versions, and attends *solely* to the Hebrew text. Now we have no hesitation in saying that, had our translators proceeded in this way, they would have forfeited that reputation for sound judgment and learning, which they have so justly established, and produced a version by no means entitled to that high character which the present bears. Let us recollect a little how the matter stands. The Hebrew, in which the books of the Old Testament are written, has ceased to be the vernacular language of any nation for more than 2000 years; and, what is very different from the case of the Greek and Latin languages, of which abundance is come down to us, both in poetry and prose, we possess in the ancient Hebrew those books only which form the volume of the Old Testament. Under such circumstances, if we had no translations of them, made in times when greater advantages for interpretation were afforded, than we now enjoy, we should frequently be at a loss to ascertain the true sense. Many words and forms of construction occur in these books, some perhaps only once, others not more than two or three times; and if we were left to discover the meaning of them either from the context, or from internal evidence, we should find the task of translating the Scriptures with certainty, often very difficult, and sometimes even impossible. But, providentially, we possess, together with the Hebrew, several valuable versions of great antiquity, which accurately record the meaning of the original as it was understood in those early times, and therefore afford a most important guidance to us in interpreting it at present. We have, in the first place, the Greek version, well known by the name of the Septuagint, which has ever been prized most highly by both Jews and Christians as conveying generally the true interpretation of the Hebrew. This version was made at a time (about B. C. 270) when the language of the Bible had scarcely ceased to be vernacular; for, although the Jews who

returned

returned from the captivity used a mixture of the Hebrew and Chaldee, yet it is probable that some societies of them, who escaped the general captivity by flying into neighbouring countries, still spoke the original language quite or nearly in its purity: or if the language was not at that time any where strictly vernacular, yet it had ceased to be so only for a short period: many writings in it of various descriptions then existed, no doubt, which have since been wholly lost, not to mention grammars, dictionaries, and other assistances for interpretation, remaining from the period when the language was in use. Thus no reasonable doubt can exist that the authors of the Septuagint version possessed the means of making it most faithful to the original. That they really did so make it, is confirmed by the fact of its general reception amongst the Jews from the first, by its being quoted by many early writers who had the best means of ascertaining its fidelity, and by the concurring opinions of all antiquity. But the circumstance which affixes as it were the seal of authority to the accuracy of the Septuagint version is, its being quoted by our Saviour and the inspired writers of the New Testament. We observe that Mr. Bellamy, with a view to his own purposes, strains every nerve to make his readers hold the Septuagint version in contempt, and calls that which we possess, the *spurious* Septuagint. Hard names carry no weight when unsupported by solid arguments; and not a semblance of argument is produced by him to excite the least suspicion that the version now called the Septuagint is materially different from that which has always borne this name. We readily allow indeed that it is not a perfect work: as it is the production of human beings, it contains errors and imperfections; as it has been preserved by human means, it has suffered occasionally by negligence and mistakes of transcribers. But we speak the concurring sentiment of all learned men when we affirm that, taken as a whole, it has come down to us in a state of great purity and perfection; and that we have the highest possible authority for deeming it to convey, in the main, a faithful record of the true sense of the Hebrew Scriptures.

But, in addition to the Septuagint, we possess other important assistances derived from antiquity for the interpretation of the Hebrew. We have the Samaritan version, made, as is thought, before the birth of Christ; the Chaldee Paraphrases, or Targums of Onkelos on the law, and of Jonathan on the prophets, being free translations of the Scriptures, made about the time of Christ; we have the Syriac version, made, according to constant tradition, not long after the time of the Apostles; the Latin Vulgate, formed from St. Jerome's translation from the Hebrew, which was made at the close of the third century. We have also some scattered fragments of three translations of the Old Testament into Greek, all made in

the second century severally by Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, together with versions of less antiquity into eastern and other languages; all these, having been made, more or less, with advantages for the right interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, far greater than any modern translator possesses without their aid, are justly entitled to very great consideration. And a person who professes to translate from 'the Hebrew *only*,' or who, in other words, wholly throws aside the valuable assistance of the ancient translations, proclaims in the outset his utter want of judgment, and tells the public that while he is attempting to execute an important work, he neglects some of the most valuable means of executing it faithfully.

We now proceed to a particular consideration of some of those passages, in which Mr. Bellamy, from his knowledge of the Hebrew, professes to make discoveries of the true meaning of the original, which have escaped the penetration of every former translator. In doing this, we beg to remind the reader that in questions which concern the meaning of words in the dead languages, we cannot, in the nature of things, bring the point at issue to a mathematical demonstration, but must refer it to the common authority and consent of mankind. If, for example, Mr. John Bellamy should think proper in his wisdom to contend that the word *niger* in the Latin language signifies *white*, and not *black*, as has been universally thought, and should pretend to prove that, in every passage where the word occurs in Latin authors, a much better sense would be made by translating it *white*, than *black*, we could never prove to a demonstration that he is wrong: we could only plead the concurring authority of all who have interpreted the word, to shew that it really signifies '*black*,' and that it is used with this sense wherever it occurs.

The first passage to which we shall direct our attention is Gen. ii. v. 21, 22, where it has always been understood, that woman was formed by the Almighty from the side of man. The English translation, agreeing with every known translation, states that, after the Lord God had caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, 'he took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman and brought her unto the man.' A beautiful reason is afforded in the words which follow, for this dispensation of the Creator, that it was designed as a symbol of the close and entire union that should subsist between a man and his wife, who is bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and that they two should be 'one flesh.' That the infidel objector may have found matter for his scoffs in this, as in other passages of Scripture, affords not the slightest proof that it is really deserving of ridicule, or that it records any thing inconsistent with reason or with the known perfections of the Deity. But our present

present business is with the fact whether this is or is not the undoubted sense of the original. Mr. Bellamy boldly affirms that it is not. '*A translation*' (he says) '*more foreign to the true meaning of the original could not have been given:*' and he therefore renders it in this improved manner—

'Then he brought one to his side, whose flesh he had inclosed in her place. Then Jehovah God built the substance of the other, which he took for the man, even a woman: and he brought her to the man.'

Before we proceed, we entreat the reader to pause, and reflect on what is involved in this assertion of Mr. Bellamy's,—nothing less arrogant, in fact, than, that all who have translated the passage before, whether Jews or Christians, have completely mistaken a plain historical passage, and that he is the first person who has discovered its true sense. Nor is this all. The fact of woman having been formed from the side of man has been universally received as matter of belief by Jewish rabbis and by Christian fathers, by all, in short, who have admitted the divine authority of the book of Genesis. But it must have been entirely on the declaration of this passage that such a belief was ever formed. The universality, therefore, of the belief affords the fullest proof of the universal agreement which has prevailed respecting its sense.

In order, however, to shew more fully that all who have had the best advantages for interpretation have agreed as to the meaning of this passage, we think it worth while to produce the rendering of it from the oldest versions. The Septuagint has 'Ελαβε μίαν τῶν πλευρῶν αὐτῆς καὶ ἀνεπλήρωσε σάρκα ἀντ' αὐτῆς, καὶ ᾤκοδόμησεν πλευρὰν ἣν ἔλαβεν ἀπο τοῦ Ἀδάμ εἰς γυναῖκα. The Targum of Onkelos gives it, literally, according to the Latin words which follow.* 'Et tulit unam de costis ejus, et replevit carne locum ejus—et ædificavit costam quam tulerat de Adam in mulierem.'† The Hebræo-Samaritan, Cepit unam de costis posuitque carnem pro eâ—ædificavit autem costam quam sumpsit ex Adamo, in mulierem. The Syriac—Sumpsit unam e costis ejus, et applicavit carnem loco ejus, et candidit costam quam sumpserat ex Adamo in mulierem. The Arabic—Extraxit unam costarum ejus, et obturavit locum ejus carne, et fabricavit costam quam acceperat (here ex Adamo is omitted) in mulierem. The Latin Vulgate

* We here quote from Walton's Polyglott bible.

† It is worthy of remark that Mr. Bellamy, whenever it suits his purpose, considers the authority of Onkelos, conclusive for the meaning of Hebrew words. In a note on Genesis iii. 22. after referring to passages in the Targums of Onkelos and Jonathan, he says, 'as these two writers are allowed to have been the most eminently learned men among the Jews, and who lived when the Hebrew language was a national language; it is full authority to determine the meaning of the word,' &c. Why then does he ever depart from their authority by rendering passages differently from them? If what he says of their authority is true in one passage, it is true in all.

—Tulit unam de costis ejus, et replevit carnem pro eâ, et ædificavit Dominus Deus costam quam tulerat de Adam in mulierem. In addition to these, we have mentioned already the Greek translations made in the second Christian century, of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, of which some fragments only are preserved; but it so happens that those fragments are sufficient to prove that they rendered the passage precisely in the same sense. The translation of this passage by Theodotion is extant, and he renders it precisely in the same words as the Septuagint. Those of Aquila and Symmachus are lost; but their translation of part of the next verse is preserved, which proves fully how they understood the preceding verses. For, in the expression of the next verse as it stands in our translation, 'therefore she shall be called woman, because she was taken from the man,' they render the latter words, *ὅτι ἐκ τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐληφθῆ αὐτῆς*, which clearly proves that they collected from the whole passage that woman was formed from man. Thus it appears that while in these ancient versions there was here and there a minute difference as to the words, there is a most complete agreement as to the sense, so as to shew that not the smallest doubt prevailed about the right interpretation at the times when those versions were formed.

But Mr. Bellamy boldly flies in the face of all these authorities, affirms that he understands more of Hebrew than was understood by those concerned in framing former versions, and that he alone can give the true sense where they have all fallen into the grossest errors. Let us see how he proceeds.

The words of the original are *וַיִּקַּח אֶחָד מֵרֵיבָיו*, which is as literally translated, as the words admit, 'and he took one of his ribs;' the words exactly correspond to the Latin words *Et cepit* (or *tulit*) *unam de costis ejus*, and there is as little reason to doubt about the meaning of the Hebrew words as of the Latin. But, says Mr. Bellamy, *וַיִּקַּח* may be translated 'and he brought.' 'It requires,' he says, 'a word from the same root more consistent with the obvious and rational meaning of the passage: for this word varies in its application, as words vary in all languages.' He then quotes Numb. xxiii. 18. for the signification 'he brought': 'therefore,' he proceeds, 'this clause will truly read, 'then he brought.' We trust the reader will admire his logic, that because a word in one passage bears a *peculiar* sense, *therefore* it may be used in that sense whenever it occurs: but, in fact, he has made some mistake; for in the only passage (Numb. xxiii. 18.) where he affirms that the word occurs in the sense of 'brought,' it so happens that it does not occur at all. However, whether it be possible or not to adduce any single instance in which the word is rendered in the sense of 'bring,' we are prepared to state most distinctly, on the authority

authority of all Hebraists, that its proper acknowledged sense is *cepit, sumpsit, abstulit*; it corresponds exactly to the Latin *capio*, and we should as soon expect to see *capio*, followed by *a* or *de*, translated 'to bring to,' as *קָבַל* followed (as it here is) by the preposition *ב* translated with that meaning.

The next word *חָמָא* is allowed to signify 'one,' 'unam,' in the feminine. The ensuing word *בְּצִלְעָהּ* is manifestly composed of the preposition *ב* *a, ab, de*, the plural noun in regimine *צִלְעָהּ*, 'ribs,' and the pronoun masc. post fixed *י* 'his,' the whole signifying 'from, or of, his ribs,' corresponding exactly to the Latin '*de costis ejus*.' Now, says Mr. Bellamy, in this place only, in all the Scripture, is the word *צִלְעָהּ* rendered to mean a rib.' This assertion may be true; but then it should be remembered that all Hebraists and translators, ancient and modern, agree that it here *does* signify 'a rib,' and Mr. Bellamy alone thinks that it does not. The root *צִלְעָהּ*, according to every Hebrew authority, signifies a rib, a side. Buxtorf says, *Costa, synecdochicè latus*, thence the side or chamber of a building, the beam of a building, which is, as it were, its rib; *substructio, trabs substructionis*. As to this sense *all authorities are agreed*, and nothing more can be done than to place these on one side, and Mr. Bellamy's *assertion* on the other. But he translates the preposition *ב* before *בְּצִלְעָהּ*, 'to,' instead of 'from,' 'of,' and for so doing he does not pretend to assign any reason whatsoever. Now, if there be any thing established in the sense of Hebrew words, it is that *ב* abbreviated for *בָּ* has the general sense 'from,' 'of,' 'out of,' *a, ab, de*, and that the contrary sense 'to' is as opposed to it as light to darkness. We know not that any idiomatic use can be produced to justify, in a single instance, such a rendering; but if it could, we should hold that it would avail nothing to claim that sense for it in a plain sentence. Just as in the Latin prepositions, *a* and *e*; there may be particular idioms, *a dexterâ* 'on the right hand,' *e contrariâ parte*, 'on the contrary side'; but who in his senses would therefore say that, in passages of plain construction, *a* and *e* may be rendered at pleasure, 'on,' instead of 'from,' 'out of'? We affirm then that, in rendering the words 'he brought one to his side,' Mr. Bellamy not only runs counter to all authorities, but departs from the regular established meaning of the words, insomuch that, if such a plan of proceeding be admitted, there can be no certainty in any language.

The ensuing words *וּסְגָר בֶּשֶׂר חַמְחָמָהּ*, usually rendered 'and closed up the flesh instead thereof,' Mr. Bellamy is pleased to translate, 'whose flesh he had inclosed in her place.' What the sense of this is intended to be we cannot conceive; but that seems to form but a small part of his consideration. We shall only state that there is not a particle of reason given by him for departing from the received

ceived translation; that he renders the verb in the preterpluperfect tense, instead of the perfect, without the slightest authority; and that there is a complete absence of every word in the Hebrew, corresponding to the pronoun relative 'whose,' which he introduces into the translation.

We proceed to the words of the next verse. *יבן ייחז אלחים את חזלע אשר לך סן חזרם לאשה*, which are rendered in our received version, 'and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made he a woman.' The translation would have been more strictly correct, but perfectly the same in sense, in this form: 'and the Lord God formed the rib, which he had taken from the man, into woman.' These Mr. Bellamy thinks proper to translate, 'Thus Jehovah God built the substance of the other, which he took for the man, even a woman.' Now we venture to say that no translation was ever made in any language more manifestly incorrect, or betraying more complete ignorance in the person who made it. The words which he renders, 'he built the substance of the other,' are *יבן את חזלע יבן*, with the conversive *vau*, 'he formed, made, built,' *ædificavit* in the Latin. *את*, which he translates 'the substance of,' is, as we shall have to state hereafter, merely the mark of the accusative case. *חזלע*, which he renders 'the other,' is the same word which occurred in the preceding verse, signifying 'a rib.' The reason assigned for this strange translation, follows.

'The word *חזלע* is here rendered the rib, as above, instead of the other, viz. the other one, made like Adam. It is necessary to observe that the word *את*, which comes before *חזלע*, is omitted in the common version. *חזלע* has the *ת* to be rendered by the article *the*, viz. the other, meaning Eve.'

This is all that he says on the subject, and this is manifestly no reason at all. In fact the translation of the word rests entirely on his own arbitrary assumption, and he might as well translate it *a house, a tree*, or any thing else. The words which follow, *אשר לקח סן חזרם* Mr. Bellamy renders 'which he took for the man,' instead of 'from the man,' as in every other translation. We have already stated that the preposition *סן* means 'from,' *a, ab, de*; for departing from this meaning here he gives the following reason.

'When the word *סן* refers to, or is connected with a cause, or reason given in the context, it is rendered by *for, because of*. See Zach. viii. 10. "Because of the affliction," viz. because before these days there was no peace:—so in Exod. ii. 23. "By reason of the bondage"—Dan. v. 19. "For"—Jer. vii. 7. "Even for."'

To this we answer, 1st, that it rests entirely on Mr. Bellamy's gratuitous assumption as to the word being at all in this passage connected with a cause or reason assigned; no one besides him has ever seen any thing in the words but a simple statement

ment of the fact of the rib having been taken from the man. 2d. He is grossly mistaken in the very sense which he would impose. It is true that, in the passages at Zach. viii. 10. Exod. ii. 23. Dan. v. 19. בְּכַלּוֹת is rendered 'because of,' 'by reason of,' 'for;' but then it is in a sense in which 'from' may be substituted with perfect indifference; for instance, Zach. viii. 10. 'From, or because of, the affliction'—Exod. ii. 23. 'From, or *by reason of*, the bondage'—Dan. v. 19. 'From, *on account of*, *for*, the majesty which he gave him, all people—feared before him.' This will be completely evident by turning to the passages with their context: and in the fourth text which he produces, Jer. vii. 7. the phrase is completely idiomatic, $\text{לְמִן עוֹלָם עַד עוֹלָם}$, 'From infinite time till infinite time,' rendered, in English phrase, 'for ever and ever.' Indeed, where the Dictionaries refer to the sense of 'propter' for this preposition, the translation might still be 'from'; as in Psal. civ. 7. referred to by Taylor. 'At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.' This may as well be 'from thy rebuke—from the voice,' &c. Indeed this is its stricter meaning, and as such it is given by Pagninus, *Ab increpatione tua—A voce tonitru tui*, &c.—So in the Septuag. *Απο εκτιμησης—απο φωνης*. On the other hand, as far as we understand Mr. Bellamy's meaning when he translates, 'which he took *for* the man,' he uses the word 'for' in the sense of 'for the use, the help, the society of the man'—a sense of the word widely differing from that of the passages produced above, and for which, as the sense of the Hebrew בְּכַלּוֹת , we are convinced that no single text can be produced.

The remaining word, נָשָׂא , he translates 'even a woman;' but he does not pretend to assign even a single reason for departing from the version which all others have given, 'to or into a woman.' 'He made—into a woman,' *formavit* or *ædificavit in mulierem*; this is the obvious sense of נָשָׂא preceded by the preposition בְּ —a preposition, the use of which in this and similar senses, is one of the distinguishing elegancies of the Hebrew language.

We now leave the reader to his own opinion as to Mr. Bellamy's having proved (as he says) from the original that all the translators have mistaken the true sense of this passage; or rather, (for there can be no room for difference here,) to his own astonishment at the effrontery which, on such grounds, and with such pretensions, has ventured to make so gross a charge against them.

We proceed to the passage immediately following, in which, also, Mr. Bellamy has made a new discovery of the sense. It is said, Gen. ii. v. 25. that Adam and Eve, when first created, were both *naked*, but, in the state of innocence in which they then were, 'were not ashamed.' This is the sense in which the words have been understood by all translators and interpreters, ancient and modern, whose

whose opinion on the passage is recorded. But, says Mr. Bellamy, all this has arisen from a mistake; the word ערום, which has been rendered 'naked,' ought to be rendered 'prudent;' and, accordingly, he translates the passage 'now they were both of them prudent, the man and his wife.' Many insurmountable objections (he says) present themselves to the sense commonly received. As he does not specify them, we shall not trouble ourselves with conjecturing to what he may allude, but shall only observe that we know of none which do not admit of the readiest answer, and that objections ten times greater may be brought against the strange sense which he would impose. 'The lexicon writers, (he says,) and, from them, the translators, have placed the word ערום, rendered *naked*, under the root ער; but it certainly belongs to the root ערם, from which come the words, *subtil, craft, guile*, and, in a good sense, *wisdom, prudence*.' After producing some instances, in which ערום does bear this sense, he adds 'therefore it must appear that the self-same word cannot mean both *naked* and *crafty*.' Now let us observe, in the first place, his expression 'the lexicon writers, and from them the translators' have given the word the sense of *naked*; as if this sense had been given in modern times, and as if we did not possess translations made when the Hebrew was nearly vernacular, in which this sense is given. With regard to his assertion, that the word 'certainly belongs to the root ערם, signifying *craft, wisdom*; he allows, indeed, that the lexicon writers, or, in other words, all the most learned Hebraists, place the word under a different root; but then he boldly affirms that they are wrong, as if he thought that his own would bear down every other authority. When, however, he asserts that the same word cannot signify both *crafty* and *naked*, he asserts what is contradicted by evidence, for it happens occasionally in all languages, that the same literal word, being derived from different sources, bears two meanings completely distinct from each other. But that the word before us, ערום, with or without the servile ׀, does really signify 'naked,' is placed beyond all possible doubt by a number of passages, in which, to substitute the sense of *prudent* or *crafty*, would wholly destroy the meaning. For instance, at Job i. 21. 'Naked (ערום) came I out of my mother's womb,' &c. What would be thought of the passage if thus translated, '*Prudent* came I out?' &c. Again, Job xxiv. 7. in the description of the wicked, 'They cause the naked (ערום) to lodge without clothing.' Again, v. 10. 'They cause him to go naked (ערום) without clothing.' What would be the sense of these passages if *prudent* were substituted for *naked*? Once more: After the command given to Isaiah (xx. 2.) to put off sackcloth from his loins, &c., it is added, 'and he did so, walking naked (ערום) and without shoes.' It were endless to recite passages of this description, in which the un-

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doubted sense of the word is 'naked,' and in which it would be in contradiction to all sense, as well as in opposition to all authority, to give it the sense of *prudent*, which Mr. Bellamy has the confidence to say it can only bear.

Our next instance of Mr. Bellamy's new discoveries occurs at Gen. vi. 6. The words of the original are וינחם ייחזכ"ל כי עשה את האדם; בארץ ויתעצב אל לבו; thus translated in our received version, 'And it repented the Lord that he had made man, on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.' Mr. Bellamy contends that the sense is totally mistaken, and he translates the passage, 'Yet Jehovah was satisfied that he had made man on the earth: notwithstanding he idolized himself at his heart.'

In pretending to shew the error of the received sense he thinks proper to state as follows:

'This part of the history has been for ages resorted to by the enemies of revelation to prove that the Hebrew lawgiver did not write by inspiration, because it must be allowed that repentance cannot be applied to God; he who is all perfection cannot do any thing to repent of.'

Mr. Bellamy is perfectly right in saying that the enemies of revelation have endeavoured to throw discredit on the Bible, from the circumstance of repentance, and other human feelings, appearing to be ascribed to the Deity. But all such objections have been refuted over and over, by explaining that the imperfections of language require that the great Spiritual Being should be spoken of in terms derived from earthly objects. No reflecting person ever supposes that when He is said to be angry, to awake to vengeance, to be grieved at the heart, to stretch forth his arm, to see, to hear, &c. He really consists of bodily parts, or is subject to human passions. The human parts and properties which are ascribed to him are merely used as symbols to express his power, omniscience, &c.; and He is said to feel human passions when his actions bear a resemblance to those of human beings when actuated by those passions. Thus the *anger* and *grief* of the Deity signify the displeasure due to sin and disobedience; his *vengeance*, the execution of those judgments which he has denounced against them. In a similar manner, when he is said to have *repented*, it is not meant in a human sense that he felt sorrow for what he had done, but only that he changed his outward conduct towards men, in consequence of their altered behaviour towards him, just as men are wont to do when they are actuated by a feeling of sorrow or repentance for what they have done. But after all, how does Mr. Bellamy's translation get rid of the objection? He translates 'Jehovah was satisfied that he had made man on the earth.' Now, in a *literal* sense, to attribute *satisfaction* to the Deity, is as inconsistent with

with the perfection of his nature as to ascribe to him any other human passion or feeling.

But to proceed to Mr. Bellamy's *proof* of error. Let it be remembered that in support of the received sense, there is the same concurrence of all authorities, ancient and modern, which we alleged in the former instance; that the Septuagint version, the Syriac, the Targum, the Samaritan, the Arabic, the Vulgate, besides every known commentator and interpreter, ancient and modern, are all in perfect agreement, all directly opposed to Mr. Bellamy. He makes an objection to the expressions 'it repented the Lord'—'it grieved him,' of which no schoolboy of a tolerable understanding would have been guilty. 'There certainly is no word (he says) in the original for the neuter pronoun *it*; with regard to the expression, 'it grieved him,' 'a second error,' he adds, 'is made, viz. the introduction of the pronoun of the third person, *him*, for which there is no authority in the Hebrew.' He is so profoundly ignorant of the plainest forms of speech as not to know that the impersonal expression, 'it repented the Lord'—'it grieved him,' is merely another mode of saying 'the Lord repented'—'he grieved or was grieved.' There are two words (he continues) in this verse which have been misunderstood and misapplied by the translators. The one נָחַם, which, according to him, never bears the sense of *repent*; the other נִחַם, which does not bear that of *grieve*. In regard to the first he quietly allows that there occur, at least, sixty passages in the Bible in which the word is rendered in the sense of *repent* by our translators—he might have added, by all translators, ancient and modern; and we apprehend that this alone is *conclusive* as to its properly bearing this sense. But he spends much time in going through all these texts, and attempting to shew that, in each, the word *comfort* should be substituted for *repent*. We need not say that his labour is altogether unsuccessful, unless indeed the success he aims at be to discredit the Bible, by making it unintelligible. For instance, 1 Sam. xv. 29. 'The strength of Israel will not lie nor *repent*.' How absurd must it be to say—'The strength of Israel will not lie nor be *comforted*?' Or, Job xlii. 6. 'I abhor myself and *repent* in dust and ashes.'—'I am *comforted* in dust and ashes'! Or, lastly, Jer. xviii. 8. 'If that nation—turn from their evil, I will *repent* of the evil that I thought to do unto them.'—'I will be *comforted* of, or concerning, the evil?' &c. The case will be precisely similar in almost every one of the texts in which he would substitute *comfort* instead of *repent*, as the sense of נָחַם. In fact his assertion that this word never bears the sense of *repent*, is contradicted by such proof, and such a mass of authority, that, even after all we have seen of Mr. Bellamy, we are really astonished at his having the hardihood to hazard it.

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The second word, which Mr. Bellamy affirms to have been wholly misunderstood, is *תעצב*, usually translated 'He grieved himself,' but which, as he maintains, signifies 'he idolized himself.' He might as well have assumed any other meaning. According to all the highest authorities, the root *עצב* signifies simply 'to grieve;' in Hiphil, 'to cause to grieve, dolore afficere;' and in Hithpael, (the form in which it here occurs) 'to grieve within oneself,' *dolore se afficere, dolore apud se*, as *Simonis* expresses it. *עצב*, as a noun, in a sense derived from the former, signifies also 'an idol,' quia, as *Castelli* says, *molestiam affert cultoribus*; and thence the verb in Hiphil sometimes signifies 'to worship an idol;' but to give the word in Hithpael the sense of 'to idolize oneself,' (by which, we suppose, he means 'unduly to extol oneself,') is not only to oppose decidedly every known authority, but to claim a sense connected only in appearance with any of those which the root is allowed to bear. Mr. Bellamy, however, is a contemner of all ordinary authorities; we will therefore bring against him one which we know to be paramount with him; we mean, that of Mr. John Bellamy. The word *עצב* occurs in Hithpael only once in the Bible, besides in the passage before us, viz. at Gen. xxxiv. 7.; and there he translates it in the very sense which, in the present text, he rejects as improper. 'The sons of Jacob came from the field—and the men grieved themselves (*תעצבו*).' Either Mr. Bellamy is right in rejecting the received sense of the word, or he is wrong. If right, why does he not reject it uniformly? If wrong, why does he reject it at all? What can be considered certain in language, if such arbitrary assumptions are allowed? and, above all, what is to be thought of a man who thus adopts in one page what he rejects as inadmissible in another?

We have, perhaps, said enough of Mr. Bellamy's new discoveries respecting the meaning of Scripture. At the risk, however, of being tedious, we will advert, as briefly as we can, to another instance. It is a received part of scriptural history, Gen. xxii. 2. that the Almighty proved the faith and obedience of the patriarch Abraham by commanding him to sacrifice the child of his hopes; that the patriarch prepared to obey the divine command, and that, in consequence of his ready obedience, the great promise was made to him, that in his seed all the families of the earth should be blessed. Mr. Bellamy discovers that it is a grievous mistake to suppose that God commanded him to offer up his son, and affirms that 'this is one of the most unaccountable things in the sacred history, as it stands in the vulgar versions.' Is it possible, he asks, that the all-perfect Being would require Abraham to put his son to death in direct opposition to His own commands respecting human sacrifice? The answer to this is obvious, that the Deity did not intend the command to be executed, and that His whole design was

to prove the faith and obedience of the patriarch, which *proof* could not be afforded better than by a command against which all his feelings most strongly revolted. In support, however, of this objection to the received sense, Mr. Bellamy contends that the words should be thus rendered, 'Take now thy son—to the land of Moriah: and cause him to ascend there concerning the offering, upon one of the mountains which I shall mention to thee;' instead of the usual translation, 'Offer him up for a burnt offering,' &c.

Now, let us consider with what palpable inconsistencies this new interpretation invests the whole narration. It is first stated (v. 1.) that God tempted or proved Abraham, which manifestly implies that some signal trial of his obedience was to follow; then, according to Mr. Bellamy, there merely ensues a command of the plainest kind, and one which involves no trial, viz. to go with his son, and offer sacrifice on a particular mountain. Abraham, however, *contrary to the divine command*, (still according to Mr. Bellamy's interpretation,) prepares to sacrifice Isaac; the Deity approves of his conduct in so doing, and says 'because thou hast not withheld thine only son, surely blessing I will bless thee,' &c. The mere comparison of such a mass of absurdity with the plain narrative of the received versions, must convince every reader that the one cannot but be right, the other wrong.

To come, however, to the words themselves *והעלה שם לעלה*. The root *עלה* signifies generally 'to ascend.' Hence *עלה* 'a burnt offering' from the ascent of the smoke, and *העלה לעלה* 'to cause to ascend (or to offer) for a burnt-offering.' But, says Mr. Bellamy, *לעלה* means 'concerning a burnt-offering.' To this we answer that to give the preposition *ל* the sense of 'concerning' is very unusual, if at all admissible; and that every allowed principle of interpretation requires that words in plain passages should be taken in their ordinary sense. We answer further that we can produce a competent authority,—no less, in fact, than his own, to convince him that the received translation is right. For, in the same chapter, the very same words occur; and how does he translate them? not according to his new discovery, but exactly as they have always been rendered by others, and as they are rendered in our received version. Abraham found a ram fastened in a thicket by the horns, and, as Mr. Bellamy translates, 'he went and took the ram (*ויעלה*) and offered him for a burnt offering instead of his son.' We have thus another unequivocal proof that Mr. Bellamy does not himself believe what he asserts respecting the error of the received translation; for, within the space of eleven verses, he adopts that as right, which he had before condemned as wrong.

It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with further details. We shall only add therefore that, in every instance where Mr. Bellamy has

has pretended to discover a sense of plain historical passages unknown to former translators, the effrontery of his attempt is fully equalled by the ignorance, inconsistency and incapacity which he displays in carrying it into effect.

We now proceed to take a short view of his success in clothing the meaning of the original in an English dress, in those parts where he allows the sense to be the same as has been always understood. His pretension, we have seen, is to give a *close* translation of the Hebrew: the consequence is that, while he uses English words, he makes no accommodation whatever to English idiom; and has, therefore, for the most part, produced strings of words, which scarcely deserve to be called English sentences. He has had predecessors in this way; among others, Henry Ainsworth, who, about the year 1639, published a version of the five books of Moses, the Psalms, &c. on a plan which he calls making Scripture its own interpreter, where, professing to render the Hebrew into English, word for word, he produces a version of so harsh and uncouth a description, that Lewis, in his history of English Translations, (p. 353.) after giving a specimen, asks whether it can be believed that Ainsworth was an Englishman and understood his own language! The case is precisely the same with Mr. Bellamy.

Gen. ii. 3, 4, 5. 'Therefore God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because, before it, he ceased from all his work; for God created, to generate. These are the generations of the heaven and the earth, when he created them: on the day Jehovah finished, earth and heaven. Even every plant of the field, before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for Jehovah God had not caused rain on the earth; moreover, nor a man, to till the ground.'

Gen. ii. 23, 24. 'And the man said; Thus this time, bone after my bone; also flesh after my flesh; for this he shall call woman; because she was received by the man. Therefore a man will leave, even his father, and his mother: for he will unite with his wife; and they shall be, for one flesh.'

In such passages as these (and we could produce them from every page) it would be often impossible for the English reader to comprehend the meaning of the original, unless he had the authorized version at hand to *interpret* that of Mr. Bellamy. How infinitely inferior is a translation of this hard and dry nature, to that in use, where there is such an accommodation to the native idiom as to make the language easy and intelligible, and yet no essential departure from the original! But, independently of the general uncouthness of this absurd attempt to preserve the Hebrew idiom, Mr. Bellamy's translation abounds with inconsistencies, improprieties, and alterations of the words of the authorized version manifestly for the worse. We will produce a few passages from the first chapter of Genesis, as specimens of the whole.

- V. 1. 'In the beginning God created the substance of the heaven and the substance of the earth.' '*The substance of*' Mr. Bellamy conceives, he says, to be the meaning of the word *אֶרֶץ וְשָׁמַיִם* which precedes *הַשָּׁמַיִם וְהָאָרֶץ*, 'the heavens and the earth.' Now it is the opinion of Hebraists of the first authority that *אֶרֶץ* preceding a noun, after an active verb, is merely the mark of the accusative case. It is true that Parkhurst considers *אֶרֶץ* to mean 'the very substance of a thing,' 'the,' 'the very;' but, allowing him to be right, the proper translation would be 'the very heaven and the very earth,' *ipsum cœlum et ipsam terram*; not 'the substance of the heaven and the earth,' an expression, from which would naturally be understood, not that the heaven and earth were created, but that the substance was created from which the heaven and the earth were afterwards formed. But let it be granted that Mr. Bellamy is right in his translation of this passage. We conceive no position will be more generally allowed than that the same word, when similarly applied in different passages, should be rendered in the same sense. Now what is the fact? The word, *אֶרֶץ*, occurs similarly applied in this very chapter more than a dozen times; and in no one instance, excepting this of v. 1. does he translate it 'the substance of,' or give it any peculiar force. Thus at v. 4. he does not say 'God saw that *the substance of* the light was good,' but 'God saw that the light was good.' At v. 7. 'God made *the* expanse;' at v. 16. 'God made *the* two great lights,' &c. Mr. Bellamy must either be right in the sense he contends for of the word *אֶרֶץ*, or he must be wrong. If wrong, why does he express it at v. 1.? If right, why does he omit to express it in all the other passages?
- V. 3. 'Then God said, Be light.' Mr. Bellamy finds fault with the expression of the received translation, 'Let there be light,' because, there is no authority for the word 'let' in the original, and because, as implying permission, it is not applicable to the Creator. We have seldom met with a remark founded on more consummate ignorance. He does not seem to know that the word 'let' is auxiliary in the form of the third person imperative in English, and that 'Be it' and 'let it be' are forms of expression perfectly synonymous, permission being no more implied in the one than in the other.
- V. 5. 'So the evening and the morning were the first day.' The literal translation of the Hebrew is, 'The evening was, and the morning was, the first day.' As he professes to translate with extreme closeness, why has he deserted his principle here?
- V. 6. 'Be there a division between the waters, &c.' The word which he translates 'a division' is *מַבְדִּיל*, which is manifestly the participle *benoni* in Hiphil from *בָּרַל* to divide; and the literal rendering

rendering is, 'Be it (or let it be) dividing, or causing to divide, between the waters, &c.' This is most properly expressed by our translators, 'Let it divide.' Mr. Bellamy evidently, from sheer ignorance of Hebrew, mistakes מְבַרֵּל for a noun substantive.

V. 10. 'The *conflux* of the waters.' The rendering of our translators 'the gathering together of the waters,' is much more simple and agreeable to the original.

V. 11. 'The earth shall *germinate* grass.' To say nothing of Mr. Bellamy's not knowing a neuter verb from an active, how much more simple is our version, the earth shall 'bring forth grass'!

Fruit yielding fruit after his kind, *with its seed in it*. In the last words is a positive error, for he has wholly omitted the relative pronoun אשר in the expression אשר ורעו בו אשר. Our version rightly expresses it, 'Whose seed is in it or in itself.' Mr. Bellamy has made a similar mistake at v. 12.

V. 14. 'Thus they shall *endure* for signs.' The Hebrew word is a form of the verb היה 'to be'; which he translates, indeed, in all the contiguous verses, in the sense of 'to be'; but which he thinks proper in this place to render 'endure.' This, instead of close translation, is more loose than could possibly be approved, even in one who did not make a peculiar boast of giving a close translation.

V. 17. 'Then God *arranged* them.' Our translators, far more elegantly, 'God set them.'

'For the light upon the earth.' Here Mr. Bellamy shews his utter ignorance of the plainest principles of Hebrew. The word which he renders 'for the light' is להאיר, which he evidently supposes to be a noun substantive אור light, with ל 'for' and ה 'the' prefixed. It happens, however, that there is no such substantive as אור, signifying light in the Hebrew language. The word, in fact, is a verb, regularly formed in the infinitive in Hiphil, and signifying 'to give or cause light,' as our translators correctly render it.

V. 20. 'The water shall bring forth abundantly *the soul of life*.' Had Mr. Bellamy endeavoured to translate the verse into nonsense, he could not have succeeded better than he has done. The words נפש חיה, which he renders 'the soul of life,' evidently mean 'the living creature,' the creature, or the 'moving creature that hath life,' as our translation gives it.

V. 31. 'Thus God *provided* for all that he had made.' Here is a needless departure from the original; which simply says 'God saw all that he had made.'

From these examples, all occurring in a single chapter, our readers

ders will be sufficiently enabled to appreciate Mr. Bellamy's pretensions to an *improved* translation of the Bible. In a former passage, we alluded to his assertions respecting the words inserted in *italic*, as interpolations which obscure the sense, make the Bible speak what it never did speak, &c. As this is a matter of some importance, we will trace these *italics* through a considerable part of the first chapter of Genesis; it will then appear that Mr. Bellamy himself has for the most part inserted the very same words which the authorized translators have done, although, far inferior to them in accuracy, he has often omitted to mark them as insertions; and, in some instances, where he has not made them, left the sense in perfect obscurity.

Gen. i. 2. Engl. Transl. 'Darkness *was* upon the face of the deep.'

Here Mr. Bellamy inserts the word *was* as necessary to the sense, but does *not* mark it as such by *Italics*.

V. 4. 10. 12. 18. 21. 25. 31. E. T. 'God saw—that *it was* good.' In all these passages, the original stands 'God saw כי טוב 'that good.' It was obviously necessary to express this Hebrew idiom by the insertion of the words 'it was:' and Mr. Bellamy finds it necessary to make precisely the same insertions. At v. 4, he inserts the word 'was,' 'that the light was good;' and, in all the other verses, he inserts, as the authorized translators have done, 'it was:' but, with a carelessness which is quite inconceivable, he has marked only two out of the seven instances in *italics*. As the expression in all the cases is precisely the same, there is not a particle of reason for this distinction: we attribute it, in fact, to positive carelessness. But, we must again ask, is this the man to tax others with carelessness? and to *improve* upon the authorized version?

V. 7. E. T. 'Waters which *were* under the firmament—waters which *were* above, &c.' Here Mr. Bellamy inserts *were* in each case, as our translators do, and marks it in *italics*.

V. 29. E. T. 'Every herb—which *is* upon the face.' 'Every tree in the which *is* the fruit.' The word in *italics* is inserted to make the sense clear in both these clauses. Mr. Bellamy makes the same insertions, but does *not* mark them in *italics*.

V. 30. E. T. 'Wherein *there is* life.' Mr. Bellamy inserts the verb in the same manner as our translators, and in this case, differing from the last, he does notice it in *italics*.

There remain two instances in which our translators have made insertions of more importance, and which, as will be seen, are clearly necessary to prevent ambiguity. The first is at v. 16. 'And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night: *he made* the stars also.' Here the words *he made* are obviously inserted to preclude the ambiguity which

which would exist without them, since it might appear that the verb 'to rule' governed 'the stars, as well as 'the night;' 'to rule the night; the stars also.' Now, as the meaning of the original is clear, and it was the purpose of the translators to convey the meaning to the English reader, we consider their insertion of these words as a proof of the judgment with which they proceeded. But, if this could admit of a doubt, Mr. Bellamy's translation will be sufficient to prove the point. It stands thus, 'God made two great lights—the lesser light, to rule the night; also the stars.' Here that ambiguity is most apparent, which it was the object of our translators to remove. The second instance is of a similar description. v. 29. God says, 'Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed,' &c. then, after several intervening clauses, at v. 30. '*I have given every green herb for meat.*' Here, in consequence of the distance of the verb 'I have given,' v. 29. from the words which it governs, 'every green herb,' the translators have not left it to be understood, but have most properly supplied it for the sake of clearness. Mr. Bellamy, on the contrary, has not supplied it, and has left the sense perfectly unintelligible; for he has placed a full stop at the end of v. 29. and rendered 30 as follows—'*And to every beast of the earth, also to every bird of the heaven, yea to all moving on the earth, in which is the soul of life; even every herb, for food: and it was so.*' So much for Mr. Bellamy's insinuations respecting the insertions in italic!

But Mr. Bellamy particularly plumes himself on his attention to punctuation.

'I have paid,' he says, (Introd. p. xi.) 'particular attention to the punctuation. In the common version, we frequently find it so neglected that the first proposition is made to run into the second, and the second into the third, by which the true sense is not known. I have therefore closely adhered to the Hebrew punctuation, which will be found to add great light to numbers of passages hitherto obscure.'

We will give a few specimens of his skill in this department. The following passages are pointed exactly as they appear in his book.

'Gen. 1. i. In the beginning God created, the substance of the heaven.

4. And God saw, that the light, was good: thus God divided, the light, from the darkness.

10. And God called, the dry land, earth.

ii. 10. And a river went forth from Eden; to water the garden: which from thence divided; and became, four heads.'

These specimens (and similar ones pervade the whole work) are sufficient to shew the valuable fruits of Mr. Bellamy's particular attention to this part of grammar. We know not that, in any book

of any kind, we ever saw a system of punctuation so decidedly absurd. We have been accustomed to suppose that the stops should be so placed as to guide the eye to a clear view of the meaning of a sentence: Mr. Bellamy's *rule* seems to be quite the reverse, if he act by any rule; viz. to place them so as to confuse and obscure the sense in every possible way. Here are nominatives disjoined from the verbs with which they agree, verbs disjoined from the accusatives which follow them, clauses broken in the most portentous manner without the slightest reason. We beg our readers not to believe that he has followed, as he asserts, the Hebrew punctuation. His system, we can confidently assure them, is entirely *his own*; and when he states that he has 'adhered to that of the Hebrew,' he only shews that his knowledge of Hebrew punctuation is on a par with his knowledge of the meaning of Hebrew words. He imputes neglect on this head to our translators; we can only say that they have succeeded infinitely better by *neglecting* the subject than he has by paying it *particular attention*.

We had intended a few remarks on some of Mr. Bellamy's notes, but our decreasing limits warn us to contract our plan. We shall therefore only observe that they are for the most part full of positive assertions without proofs, and written in a style which clearly evinces that the writer holds in sovereign contempt every opinion but his own: he is besides so rambling and desultory that we have not always the advantage of duly appreciating his arguments, because it is impossible to understand them. In his very first note on Gen. i. 1. for instance, he enters into a long discussion to prove that *no* plurality is implied under the word *Elohim*.

'The manifest error made by those who have pleaded for the plurality of *Elohyim*, God, is that they have not observed the distinction between polytheism and personality. By polytheism must necessarily be understood a plurality of gods; but by personality, consistently with the obvious meaning of the word, no such an idea as a plurality of gods can be formed in the mind. This error has been confirmed by the very improper understanding and customary application of the Latin word *persona*.'

He then proceeds to state that, when the Latin was a living language, the word *persona* meant a character or office; 'but has so far degenerated into tangible materiality, that, instead of its being used as it was anciently, it is applied to mean the material body of man.' We hope the reader comprehends it. Mr. Bellamy, however, does not wait for this, but rapidly starts off to a discussion of the antiquity of the Hebrew language and its connexion with the Arabic; which has just as much to do with the immediate subject of the note as a dissertation on the north pole. At Gen. ii. and iii. he considers the scriptural accounts of the temptation and of the fall

as allegorical, an opinion which has been often maintained. It will not be suspected that he produces any new arguments in favour of it, or that he presents those on which he rests in a very striking or intelligible form; at the same time, he takes especial care to place in the foreground the stale objections of infidelity to the received meaning. On a former occasion* we were led to notice these arguments, when they were pursued to a much greater length than they now are. We do not hear that the disciples of this school are on the increase; and therefore we shall not trouble our readers or ourselves by engaging in the discussion.

On Abraham's temptation, Mr. Bellamy observes—

'It appears by the common version that all the nations of the earth were to be blessed, *because Abraham had hearkened to the voice of God*. But, as this is contrary both to Scripture and reason, it will also appear plain that the translation of this clause is not consistent with the original. We cannot hesitate in concluding that the happiness or blessing of any nation or individual never depended on the obedience of Abraham; viz. because he had hearkened to the voice of God.'

Now it is well known to every reader of Scripture that the blessing to be conferred on all nations was never understood to depend on Abraham's obedience or disobedience. The promise of a Redeemer had been made in express terms long before; and it depended on Abraham's obedience, not whether that promise should be fulfilled at all, but whether it should be fulfilled *in his line*, or in any other line. This is as clear as words can make it in the received version. Gen. xxii. 16, 17, 18. *Because thou hast done this thing, in blessing I will bless thee, &c. and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice.* We find it difficult to attribute these gross misrepresentations to mere ignorance or negligence; there seems to be direct malice against the Holy Scriptures.

We now take our leave of Mr. Bellamy with a hope that we shall never have to attend to him again on any similar occasion. We live in an age, in which, in every department of literature, shallow pretenders are endeavouring to impose upon the world a persuasion that they are deeply and profoundly learned. Many deplorable examples have come within our notice, but none more striking than this before us. We never witnessed an instance in which a person has undertaken an important work with loftier claims, but with more slender qualifications. Still we do not think that we should have bestowed so much notice upon Mr. Bellamy, if the subject in which he engaged had been merely literary. We might then have suffered him to enjoy tranquilly a character, if he could have obtained it, for superior erudition. But, since he has thought proper

to make those Holy Scriptures, which are the groundwork of our faith and hopes, the subject of his fanciful interpretations, and to pursue a course which obviously tended to impair the reverence, and shake the confidence of the public in the truths derived from them, it appeared to us that we should be wanting in our duty if we did not examine his pretensions, and endeavour to prevent his seducing any one into unfounded doubts respecting the certainty of received scriptural interpretations.

There is one subject to which we think it right again to allude before we close; we do it, we confess, with some anxiety, and with feelings of real respect towards those concerned. We speak of the list of subscribers to Mr. Bellamy's publication, which, as we have said, includes the names of many members of the Royal Family, of several of the nobility, of the dignified clergy, and other respectable individuals. It is well known that, when illustrious and honourable names appear in a list of subscriptions to a work, they are usually reputed to convey the approbation of those individuals, and have therefore the direct effect of recommending it to the public. We venture then respectfully to ask, is it fitting that such a work as this should continue to go forth thus sanctioned and recommended? We do not wish a single name to be withdrawn solely on our representation; but we do most earnestly hope and trust that the attention of those who have patronized the work will be particularly called by it to its general nature and tendency, and that, if they should find our strictures to be well founded, they will seriously consider the propriety of continuing their support.

ADDENDUM

to the Article on Light's Travels, p. 204.

Since our Article on Captain Light's Journey in Egypt and Nubia was printed off, a very curious discovery has been made respecting the bones found in the sarcophagus of the pyramid of Cephrenes. Major Fitzclarence, in his journey overland from India, reached Cairo shortly after the opening of this pyramid had been accomplished by Belzoni; and, with the zeal and enterprize incident to his profession, he determined to enter into the pyramid, and examine, for himself, the wonders of the central chamber, so recently laid open. With less reverence, perhaps, for the august repository of the mighty dead than might have been felt by a contemporary of the Pharaohs, he brought away a few fragments from the *domus exilis Plutonia*, and among the rest some small pieces of bone, one of which proved to be the lower extremity

mity of the thigh bone, where it comes in contact with the knee joint. This singular curiosity was presented by Major Fitzclarence to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, who submitted it to the inspection of Sir Everard Home.

Sir Everard, entertaining no doubt of its being part of a human skeleton, took it to the Museum of the College of Surgeons, that, by adjusting it to the same part of different sized skeletons, he might be enabled to form some estimate of the comparative stature of the ancient Egyptians and modern Europeans. On a closer and more laborious examination, however, the fragment was found to agree with none of them; and it finally appeared that, instead of forming any part of the thigh-bone of a human subject, it actually made part of that of a cow.

This discovery, it must be admitted, somewhat deranges our previous speculations on the original destination of the pyramids. The large sarcophagi, (and indeed we always considered them as unnecessarily large for the human figure,) instead of being the depositories of the remains of the kings of Egypt, would now appear to have been hollowed out and sculptured with such extraordinary skill and pains to receive the mortal exuviae of the tutelary deities; and those immense masses, in which they were intombed, to have solely owed their boundless cost and magnificence to a reverential regard for 'the brutish forms' of Apis or Osiris. Unless indeed, (which we do not think at all improbable,) the fanatic sovereigns of Egypt, like the wretched devotees who, to steal into heaven,—

'Dying, put on the weeds of Dominick,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised,'

chose to be placed in the same sarcophagus with their gods, either to share their earthly honours, or to ensure their divine protection.

That human bones will be found in this solemn chamber of death, we in no wise doubt; meanwhile, it ought to excite no surprise that Mr. Belzoni should consider the small fragment of which we have spoken as belonging to a human body, since it required all the practical knowledge of the College of Surgeons to ascertain the subject of which it once formed a part.

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